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CONTENTS

OF

No. CXXXV.

ART.	Page
I.—Belgium. By J. Emerson Tennent, Esq., M.P., Author of ‘ Letters from the Ægean,’ and ‘ History of Modern Greece’	1
II.—Notes on the United States. By the Right Hon. Sir Augustus J. Foster, Bart.	20
III.—1. Barzas Breiz : Chants Populaires de la Bretagne. Par Th. de la Villemarqué.	
2. Les Derniers Bretons. Par Emile Souvestre.	
3. A Summer among the Bocages and the Vines. By Louisa Stuart Costello.	
4. A Summer in Brittany. By T. Adolphus Trollope	57
IV.—1. Report from Select Committee on the Disposal of Land in the British Colonies. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed.	
2. History of New South Wales. By Dr. Lang.	
3. Thoughts on Convict Management. By Captain Macnochie.	
4. Convict Discipline, Van Diemen’s Land. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed.	
5. South Australia, First and Second Annual Reports. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed.	
6. The History, &c., of South Australia. By John Stephens.	
7. Western Australia and Australind. By Thos. John Buckton, Esq.	
8. Information relative to New Zealand. By John Ward, Esq.	
9. Supplementary Information relative to New Zealand.	
10. Copy of a Despatch from Sir G. Gipps to Lord John Russell. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 9th March, 1841	88

CONTENTS.

Art.	Page
V.—The Courts of Europe at the Close of the Last Century. By the late Henry Swinburne, Esq., Author of 'Travels in Spain, Italy, &c.' Edited by Charles White, Esq., Author of 'The Belgic Revolution' - - - -	145
VI.—1. History of the Inductive Sciences from the Earliest to the Present Times. By the Rev. William Whewell, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, President of the Geological Society of London.	
2. The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences founded upon their History. By the Rev. William Whewell, B.D., Fellow of Trinity College and Professor of Moral Phi- losophy in the University of Cambridge - - -	177
VII.—1. An Essay on Free Trade; its absolute Value in Theory; its relative Value in Practice; Error and Consequences of its Application to the Corn Laws. By F. C.	
2. The Common Sense View of the Sugar Question; ad- dressed to all Classes and Parties.	
3. Statements illustrative of the Policy and probable Con- sequences of the proposed Repeal of the existing Corn Laws, and the Imposition in their stead of a Moderate Fixed Duty on Foreign Corn. By J. R. M'Culloch, Esq.	
4. The Factor, the Miller, and the Baker get more than the Farmer and ten times more than the Landlord out of the Loaf.—A few Facts on the Corn Laws defending the Agricultural Interests.	
5. The Speeches of Lord John Russell, 7th May,—of the Right Honourable Henry Labouchere, 10th May,—of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, 17th May,—and of Viscount Palmerston, 19th May.	
6. The Speech of Sir Robert Peel on the Ministerial Budget, 18th May.	
7. Letter from Lord Western to Lord John Russell on his proposed Alteration of the Corn Laws, and on the Causes of Commercial Distress - - - -	239

CONTENTS

OF

No. CXXXVI.

ART.	Page
I.—1. AMERICA—Historical, Statistic, and Descriptive. By J. S. Buckingham, Esq.	
2. NOTES on the United States of America, during a Phrenological Visit, in 1838–39–40. By George Combe	- 281
II.—Patchwork. By Captain Basil Hall, R.N., F.R.S.	- 312
III.—1. Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry. By William Carleton.	
2. Tales of Ireland. By the Same.	
3. Father Butler, the Lough Dearg Pilgrim: being Sketches of Irish Manners. By the Same.	
4. Rambles in the South of Ireland. By Lady Chatterton.	
5. Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections. By the Same.	
6. A Tour in Connaught; comprising Sketches of Clonmacnoise, Joyce Country, and Achill. By the Rev. Cæsar Otway.	
7. Sketches in Ireland; descriptive of Interesting Portions of Donegal, Cork, and Kerry. By the Same.	
8. Sketches in Erris and Tyrawly. By the Same.	
9. Historical Sketches of the Native Irish. By Christopher Anderson.	
10. Ireland: its Scenery and Character, &c. By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.	
11. A Tour round Ireland, through the Sea-coast Counties. By John Barrow, Esq.	
12. Pastoral Annals. By the Rev. J. Spenser Knox, Vicar-General of Derry.	
13. Researches in the South of Ireland. By Thomas Crofton Croker, Esq.	
14. The Popular Songs of Ireland. Collected by T. C. Croker, Esq.	- - - - - 336

CONTENTS.

Art.	Page
IV.—The History of India. By the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone - - - - -	377
V.—1. History of the Orders of Knighthood of the British Empire; and an Account of the Medals, Crosses, and Clasps conferred for Naval and Military Services; with a History of the Order of the Guelphs of Hanover. By Sir Harris Nicolas, K.C.M.G.K.H., Chancellor of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.	
2. Memorials of the Order of the Garter from its Foundation to the present Time; with Biographical Notices of the Knights in the Reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. By George Frederick Beltz, K.H., Lancaster Herald.	
3. A Review of the Chandos Peerage Case. By G. F. Beltz, Lancaster Herald - - - - -	413
VI.—Letters from the Baltic - - - - -	444
VII.—Letters of Mrs. Adams, the wife of John Adams; with an Introductory Memoir by her Grandson, Charles Francis Adams - - - - -	469
VIII.—1. A Letter to a Noble Lord on the Causes which have produced the present Reaction; with Remarks on Lord John Russell's Letter to the Electors of the City of London. By Walker Skirrow, Esq.	
2. A Plea for the Poor; showing how the Repeal of the existing Corn Laws will affect the Interests of the Working Classes. By the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, Minister of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row.	
3. A Counter Plea for the Poor; showing that the Cause of their Distress is not attributable to the Corn Laws. By the Poor Man's Friend: in Reply to the Pamphlet of the Hon. and Rev. W. Baptist Noel - - - - -	494

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Belgium*. By J. Emerson Tennent, Esq., M.P.,
Author of 'Letters from the Ægean,' and 'History of Modern
Greece.' In 2 vols. London. 1841.

MR. EMERSON TENNENT is an active and intelligent member of the House of Commons; and what we had heard and read of his parliamentary exertions had excited in our minds expectations of this work which have not been realised. Mr. Tennent seems to have hoped to combine the double merit of amusement and instruction—the ordinary chit-chat of the tourist, with the graver views of the politician and economist; but it must, we fear, be confessed that, in aiming at both, he has failed to accomplish either.

'Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci'

is very good advice, but, like other good advice, has been found very hard to follow, and we cannot flatter Mr. Tennent that he has made any approach to the solution of the difficult problem.

Though the emphatic title, 'BELGIUM,' might lead us to expect a comprehensive survey of the country in all its various aspects, we apprehend that Mr. Tennent's visit was too short and too rapid to admit of any such examination. We have no direct evidence, indeed, of the precise duration of his stay in Belgium, for we have been able to discover but one precise date in the whole work. On the 10th September, 1840, he was at Ghent—having probably landed at Ostend two or three days before; and in the very last pages, after he had quitted the Belgian territory, he talks of seeing 'the sheaves of the early harvest already gathered in' (vol. ii. p. 241). From these indications we are led to conclude that his BELGIUM was explored within a fortnight or three weeks at furthest. And if his time was too short, so his mode of travelling was also unfavourable for such an extent of observation as his title-page promises. He seems to have traversed Belgium, *en route* for Germany (whence we see by an advertisement prefixed to these volumes he purposes to give us two more volumes), nearly as rapidly as travellers generally do—by the railways and high post-roads—making one or two short deviations, and stopping, as it would seem, one or two days in one or two places. It is, therefore, not surprising that there should be very

little in his book derived from personal inspection; and, in fact, the most valuable information it affords—namely, as to the commercial and social state of the country, derived from official documents and statistical accounts published by the Belgians themselves—might have been almost as well compiled at home; indeed, perhaps, rather better; for, as it is, these details are scattered in a desultory style over the stages of his journey, whereas, if he had sat down at home with the same materials, he would probably have arranged and produced them in a clearer and more effective form. His chief guide—frequently, and yet not quite sufficiently acknowledged—is a book recently published by a M. Briavoinne,* ‘*De l’Industrie en Belgique—Cause de Décadence et de Prospérité*’; a very detailed and laborious work, but in our judgment very inconclusive and unfit to be made the basis of any general political theory; and as Mr. Tennent looks at the questions discussed with very different feelings, and for totally different objects, from those of Briavoinne, it is not to be wondered at that the result is very unsatisfactory, and that the statements made by M. Briavoinne for one purpose and quoted by Mr. Tennent for another should appear rather vague and uncertain.

We shall say nothing of the mere narrative part of the work, because Mr. Emerson Tennent adds, as we have said, little—(indeed, how could it be otherwise in such a *velocipede* visit?)—to the information of the ordinary guide and road books of the most hackneyed highway in Europe. And we cannot but express our regret that, whether in the mistaken hope of amusing his readers, or for the less laudable object of swelling out his book to two octavo volumes, he should have interrupted his political and statistical inquiries—which constitute whatever value the work possesses—with topics, all of which had already been, he must allow us to say, more satisfactorily handled in a crowd of other publications. But let that pass. We shall enter into no minute criticism on such points—(though there are many tempting opportunities); but will rather consider his manner of treating the subjects which were, no doubt, in Mr. Tennent’s own mind, the chief motive, as they appear to ours the only reasonable excuse, for his publication.

Mr. Tennent is Member for Belfast, which may be considered as the emporium of the *linen-trade* of Ireland, and he was naturally and laudably curious to examine the causes which give to the flax of the Low Countries qualities superior, as it is said, to that grown in any other part of the world. It will, we hope, gratify Mr. Tennent’s constituents to learn that the most im-

* It is very strange that, largely as Mr. Tennent has used, and often as he quotes this author, he on every occasion—without exception—misspells his name, and calls him *Briavionne*. The difference, slight to the eye, is very considerable to the ear.

portant deviation which he made from the beaten track was an excursion of one day from Ghent to Courtrai, to examine the process of the *rouissage*, or *steeping* of flax for the purpose of separating the fibre from the stalk, and which is supposed to be conducted in that neighbourhood in a peculiar manner, and with singular success—the Courtrai flax being steeped in the *running* water of the river Lys,* whereas the general practice is to employ *stagnant* water. We do not, however, know whether the good folks of Belfast will derive much information from Mr. Tennent's report, which seems, to our uninformed judgments, very inconclusive and unsatisfactory, as our readers may judge from the following amusing specimen.

'In the Pays de Waes,' says Mr. Tennent, 'the flax is steeped in *still* water, as in Ireland,—except that in this latter country a *small stream is contrived*, if possible, to pass in and out of the pit during the process.'—vol. i. p. 146.

It was quite superfluous, we think, to tell us that this kind of *still* water, through which a *stream passes*, is peculiar to Ireland. Nor does it seem that such an experiment would be a conclusive criterion of either the *stagnant* or the *running* system, seeing that it ingeniously contrives to confound both; and we may add that Mr. Tennent's own conclusions on the subject seem to partake of all the uncertainty of the Irish experiment—he ap-

* We have said that we would not enter into minute criticisms, but the mention of this river affords a specimen of the *incuria* with which the work is written, which, as a specimen, we think it right to notice. 'The Lys,' he says, 'which rises in the *Pays de Calais*, derives its name in all probability from the quantity of *water-lilies* which flourish in its sluggish current, and which are said to be the origin of the *fleurs-de-lis* in the royal arms of France' (vol. i. p. 132). Now, there is no such *district* as the *Pays de Calais*; but *Pays* is, no doubt, a topographical error for the *Pas* de Calais, the department in which the Lys has its source: but it is quite the reverse of 'probable' that the river should derive its name from the water-lilies which it produces, for its ancient name is *Legia*, which is certainly not derived from *Lilium*:—nor can we imagine who, before Mr. Tennent, could have mistaken the *water-lily* (*nymphaea*) for the *fleur-de-lis* (*iris*) of the arms of France. Moreover, if Mr. Tennent had been anything of a herald, he would have known that the *fleurs-de-lis* on the French escutcheon are generally supposed to have been originally, not flowers at all, but—*spear-heads fleuris*.

Another more important error, which occurs in the same part of the book, we think it proper, for the sake of historic truth, to rectify. Mr. Tennent says, 'We passed the basin of the Sas-de-Gand Canal, which, by connecting Ghent with *Terneuzen* at the mouth of the Scheldt,' [which it does no more than it connects it with Flushing, or Amsterdam, or London,] 'has effectually rendered it a seaport in the heart of Belgium. *This bold idea was originally conceived by Napoleon*, but carried into effect and the basin completed by the King of Holland only two years before the revolution' (vol. i. p. 102). We see no great '*boldness*' in the idea of making a canal, and still less of widening and improving an old one, in a country reticulated with canals; and we wonder that Mr. Tennent should fall into the vulgar error of fathering everything *great or bold* on Napoleon. In fact, the canal that connects Ghent with the Scheldt at Sas-de-Gand was made some centuries before Napoleon was born, and created one of the difficulties of the original separation of the United Provinces from Flanders. When the countries were hostilely separated, it was closed and allowed to decay; but when they were united under the same sovereign authority, it was natural that it should be re-opened and adapted to modern navigation.

pears to have formed no opinion of his own; and, in short, leaves the water—be it running or stagnant—a little muddier than he found it.

But the main feature of Mr. Tennent's book is the disastrous effect, particularly on the commercial interests of Belgium, which he alleges, and we think shows, in some instances at least, to have been produced by the revolutionary separation from Holland in 1830. The fact we believe to be indisputable: but with excellent principles both of government and political economy, and with views and feelings which do honour to his patriotism, Mr. Tennent has, we think, mismanaged this part of his subject. The '*Repeal of the Union*' between Great Britain and Ireland is a question so vitally interesting to every British, and above all, to every *loyal* Irish heart, that we do not wonder that it should occupy a large share in Mr. Tennent's thoughts and feelings, and that the very sound should be to him—as it is we believe to every man of sense and patriotism—ominous of disaster and ruin. But we cannot persuade ourselves that he does anything like justice to that great question, when, by what seems to us no better than a *jeu de mot*, he mixes up on every occasion the separation of Holland and Belgium with the '*Repeal of the [Irish] Union*'—the words '*Repeal of the Union*' being emphatically marked throughout the book as an *appropriated* phrase. When he states that the canal of the Sas-de-Gand is filling up, it is one 'of the many inconveniences entailed upon Belgium by the *Repeal of the Union*' (vol. i. p. 104). When national education in Belgium is described as being in an unsatisfactory state, it is attributed to the '*Repeal of the Union*' (vol. i. p. 124). The merchants of Antwerp and the manufacturers of Ghent foresaw their own ruin in the '*Repeal of the Union*' (vol. i. p. 173). When he mentions the increase of foreign imports to the detriment of home manufactures, it is as 'another of the ruinous effects of the "*Repeal of the Union*"' (vol. i. p. 180). And so all through the work, every evil that can possibly be attributed to the revolution of 1830 is called, as it were technically, an effect of '*the Repeal of the Union*.' We fully share, and, of course, heartily approve, Mr. Tennent's antipathy to the '*Repeal of the Union*;' and we believe that a distinct chapter—showing in how many points a repeal of the Irish Union might be expected to produce mischiefs analogous to those that have followed the Belgian revolution of 1830—might have been exceedingly interesting and practically useful; but we doubt both the good taste and good sense of treating so grave a matter by *innuendo*, and by what is, in fact, a mere *pun*—not once or twice, as a passing allusion, but gravely and systematically; as if there existed a practical identity where at most there can be but a conjectural analogy. Then, we beg Mr.

Tennent

Tennent to consider the danger of this side-wind style of argumentation: we are satisfied that there is no one who would more strenuously reject the idea that the Union of Ireland with Great Britain, and the union of Belgium with Holland, stood on anything like the same basis—or would less countenance the vision that the repeal of the former would be attended with no other ‘inconveniences’ than he has described as resulting from the disruption of the latter. Yet does he not see that he not only countenances, but promulgates, such an opinion, by the indiscreet and persevering misapplication of the same form of words to things so absolutely and vitally different?

There are, we admit, some points of analogy and even of close similarity in the cases; and these analogies might, we repeat, have afforded an instructive argumentative chapter in Mr. Tennent's work: but to confound the ancient, the vital, and, we will add, *indissoluble* connexion between the British Isles, with the fifteen years' federative alliance between Flanders and Holland, seems to us an enormous fallacy in reasoning and an egregious and dangerous error in fact. We are unwilling to permit ourselves to think of such things; but if ever the repeal of the Irish Union be attempted on the principles of the Belgic revolution, or indeed on any principle or pretence whatsoever, it is not three days' fighting in a public garden, nor the death of two or three hundred men, nor the pillaging of two or three houses, nor the abdication of a William and the accession of a Leopold, nor questions of exported yarn and imported machinery, that will ensue—but spoliation, blood, anarchy, and a deluge of unimaginable calamities and horrors, such as the world has never seen since the Heaven-inflicted chastisement and ruin of the Jewish nation in the great fall of Jerusalem. That tremendous combination of intestine discord, foreign invasion, and Divine wrath, would be renewed in all its terrors. We have no doubt that Mr. Tennent believed that in his pertinacious allusions to the ‘*Repeal of the Union*’ he was aiding the sacred cause of the integrity of the British empire—but his zeal, we presume to think, was stronger than his judgment, and we hope to hear no more of these comparisons—which we cannot but consider as likely to act *less in terrorem*, than as the palliation and encouragement of an idea which can have no prototype in the annals of national insanity, and which would be found—after whatever period of calamity the dreadful experiment might last—morally and physically impossible to accomplish.

We gladly turn from a subject in itself so awful, but so lightly and inopportunately suggested, to the less important, but still very serious question as to the motives and results of the Belgic revolution.

In

In enumerating the causes which led to this event, Mr. Tennent produces one—almost the only one—at the enunciation of which, grave as the matter is, we could not but smile. The King of Holland, it seems, was over anxious for the *material* prosperity of his Belgian subjects. He was too much a man of business, and paid too exclusive attention to the growth of manufactures and the improvement of agriculture:—

‘The inventions of Watt and Fulton stood higher in his estimation than the achievements of Frederick and Napoleon. He protected the arts not so much from admiration as policy; and he countenanced literature not from any devotion to letters, but because it created a demand for articles of commerce.’—vol. i. p. 235.

We cannot concur with Mr. Tennent in thinking all this to be ‘*unwise neglect*,’ and matter of ‘*serious blame*,’ in the sovereign of a small and essentially commercial and industrious community—the least fanciful and the most thrifty and laborious people in the world. On the contrary, we think it the strongest testimony that ever was borne to the excellence of an expelled prince and a fallen government, that *such* should be the only reproaches that can be made against them. Well may we say of Belgium, under the active, frugal, and paternal government of King William, *O fortunati sua si bona norint!* But Mr. Tennent, after a long enumeration of what no doubt his Belgic prompters called ‘*errors*,’ but which all the rest of mankind would acknowledge as *merits*, collects his whole strength to give the poor king the *coup de grace*:—

‘*In short*,’ he says, ‘there was nothing *classic*, inspiring, or chivalrous in his *bearing*; all was material, positive, and *mathematical!*’—*Ib.*

We can understand the *noble bearing* of a knight in a romance, or the *saucy bearing* of a fop in a drama; but we really do not comprehend what can be meant by the *mathematical bearing* of the King of the Netherlands, as distinguished from a *classical* one—nor how the *bearing* of King Leopold is more classical or less mathematical than that of King William—nor, above all, as a cause of expulsion or election in a country which, of all the civilised world, knows and cares the very least about either classics or mathematics.

But if Mr. Tennent has discovered so unexpected a motive for the Belgian revolution, he wholly discards, on the other hand, a cause which most other persons have thought not altogether unimportant. The example of the *July* Revolution in Paris and the *propagandist* action of Parisian principles and emissaries in Belgium, are not, in his enumeration of the causes of the *August* revolt in Belgium, *so much as mentioned!* This really seems to us one of the most extraordinary instances that we have ever seen or heard, of shutting one’s eyes to the sun, and then wondering whence

whence light and heat are derived. We can only account for such an incredible absurdity by supposing that Mr. Tennent's few acquaintances in Belgium were either partisans of the revolution, or perhaps plain practical men, who would be equally reluctant to invite the attention of a stranger to a fact already so notorious, and so disgraceful both to the patriotism and to the good sense of the Belgic people. But who is there in Belgium, or anywhere else in Europe, who doubts that their foolish and mischievous Revolution—of which they are naturally all tired and ashamed—was instigated by French intrigues, guided by French example, confirmed, consolidated, and *maintained*, by the revolutionary power and policy of France, and by that alone? We do not wonder that the *Count d'Hane*—one of the new senate, and, as it seems, Mr. Tennent's chief political informant—should not have touched on this subject; but how Mr. Tennent himself came to overlook, or at least to omit it, is altogether beyond our comprehension, and will certainly not give our readers a favourable impression as to his fitness to instruct the public on the *causes* and consequences of the Belgic Revolution.

But, whatever may have been the cause of the Revolution, the result, Mr. Tennent says, is admitted by the Belgians themselves—even by some who contributed to the change—to be very disastrous, particularly to all commercial industry. We believe the fact; though we are bound to admit that some of Mr. Tennent's statistical proofs seem to be at variance with each other, and to point rather to contradictory conclusions. It does not look very like national decay to find the export of one of the chief staple commodities of the country—dressed flax—tripling itself within four years, from 1834 to 1838 (vol. i. p. 58); to see from 1837 to 1838 such an increase of manufacturing establishments that Mr. Emerson Tennent is inclined to call it 'a mania' (vol. i. p. 65; vol. ii. p. 205); to find that the city of Ghent alone possesses 2000 (?) power-looms more than it had in 1830 (vol. ii. p. 94); to see railroads constructed and profitably conducted through all the important districts of the country (vol. ii. p. 119); to see the manufacture of paper (a novelty) and the trade in books advancing with 'surprising rapidity' (vol. ii. p. 164); to find the importation of *tools*—the means and the test of industry—increasing from a value of 46,000 francs in 1830 to near five millions in 1838, in addition to a largely-increased domestic manufacture (vol. ii. p. 185). These, and twenty other important instances, though partially counterbalanced by failures in other lines, appear to us to be seriously at variance with Mr. Emerson Tennent's general position.

But indeed, we must say that there are few of Mr. Emerson Tennent's

Tennent's assertions or opinions which do not appear to be either directly or by inference countervailed, not to say contradicted, by other passages of his work, a discrepancy which seems to us to arise, as we have already hinted, from his endeavour to fit M. Briavoinne's facts to his own peculiar views. Let us take, for instance, the first notice we find of the flax and linen trade, which, as it is the staple of their agricultural and commercial prosperity, was also, from particular circumstances, the chief object of Mr. Emerson Tennent's curiosity and attention. If there be any point on which his view would be clear and decisive, it would naturally be that.

Let us see :—

'The elements of their trade are twofold, the growth of flax, and, secondly, its conversion by machinery into yarn and cloth. In the latter alone, from the relative local circumstances, it is *utterly impossible that Belgium could successfully maintain the contest with England*, with her *inferior machinery*, her *more costly fuel*, and her *circumscribed sale*; but through the happy advantage of being enabled to supply herself with the raw material at the *lowest possible rate*, and her rivals at the highest, she is in a position of the very last importance.'—vol. i. p. 60.

This seems plain and positive, and is, no doubt, Mr. Tennent's own opinion; but it turns out—at least so it appears to us—that every individual point of it is either positively contradicted, or inferentially disproved, within the next half-dozen pages, by statements suggested, for the most part, to Mr. Tennent, by M. Briavoinne's details.

1. As to the '*utter impossibility, with her inferior machinery, of maintaining a contest with England*':—

'The application of machinery to the manufacture of linen-yarn, though of comparatively recent introduction into Belgium, has nevertheless made *surprising progress*, and bids fair to *maintain a considerable rivalry with Great Britain*.'—vol. i. p. 63.

Again—

'The machinery' [of the spinning manufactories] 'is all made at the Phoenix Iron-works in Ghent; the preparatory portions of it are *excellent*, and exhibit all the recent English improvements.'—vol. i. p. 67.

Again—

'The Phoenix is certainly the most *admirably* arranged establishment I ever saw—*those of England not excepted*.'—vol. i. p. 100.

And again—

'Belgium, which had, a few years since, no machinery for spinning yarn, except what she could smuggle from England at a serious cost, is now enabled to manufacture her own; and *has all the minerals, metals, and fuel* within herself, which, combined with industry and skilled labour, are essential to bring it to *perfection*.'—vol. i. p. 70.

And

And again—

'The yarn we saw was of a good description; and the quantity produced per day was *quite equal to that of English spinners*.'—vol. i. p. 68.

To all which may be added a circumstance, very important as to 'the utter impossibility that the Belgian manufacture can maintain a contest with the English'—namely, that, according to a comparative table of the rate of wages in Belgium and in England, given by Mr. Tennent (vol. i. p. 68), the Belgian average, on the whole process, is 12s. 5½d., while the English is 20s. 8½d.: that is, labour is considerably more than one-third cheaper in Belgium.

2. Let us next test his assertion as to greater *cost of fuel*.

We have seen, in one of the preceding paragraphs, that Mr. Tennent admits that Belgium has a sufficient command of fuel to bring her manufactures to *perfection*; but he affords us still more precise data for doubting that the fuel is *so much* more costly as represented in his original statement.

First he tells us that—

'the ordinary price of coals in Belgium has been about 10 francs, at the pit's mouth' (vol. ii. p. 170): which is [he adds] '*lower than they were at Newcastle*.'—vol. ii. p. 171.

And he has also previously told us that the steam-engines employed in the Belgian manufactures

'were wrought with *one-half to one-third less fuel* than is required for the engines in ordinary use in England.'—vol. i. p. 66.

If then the Belgian coal be cheaper at the pit's mouth than the English, and that the work is done with *one-half or one-third* the quantity that is used in England, we do not see how the fuel can be called so much *more costly* as to constitute an *utter impossibility* of competing with England. We are aware that there was, a few years since, considerable apprehension that the coal-mines of Belgium were in rapid progress of exhaustion, but Mr. Tennent himself states that this alarm had subsided, and that coals had returned to their former prices.

3. As to the '*circumscribed sale*' for Belgian flax, yarn, or cloth, Mr. Tennent gives us no means of testing his assertion; for, strange enough to say, amongst all his statistics on the subject of the linen-trade, he omits to give us the *most important of all*, the quantities of yarn or linen *made* and the quantities *exported*. The only indications he affords us are rather inconsistent with his assertion of a circumscribed sale; for he says there has been latterly almost 'a mania' in Belgium for the establishment of spinning manufactories: and, as to dressed flax, he gives us, from M. Briavoinne, returns which show that the export of this semi-manufactured article has risen from 2,698,000 kilogrammes, which it was in 1834, to 9,459,000 kilogrammes in 1838: that is, it
more

more than tripled itself within four years. But here again, with so much parade of statistical accuracy, the main point is omitted; he gives us no account to show what proportion the *total* produce, at each period, bore to the quantities *exported*. If the *total* quantity of flax dressed in 1838 was no greater than it was in 1834, the yarn and cloth manufacture in Belgium must have diminished in the proportion that the export of dressed flax has increased: but, without that information, all that Mr. Tennent's tables show is, that, of dressed flax at least, the sale has not been circumscribed, but, on the contrary, enormously extended. The fact is, that these, like almost all the rest of Mr. Tennent's statistics, are taken from M. Briavoinne, and M. Briavoinne's view of the subject not having led him to state the *proportions* of the *gross* and the *exported* for the respective years, Mr. Tennent's application of his facts to another view of the matter becomes inconclusive—particularly as it appears, from other portions of M. Briavoinne's work not quoted by Mr. Tennent, that the export of linen cloth fully *manufactured* had nearly tripled itself from 1831 to 1834.

4. The final assertion, that *Belgium is enabled to supply herself with the raw material at the lowest possible rate*, seems to us to be an assertion as vague and as apocryphal as the preceding statements. Here again Mr. Tennent omits the most important point of the case; he does not tell us at what cost per ton flax may be produced in Belgium, as compared with England or Ireland: we suppose it must be much less; and the great and growing export to England would be decisive on that point, but that Mr. Tennent tells us that the finer kinds of flax grown in Belgium are not to be found in England at all. Thus he destroys any inference on this head which might be drawn from importation into England, since England may import—not because she cannot grow as cheaply, but—because she cannot grow at all the specific article which she requires: and the statements of Mr. Tennent, in other parts of his work, would lead us to infer that flax in Belgium, so far from being produced at the *cheapest possible rate*, is a most expensive cultivation.

He begins by telling us that Belgium obtains her seed from the same quarter that we do—Riga: he then proceeds,—

'The rotation of all other crops is regulated with ultimate reference to the flax, which comes into the circle only once in *seven*, and in some instances once in *nine* years; whilst, as it approaches the period for sowing (*sowing?*) it, each antecedent crop is put in with a *double* portion of manure. For itself the preparation is most studiously and skilfully minute; the ground is prepared rather like a flower-bed than a field.'—vol. i. p. 143.

Then

Then follows a long detail of the elaborate, and we should have supposed very costly, niceties in *digging* (not ploughing) the ground, manuring with prepared manures, sowing, weeding, supporting, pulling, &c. With this extraordinary care, and the important fact that all other tillage is made, for a cycle of seven or nine years, subservient to one crop of flax, we cannot quite understand in what sense Mr. Tennent says that Flanders 'supplies herself with flax at the *lowest possible rate*,'—we should rather have said that she does so at the *highest possible rate*. We very well understand how this expensive process may be, in the long run, the best economy and the most profitable course; but ultimate profit does not, it seems to us, justify Mr. Tennent's assertion that the article is raised at the *lowest possible rate*.

The practical result to which Mr. Emerson Tennent brings all these observations seems to be liable to the same objections of vagueness and inconsistency which pervade the arguments from which it is deduced. He urges the danger to Great Britain of being 'thus dependent on her rivals for the raw material' of so important a branch of her own manufactures, and then adds—

'In order to remedy this evil it seems to me ONLY to require a vigorous exertion on the part of our own *farmers*, and those whose direct interest it is to give them encouragement, to lead to such an improvement in our process of cultivation and dressing as would *speedily render our flax of equal quality with that of our neighbours in the Low Countries*: for the landed proprietor and the farmer, not less than for the manufacturer, there is a mine of *unwrought wealth* to be secured in this important article; and my earnestness on this point arises from the *fact* that, from all I have seen myself or can possibly learn from others, the *field is equally open* to England as to the Netherlands.'—vol. i. p. 141.

This may be so; and Mr. Tennent's 'earnestness' to improve our native cultivation of flax is very laudable, but we must say that the *facts* which he states in support of his views appear to us altogether inconsistent with the result at which he arrives. First he tells us that—

'In the stronger articles which can be made from flax of English growth, the English *already* considerably undersell Belgium, and an important trade is at this moment carried on in the North of Ireland in exporting linen goods to Germany, whence they were formerly imported into England, and *still are into Belgium*, where the [linen] damask trade of *Courtrai*, which has been perpetually declining since 1815, is now all but superseded,' &c.—vol. i. p. 69.

And again—

'Notwithstanding all *our* disadvantages, *Irish flax* for the strong articles, for which alone it is suited, produces a *firmer and a better thread than the Flemish or Dutch of the same character*.'—vol. i. p. 142.

Now

Now mark the inconsistency:—*Courtrai* is the place, *par excellence*, where the whole process of flax-growing as well as dressing is the most elaborately carried on; to this shrine it was that Mr. Tennent directed his commercial pilgrimage; here he was to see the working of the mine of wealth which is unwrought in Great Britain and Ireland. Yet, lo! England has beaten *Courtrai* out of the German market, and the Germans again supersede *Courtrai* in her own; and Ireland has wrought her mine—which we are told is unwrought—with such good effect as to supply the Germans! Mr. Tennent may perhaps reply, 'the unwrought mine of wealth to which I alluded is the production of the *finer* sorts which are *produced* only in Flanders!' But what if it should turn out that *they* are *producible* only in Flanders? Suppose that the very highest degree of care and culture could no more produce the finer flax in our fields than it could cotton—suppose that even in Flanders, with all the care and industry with which it is cultivated, the finer kinds are only producible in *particular spots*—what becomes of Mr. Tennent's argument?

Hear, on this point, Mr. Tennent himself:—

'The quality of the flax seems, *independently of local superiority of culture*, to be essentially dependent upon the *nature of the soil* in which it is sown.—In Luxembourg and Limburg it has been attempted without success.—From the country around *Ghent* no process of tillage would be sufficient to raise the descriptions suitable to more costly purposes; that of the *Walloons* yields the *very coarsest* qualities; *Courtrai* those whose *strength* is adapted for thread; and *Tournai* ALONE furnishes the fine and delicate kinds which serve for the manufacture of lace and cambric.'—vol. i. p. 57.

What then becomes of Mr. Emerson Tennent's 'unwrought mine of wealth,' unless he can show that the soil and climate of Great Britain and Ireland are more favourable to the growth of fine flax than *any part* of the Netherlands, except *alone* the little district about *Tournai*? What then was the advantage of the pilgrimage to *Courtrai*, and the detailed recapitulation, for the instruction of Ireland, of that mode of tillage, if *Courtrai* with all her elaborate culture can only produce flax 'whose strength is adapted for thread,' while Ireland already produces 'a firmer, and in every respect better, *thread** than either Flanders or Holland'? Really all this reminds us of what Dr. Johnson said of Mr. Tennent's countryman, Goldsmith, when it was proposed

* It may be that the Irish *thread* and the *Courtrai thread* are not of the same 'character'; but then Mr. Tennent, if he meant to instruct us, should have made the distinction; whereas, on the contrary, by using the term '*strong*' in both cases, he seems to imply that they are of the same kind.

to send him travelling in search of some improvements in arts and mechanics to be introduced into England. 'Goldsmith,' said Johnson, 'is the most unfit of all men to go on such an inquiry; Sir, he would bring you home a grinding-barrow, which you see in every street in London, and think he had produced a wonderful improvement.'

We beg our readers to observe that we are giving no opinion of our own on these subjects. We are not writing an essay on the growth of flax—we are only reviewing Mr. Emerson Tennent's book, and endeavouring to excuse ourselves for not being able to bring his scattered facts and desultory suggestions to any clear and useful practical issue.

We have dwelt, at more length than the matter may seem to deserve, upon this paragraph relative to the growth of flax, because it relates to the staple subject of Mr. Emerson Tennent's work—because, being the first passage relating to that subject which occurs, we cannot be suspected of having *selected* a weak point—and finally, because, having thus shown, as we think, that Mr. Tennent's statistics—compiled, for the most part, from the laborious but (for Mr. Tennent's purposes at least) inconclusive work of M. Briavoinne—are not very applicable, nor his opinions sufficiently matured on the subjects with which he is naturally best acquainted, we may be dispensed from saying anything further on such topics of political economy.

Similar inconsistencies occur also on lighter subjects; one of them we shall notice, because it carries us from statistics to the arts, and leads to a point on which we can have the pleasure of concurring in Mr. Tennent's opinion—with whom we shall thenceforward proceed in good fellowship to the end of our journey.

'It is remarkable,' he says, 'that the churches of Brussels contain no specimen of Vandyke or Rubens;' and then he adds, 'painters, it would seem, *like prophets*, are to seek patrons at some distance from home.' This allusion to a sacred text might have been the better spared, because the fact and the inference are both untrue. Brussels was *not* the country of either Rubens or Vandyke—neither of them were even Flemings: and by-and-bye, when Mr. Emerson Tennent comes to speak of Antwerp, he contradicts himself with an earnestness which is almost eloquent.

'A journey to Antwerp is a pilgrimage to the shrine of Rubens. Rubens is the tutelary idol of Antwerp—it *was his home*, though not his birthplace—his favourite residence and the scene of his triumphs; and he has left to it the immortal legacy of his fame, his masterpieces, his monument, and his grave. Its museum and its churches are marked by his principal pictures, and the inhabitants pay back in grateful homage to his memory the renown which his genius has entailed upon them (?).

them (?). *Fêtes* in his honour, in a style of great magnificence, had been celebrated but a few weeks before our visit, amidst public rejoicings, processions, music, banners, and all the pomp of civic triumph. The excitement had not yet subsided, and we found every table covered with portraits of the great painter, verses in his praise, and programmes of the festival, and with every individual the absorbing topic was something connected with his name and his monuments.'—vol. ii. p. 47.

We entirely concur in three opinions expressed on this occasion by Mr. Tennent,—that those who have not seen the works of Rubens at Antwerp* can have no idea of the real merit of that great artist—that the style and taste of his ordinary productions would hardly justify his great reputation—and finally that the Antwerp pictures are greater even than their fame. But we cannot altogether subscribe to the following parallel between him and Vandyke:—

'There are [in the Museum at Antwerp] five or six pictures of Vandyke, but they are in the same style with Rubens's groups from sacred subjects; and they do not bear to be placed in such immediate contact with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of his master. Vandyke's unrivalled portraits are as much superior to those of Rubens as the latter excels him in combination and composition. Their productions are as an epic poem to a lyric or a sonnet; and whilst Rubens is the Homer of his art, Vandyke may be well contented to be its Pindar or *Plutarch* (?).'—vol. ii. p. 54.

This—whether Mr. Emerson Tennent wrote *Plutarch*, in allusion to Vandyke's historical portraits, or *Petrarch*, as the mention of the *sonnet* suggests—is we think erroneously conceived and clumsily expressed. The main feeling is, no doubt, just; the works of Vandyke in this Museum *do* look cold and even poor compared with the gorgeous glories of Rubens. But Rubens has painted portraits as fine as Vandyke,—one, for instance, in this very collection of the Burgomaster Rockox, painted on the *volets* or shutters, of the 'Incredulity of St. Thomas' (justly appreciated by Mr. Tennent), which is as fine, we think, as ever was painted: and on the other hand, Vandyke has, not only in single figures but in many of his more complicated compositions, both grace and *grandeur*, very unjustly treated by a comparison to a *song* or a *sonnet*. If we were to characterise these great painters by a comparison with great poets, we should be inclined to compare them rather to Homer and Virgil—Dante and Tasso—Corneille and Racine—Dryden and Pope:—and we mention all these names, because it is remark-

* We say, seen them *at Antwerp*—in the places and the lights suited to them. Nothing that we have observed in art is more curious or striking than the difference of the effects produced by these pictures in Paris and in Antwerp. We suppose it was the want of space and light, and perhaps of isolation, which took off so much of their splendour in the Louvre. We saw them, within a comparatively short period, in each position, and could hardly believe our own eyes that they were the same pictures.

able that, in so many instances of a general congeniality of spirit and a great similarity both of subject and execution, there should be such a clear demarcation of the class in which grandeur predominates over grace, from that in which grace seems invariably to attenuate grandeur. But we are recalled from these agreeable contemplations to more pressing, though less inviting, subjects—the political state and prosperity of Belgium.

Though we cannot pretend to decide from Mr. Emerson Tennent's statistical facts the precise extent of the mischief inflicted by the Revolution of 1830 on the internal prosperity of Belgium, we cannot hesitate to agree with the opinion, derived from his own observation and the reports of his acquaintance, that there is a general feeling of *malaise* and discontent throughout the country, aggravated by a good deal of local distress; and that, however individuals or classes may be disposed or indisposed towards Holland or towards France respectively, there is no one—no, not one—always excepting, of course, a few lucky officials—who is satisfied with the results of the Revolution. We attach no great weight to popular complaints and commercial grumblings;—the *people*, who are the working instruments of revolutions, always expect some immediate and substantial relief from them, and must, in the nature of things, be always disappointed. 'Party,' says that great adept in the working of parties, Swift, 'is the madness of the many for the gain of the few.' Half-a-dozen turbulent lawyers and pamphleteers were raised by this strange revolt to an eminence, or rather notoriety, which they had not qualities either to justify or maintain: but the Revolution did no good to the *People*—it only increased commercial embarrassments: and in the vicissitudes of trade every suffering class lays the blame on the *Government*; and, accordingly, Leopold's government is blamed, as that of William was previously, for incidental distresses over which a government can have no control. But there are two positive evils which are derived from the Revolution, and which must have a very serious and disastrous influence—the one is the uncertainty and instability with which such a commotion paralyses the social action of a country—alienating persons—shaking institutions—alarming property—and withering the arts and the industry as well as the graces and charities of life: the other (which is clearly and forcibly exhibited by Mr. Tennent), the loss of the Dutch market and of the markets beyond sea which Holland assured to Belgian produce. Belgium is *now*, for the first time, insulated, as it were, within her own narrow bounds. When she was Austrian, she had the German market; when French, the French market; when united with Holland, she had a still ampler outlet for her produce. *Now* Belgium has no assured

assured and steady market but Belgium. Belgium may clothe itself, and feed itself, and furnish itself; but the country which only clothes, feeds, and furnishes *itself*, particularly if it be a small state, will soon feel a difficulty in doing even that. When Mr. Tennent, embracing, we suppose, the sentiments of M. Briavoinne, Count d'Hane, and his other Belgian instructors, blames the King of Holland for having given too much encouragement and extension to Belgian manufactures, the censure is, as we before said, both unjust and absurd; but the *fact* is true, and the mischief real;—the manufacturing establishments encouraged by the king were suitable and beneficial to the kingdom that *then* existed—they were healthy and active organs of a large system, but, in a suddenly reduced one, the circulation has grown languid, and they are become *wens*—nay, worse—for, whenever the extraordinary excitement and exertions occasioned by the construction of those extensive lines of railways which we believe have kept Belgium alive and tranquil for the last few years, shall be exhausted by their completion, and the country shall return into an ordinary state of supply and consumption, these *wens* will become *cancers*, and it will be found that—even commercially speaking—Belgium *cannot remain as she is*. She has a manufacturing plant too extensive and too expensive for her own ordinary demands, and she has no one else to supply. When the railroads shall be finished, and that Belgium relapses into her natural state, the commercial distress will probably become still more general. Mr. Tennent adds, however, on the authority of M. Briavoinne, that 'the *chemin-de-fer* is the more popular because the *people* can see the intimate connexion between it and the events of 1830. "Without the Revolution," they say, "we should have had no railroad, and *without the railroad we should have been better without the Revolution.*"'—*voi. ii. p. 128.*

The final results of railroads is a question of such general importance, and as yet so imperfectly developed, that we are sure our readers will excuse our making a few observations on this suggestion. As to the connexion which the *people* see between the Revolution and the Railroad, it is just the resemblance between Monmouth and Macedon, and rests on such evidence as the people would naturally adopt;—*propter quia post*. Who can doubt that King William—who is reproached with carrying his love of *material* improvements to excess—would have indulged his personal taste as well as his national policy in spreading over the *Kingdom of the Netherlands* such a reticulated system of intercourse—such a *material* bond of union—as the railroads would have supplied, if conducted throughout both divisions of that kingdom—by the same hand and the same spirit? It is impossible to conceive all

all the moral and political consequences that would follow the bringing Ostend, Leyden, Ghent, Rotterdam, Liege, Utrecht, Brussels, and Amsterdam, in short, every considerable city and district of the Netherlands, within *five hours* of each other; but at least we may safely, we believe, *convert* M. Briavoinne's proposition, and say that, *if the Railroads had been made under the direction of the King of the Netherlands, there never could have been a Revolution!* And we even think it possible that this railroad system, so suited and so congenial to both countries, may, in its quiet but powerful operation, become in time the irresistible mediator of the *reunion* of Holland and Belgium. The railroad, we are satisfied, is a more probable, and would be a more powerful, instrument of reconciliation and union in the Netherlands, than any military power or any political influence which could be brought into action. Mr. Tennent states that M. Briavoinne 'considers that the system of railroads has been injudiciously expanded in Belgium, and that a *single line of transit to Germany* would have been more judicious than the complicated communications which have been adopted.' This is an error on the part of Mr. Tennent: M. Briavoinne thinks the whole system of railroads objectionable, chiefly because it seems not likely to make an adequate pecuniary return; and he would rather have preferred—not a single line of *railroad* across Belgium, but—the old project of a continuation of the *Louvain Canal* to the Meuse and Rhine, thus establishing a line of *water* communication, which he thinks would have been in every view more prudent than the *railroad*.

We need scarcely say that we differ from both these propositions—that imputed to M. Briavoinne, as well as that which he really advanced. They are both, in different ways and degrees, absurd—but the latter is the most so; and we do not much wonder that Mr. Tennent failed to comprehend so strange an opinion from a writer in whom he had placed so much confidence. The fact, however, is that he totally misunderstands him.

Mr. Tennent gives us some account of the expense of forming railroads in different localities, which, though very imperfect, may still be acceptable to our readers:—

'The average cost of those completed in Belgium scarcely exceeds 8500*l.* a mile, including carriages and buildings. The most expensive was from Louvain to Tirlemont, including a tunnel of near 1000 yards, which cost 11,661*l.* per mile; and that from Dendermond to Mechlin only 4583*l.*; while in England the cheapest as yet completed has cost 10,000*l.* per mile. One in Ireland, between Lisburn and Belfast, has been made for less than 7000*l.* [of course, we suppose, per mile]; but others in England have cost 40,000*l.*; and the average of forty-five lines, for

which bills were passed in 1836 and 1837, was upwards of 17,500*l.* a mile on the estimate.'—vol. ii. p. 121, &c.

We wish Mr. Tennent had given the *names* of those cheapest and the dearest lines; but we wish still more that he had given us (which, we suppose, might by this time be done in most cases) the *actual cost* of those which were *estimated* in 1836-7 at an average of 17,500*l.*—that is the *real point* of the case, but, as we have complained in former instances, that Mr. Tennent allows to escape.

On the difference of cost in Belgium and England, Mr. Tennent notices one very important and very grievous increase of expense on the English lines:—

'In Belgium there were no committees of the House of Commons, to enable the solicitors' bills to amount to 70,000*l.* or 80,000*l.* for expenses in obtaining the act, as was the case in the London and Birmingham line, and that of the Great Western.'—vol. ii. p. 123.

This is shameful. A severe scrutiny as to the public interests in such works and a liberal and conscientious protection for private property, should no doubt be exercised by the legislature; but such dilatory, vexatious, unjust, and ruinous proceedings in Committees of the House of Commons as the honourable member thus alludes to in the gross and of which all of us have heard such extravagant details, are absolutely disgraceful to the tribunal itself, and to the country which submits to be the patient victim of such enormous abuses.

Instead of exerting their high authority in facilitating—with all reasonable attention to private rights—these great national works, the Committees seem to have permitted—if they did not encourage—every species of opposition, sometimes wanton, sometimes frivolous, always extortionate, and frequently, in the teeth of reason and justice, successful. Mr. Tennent would do more essential service to his country than by all the statistical tours he ever can make or publish, if he would have the patience and *the courage* to make himself master in detail of the history of the various railroad bills in Committees of the *reformed* House of Commons, and exhibit, to the surprise of that honourable house itself—as well as to the astonishment of the public—the enormous injustice and abuses which have been committed under its sanction.

No wonder that the *fares* in Belgium should be on an average less than half those of England (vol. ii. p. 124). We are really surprised that the difference is not more, when we consider the infinitely greater difficulties which the unequal surface and proprietary distribution of our territory present, in addition to the monstrous expenses of law, litigation, and compensations, to which we have just alluded.

On

On the whole, with regard to the internal prosperity of Belgium, we incline to Mr. Emerson Tennent's opinion, that in some branches it has been disastrously diminished, and in all the rest is in a very precarious state; and that even her railroads, when finished, instead of alleviating, may aggravate the general distress.

But if her internal condition be thus, to say the least of it, uncomfortable, her political position, as created by the Revolution, is still worse: as a substantive power she is nothing—worse than nothing—for she is a temptation, a provocation, to the disturbance of the peace of Europe. Holland would conquer her in a fortnight, Prussia in a week, France in a day. She is as tempting, and can offer as little resistance, as a plum-pudding; and she is kept in her place, like a body in mechanics, by the antagonist operation of three weights, any one of which would drag her down. She is a nation without nationality—a kingdom without kingly authority—a republic without a people. Never having, from her earliest days, trusted to her own legs, she is now incapable of doing so, and there she affects to stand, a grown cripple in a *go-cart*.

She never knew what independence was—she has never had a substantive and stable government—and the easy success of the last rash, blind, unprovoked, and unwarrantable Revolution would have destroyed every principle and hope of stability, even if she had possessed any. As to her government, she is in a condition of *torpid anarchy*—anarchy so complete that it is only torpid because she has no power to move: a stronger state would be in convulsions—but she is in a catalepsy, and she has just sense enough left to know that if she were to wag her finger there are three eminent surgeons ready to bleed her.

Then she has an internal constitution as anomalous as her external position. This constitution affects to be a combination of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy—but the monarch has no authority, the aristocracy no influence, and the people no force, except that, being all entangled together, they have just the power of impeding and nullifying each other.

Her domestic policy is so obscure and unimportant that no one in Europe who does not look at them through a microscope is aware that for the last year or two they have been in what in France and England is called a *ministerial crisis*; that they have had no real government; and that the king has been employed like a jobbing carpenter in patching together make-shift cabinets, and tacking up, just for the moment, temporary ministers to his official *posts*.

What is to be the end of all this?—We know not, as long as there shall be peace in the rest of Europe: but whenever and

wherever a shot shall be fired, its first echo and first *ricochet* will be in Belgium; and the only chance we can see for relieving that country from a position so disastrous to herself and so perilous to Europe, is that of which we have already expressed so faint a hope—namely, a voluntary reunion with Holland, and, consequent on that event, a firm and active resolution of the great European powers to render the new state, whatever form it may take, as powerful and as extensive as its local position will allow, and with whatever promise of stability and permanence the solemn and specific guarantee of Europe can give. That hope, however, we fear to indulge; and we are forced reluctantly to admit that it is more probable that Belgium is to be again what it has been for five hundred years, the battle-field between the aggression of France and the resistance of the other powers of Europe.

ART. II.—*Notes on the United States.* By the Right Hon. Sir Augustus J. Foster, Bart. London, 1841. (*Unpublished.*)

SIR AUGUSTUS FOSTER was Secretary to our Legation at Washington (the late Mr. Merry being then Minister) in the years 1804-5-6. After serving at the Court of Sweden and elsewhere, he returned to America as Envoy in 1811, and finally quitted it on the declaration of war in the following year. Since that time he has been almost constantly employed in his profession, and held till very recently the post of English Minister at Turin.

When Mr. Rush published his 'Narrative of a Residence at the Court of St. James's,' we could but express our apprehension that the example, notwithstanding his good intentions, candour, and real liberality of feeling, might be found to constitute a dangerous precedent. Were it to become at all a practice among gentlemen of the diplomatic order—more especially Ambassadors and Envoys—to publish descriptive sketches of the society thrown open to them *shortly before* in foreign countries, by reason solely, or chiefly, of their official character, it is certain that the personal privileges of their class would, ere long, be sensibly abridged; and there are graver considerations so obvious that it would be idle to point them out. We do not see, however, that the objection applies to such a performance as that now before us—even if it were to assume the character of a regular publication. Since Sir Augustus Foster last quitted the American shores nearly thirty years have elapsed;—of the public men with whom he mingled at Washington all have long since disappeared;—at least

we

we do not remember to have met in his pages with more than one living name—that of the octogenarian Mr. Gallatin—and of him he has really nothing but the name. As to other matters, thirty years in the United States have been equivalent probably to a hundred in the case of any older nation:—where he left small towns, villages, even single loghouse taverns in the wilderness, mighty cities are now flourishing and daily extending. New States have been added to the Union. Many modifications have occurred in the constitutions both of States separately, and of the federal empire. Laws have been largely changed—the administration of them even more largely. Above all, the influences of laws and institutions which were young in his time, have been developed in social alterations, of which Sir Augustus could have formed but a vague and uncertain anticipation. No country, no people, no system of civilised life, have ever undergone more extensive changes in so brief a period. Under such circumstances the veteran diplomatist may produce his recollections and reflections without almost the slightest risk of wounding any personal feelings—without much chance, we must add, of ministering to vulgar curiosity. His *Notes* are now merely historical. Moreover, the Lives, Diaries, and Correspondence (public and private) of the most eminent American statesmen of the cycle to which these *Notes* refer, have been printed and published; and since the world has had in this way such copious access to American criticism on the ministers and courtiers of England during her great conflict with revolutionary France, it seems but fair that we should be admitted to some of the results of similar opportunities afforded to Englishmen of rank and station in the America of the same epoch.

These 'Notes' would possess a strictly historical interest for our Transatlantic friends themselves. Sir Augustus describes a period of their national existence as to which thinking Americans of the *active* generation must have a very peculiar degree of curiosity:—though it has not, in as far as we know, been either boldly or skilfully treated of in any department of their literature. It is the epoch of transition;—and in truth, when we consider how perseveringly and how successfully the contemporary novelists and dramatists of France have dealt with the social metamorphoses consequent upon their revolution, we are not a little surprised with this American neglect of scarcely less picturesque materials. It furnishes, we think, by far the most striking proof of their often alleged *thin-skinnedness*, that their best writers shrink from what they can hardly fail to regard as the richest field within their reach—that this should in fact scarcely have been touched upon except by equally coarse and weak daubings

ings of flattery. Strange that a nation piquing themselves on nothing so much as their *shrewdness*, should be so conspicuously open to the grossest tricks of venal adulation. 'Fulsome compliments,' as Johnson said to Sir Joshua, 'gratify nobody but a fool: they always disgust the wise, who, knowing them to be false, suspect them to be hypocritical.'

Sir Augustus, in his very modest preface, expresses much regret that the views of American society put forth by several recent English travellers should have been so hastily drawn and so harshly coloured; he does not exactly impeach the veracity of any one of these writers—among whom he considers Mrs. Butler as the ablest, and also, on the whole, as the least unfair—but he asserts his belief that such of them as really had access to the better circles were either unfitted by age and experience for comparing different systems of manners in a just spirit;—or carried with them a narrow rancour of political prejudice which discoloured objects in themselves harmless—or else an overweening vanity which construed ignorance or inappreciation of probably absurd pretensions into deliberate contempt and insult;—or, finally, proceeding to the New World in the bitterness of disappointment, had failed in some object of personal interest or ambition which the journey was meant to serve—for Menander's adage is not more true than its converse:—

Δύναται τὸ πλουτεῖν καὶ φιλανθρώπους ποιεῖν.

Sir Augustus notices also the effects of *partial* observation:—the state of things in one district being applied to another, as different from it perhaps as Holland is from England or Russia from Prussia; but this and various other sources of mistake and misrepresentation have been sufficiently dwelt on by ourselves upon former occasions.

Our readers cannot suppose that we should think ourselves entitled to *criticise* these unpublished 'Notes' as a literary performance. Under the circumstances, censure and praise would be alike out of place—the latter probably more offensive than the former to Sir Augustus Foster. We proceed very willingly, however, to do all that seems to lie within our legitimate scope in such a case—namely, to select a few of those passages with which we have ourselves happened to be most pleased and interested.

As might be expected, a large proportion of his pages is given to the city and official life of Washington. The Government of the United States fixed its head-quarters on this spot about the beginning of the century; and for some time afterwards, as the Spanish Envoy De Casa Yrujo told Sir Augustus, it was difficult to produce a decent dinner in the new capital without sending 50 or 60 miles for its materials. Things had mended
somewhat

somewhat before the writer's arrival, but still he found enough to surprise and bewilder him in the desolate vastness and mean accommodations of the unshaped metropolis. He attributes the selection of the locality, partly at least, to General Washington's partiality for the neighbourhood of his own paternal property; but seems to think the inconveniences attending such a choice would have, ere long, produced a removal to some already large and well-supplied city near the Atlantic, but for certain considerations of a personal and not very dignified nature, which were of paramount importance with Mr. Jefferson, who was for the second time President when Sir Augustus first reached America. He says that 'the richer and more respectable members of Congress had, for the most part, always inclined' to vote for returning to Philadelphia, or selecting some other town of established importance; but that every such proposal had been distasteful to the majority, it 'being in a great measure composed of rough and unfashioned persons, to whom it is of consequence to be in a place where they would be attended to more than in a large city.' This majority had usually found support in the Government, 'so long composed of Virginians, who naturally preferred Washington to any remoter situation;' but the removal could hardly, he apprehends, have been avoided, but for the determined personal opposition of Jefferson. This President alleged as his reason the danger of throwing open again a question so difficult and delicate as that of the choice of the seat of government—

'In fact, however,' says Sir A. Foster, 'his power was founded on the court he paid to the democratical party; and he could not have appeared in a great town, as he did at Washington, without attendants, when he took a ride, and, fastening his horse's bridle himself to a shop-door, as I have once witnessed, when his nail was torn off in the operation, or in yarn stockings and slippers when he received company; neither could he anywhere else have had the members of the legislature so dependent upon him and the rest of the administration for the little amusement and relief which they could obtain after public business; his house and those of the Ministers being in fact almost necessary to them, unless they chose to live like bears, brutalised and stupified—as one of the *Federalists* once confessed to me that he felt—from hearing nothing but politics from morning to night, and from continual confinement without any relaxation whatsoever. Mr. Jefferson knew too well what he was about—he had lived in too good society at Paris, where he was employed as Minister from the United States previously to the French revolution, and where he had been admitted to the coteries of Madame du Deffand—not to set a value on the decencies and proprieties of life; but he was playing a game for retaining the highest office in a State where manners are not a prevailing feature in the great mass of the society, being, except in the large towns, rather despised as a mark of effeminacy by the majority, who
seem

seem to glory in being only thought men of bold strong minds and good sound judgment.

‘ Having mentioned Mr. Jefferson, it may be interesting to the reader to have the following description of his person as he appeared to me on my arrival in 1804: he was a tall man with a very red freckled face and grey neglected hair; his manners goodnatured, frank, and rather friendly, though he had somewhat of a cynical expression of countenance. He wore a blue coat, a thick grey-coloured hairy waistcoat, with a red under-waistcoat lapped over it, green velvet breeches with pearl buttons, yarn stockings, and slippers down at the heels; his appearance being very much like that of a tall large-boned farmer. He said he washed his feet as often as he did his hands in order to keep off cold, and appeared to think himself unique in so doing. . . . Mr. Jefferson’s father was a land-surveyor, who lived some time in Pennsylvania, and from thence went to establish himself at Monticello in Virginia, where land was cheap, and where he bought an estate for 100 guineas, but I could meet nobody who could tell me from what country he originally came or could trace him to his early years.’

Since Sir Augustus penned this ‘ Note,’ Jefferson’s Memoir of his own early life has been published: he there traces his pedigree back to a grandfather, ‘ said to have been born near Snowdon in Wales,’ and states that his father, whose profession he sinks, left him the lands of *Shadwell*, ‘ on which,’ he says, ‘ I now live.’ *Monticello*, therefore, was probably a name of his own devising for the porticoed villa which in due season replaced the paternal log-house.*

The President’s official mansion at Washington was erected, it seems, by an Irish mason who gave the plan of the Duke of Leinster’s house in Dublin, on which he had been employed as a journeyman; omitting however the upper story, and forgetting the cellars—which last defect Jefferson remedied, though his predecessor took no notice of it. Sir Augustus says all the private houses in Washington were built by Irishmen or Scotchmen of the same class, and were equally slavish repetitions after Edinburgh or Dublin, not the least attention having been paid to the difference of climate. But it is to be hoped these edifices were not meant for a longer duration than those of the Crescents at Brighton, or our own fine lath and plaster in Regent-street and Regent’s-park. Sir Augustus has lived too much in Italy not to be a connoisseur in architecture, and in censuring a universal fault in the Washington porticoes—that of the pillars being raised on plinths—he observes that it is the same with almost all the public buildings lately erected in London, except those of

* Since we have turned to this Memoir, we may observe that Jefferson, while a young law-student, heard Patrick Henry’s great speech against the Stamp Act in 1765. ‘ His talents as a popular orator were,’ he says, ‘ great indeed; they were such as I never heard in any other man. He seemed to me to speak as Homer wrote.’

Mr. Decimus Burton, and that the fact of all *classical* antiquity being against this was disputed by Sir Geoffrey Wyattville and other English architects until he produced his authorities. We are not aware whether Mr. D. Burton designed the school-house at St. Paul's, or Arthur's Club-house in St. James'-street—neither of which elegant buildings has the defect in question. Sir Augustus does not leave the public edifices at Washington without expressing his deep regret that any of them should have been destroyed by our army in 1812. He censures this as a violence for which there was no sufficient apology, and which, as he most justly says, could never have been desired or even contemplated by the authorities at home. We share fully in Sir Augustus Foster's regrets—but surely he cannot have read Mr. Gleig's admirable 'Narrative' of the campaign, or indeed any fair account of the properly military part of this particular procedure. There can be no doubt that the conflagration and destruction were caused by the wanton firing from those buildings on our troops *after* the city had been surrendered. We have heard the fact honestly admitted over and over again by American gentlemen *here*—though perhaps it is not the fashion to be so candid on the other side of the water *coram populo*, *i. e.*, in newspapers or speeches.

Sir Augustus says, 'Very few private gentlemen have houses in Washington. I only recollect three; Mr. Brent, Mr. Tayloe,* and Mr. Carroll.' He enumerates, however, several country-seats within an easy distance, where there was abundant and even elegant hospitality; particularly those of Mr. Key, an eminent lawyer, originally an officer in the English service, Mr. Calvert, Mr. Ogle, and Mr. Lewis. Nevertheless, the life of diplomatic residents at Washington seems to have been in those days of the dullest—not so often enlivened by any pleasant occurrence, as by some new specimen of deliberate rudeness on the part of the ruling powers.

'They were but ill off when I first arrived, which was about four years from the time when Congress took up its residence, or rather squatted, upon this waste—being put to it to get even ordinary provisions, and having to send as far as Baltimore for the commonest articles of luxury; but what was more intolerable was the treatment they received at this raw and rude court, which exasperated them in their turn and led to perpetual jarring and quarrelling, being far different from what they had a right to look for, considering the respectability that had surrounded General Washington and the elder Adams, but particularly the former, whose example, considering his known good sense and the great services he had performed, might have been expected to serve as a rule to his successors, if not as far as regarded the hoops and full dresses introduced into his drawing-rooms, in imitation of the court of St. James's,

* *Sic passim*—This is the funniest of the many disguises of the good old name *Taylor*.
at

at least in as far as depended upon gentlemanly bearing and that outward decorum that should be found in the social assemblies of the first magistrate of a great and cultivated nation. Mr. Jefferson too, being a Virginian, and, consequently, born an aristocrat, having besides lived in the best society in Paris, and long enough to see it give place to a disgusting democracy, might have been expected to have gone rather into the opposite extreme: but excessive vanity and speculative doctrines on imaginary perfection, together with the love of popularity and paradox, as also of running counter, since he could not run parallel, to Washington, were his weaknesses—and to indulge them he flattered the low passions of a mere newspaper-taught rabble, and seemed pleased to mortify men of rank and station, foreign or domestic, unless they paid him servile court, or chimed in with his ideas on general philanthropy.

Jefferson himself says, in a letter of 1808 (Writings, vol. iv. p. 109), 'I came to the government under circumstances calculated to generate peculiar acrimony. I found all its offices in the possession of a political sect, who wished to transform it ultimately into the shape of their darling model, the English government.' &c. &c. This 'political sect' was that of which Washington and the elder Adams were the acknowledged heads!

The first foreign minister who *suffered* under the new system was the Danish Envoy, M. Petersen—the one who suffered most was the Spaniard—but the English had their share.

'The President took care to show his preference of the Indian deputies on New Year's Day, by giving us only a bow, while with them he entered into a long conversation. I have now to speak of his change in the established rules of politeness, or even hospitality, as practised all over the globe on the occasion of a first entertainment given to a foreign envoy—to whom even savages would naturally endeavour to make the entertainment agreeable. I conclude Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison were too much of the gentleman not to feel ashamed of what they were doing, and consequently did it awkwardly, as people must do who affect bad manners for a particular object. I allude to the sudden alteration in the etiquette heretofore practised by General Washington and Mr. Adams on dinner being announced. Mr. and Mrs. Merry were so thoroughly unaware of this intention that they had not had time to think of what they should do on the occasion, and Mr. Jefferson had not requested any one present to look to the strangers; so, when he took to dinner the lady next him, Mr. Madison followed his example, and the Senators and members of the House of Representatives walked off with their respective dames—leaving the astonished Merry—who was of the old school, having passed a great part of his life at Madrid)—gazing after them, till at last he made common cause with his better half: offering her his arm with a formal air, and giving a hint to one of the servants to send for his carriage, he took her to table and sat by her,—the half-ashamed and half-awkward President not even attempting an excuse. And this same scene was for consistency's sake repeated nearly in the same manner at the house of the Secretary of State. Ever afterwards

afterwards Mr. Merry refused their invitations; messages were sent to beg he would dine with the President as Mr. Merry, putting aside his quality of British minister; but this he could not well do without, as he thought, sanctioning in some sort their previous treatment of the representative of Great Britain, as long as no apology was offered for the past: so he never met his Excellency any more at table, since the President, unlike our social monarchs of the north, keeps his state—neither he nor his wife accepting of invitations. Another mortification Mr. Merry had to submit to was the suppression of the privilege of a chair in the Senate on the right of the Vice-President, which had hitherto been enjoyed by foreign ministers—the question having been debated in the Senate and carried against him by a large majority.

‘I am inclined to believe the object of these changes was to induce European courts to send out *ambassadors* and men of high rank, by treating *envoys* so ill—for they occasionally complained of the rank of the diplomatic agents not being sufficiently high in their own countries, and Mr. Madison took an opportunity of telling Mr. Merry that an ambassador would be treated with every distinction, but that an envoy could not expect any more favour in society than a private person: they had a particular fancy, too, to have a peer of the realm sent out to them, and were much disappointed when Lord Selkirk and Lord William Bentinck declined the honour.’

This is amusing and natural—not less so what follows:—

‘The above questions of etiquette, it is true, were but of little real importance; nevertheless they occupied the thoughts of the republicans a great deal more than they need have done, and were consequently a source of considerable annoyance at the time to the mission, because some of the most vulgar of the democratic party took their cue from the style adopted at the great house, and in one way or other, either by remarking on her dress or diamonds, or treading on her gown, worried Mrs. Merry to such a degree that I have sometimes seen her on coming home burst into tears at having to live at such a place—particularly on seeing the affected unpoliteness of those who should have known better, but who, being *rattlers from the federal party*, seeking for favour and place, made use of her assemblies in order to render their boorish humours, as well as their concurrence with the systematic manners of Mr. Jefferson, more conspicuous. Among these was one, of a stern, sour, and republican countenance, who had been used to the best society, but who purposely came to her parties in dirty boots, disordered hair, and quite the reverse of what he knew to be the fashion in European capitals. This was certainly difficult for a lady to digest; but I must be just, and add that I found among the *democrats* many highly respectable and worthy persons, and even among the lowest in station of the members of Congress several droll, original, but unoffending characters. Such was the tavern-keeper who committed an act of great impropriety in my house, when I gave a ball for the Queen’s birthday, and when, the drawing-rooms being left empty on the company going to supper, he thought (poor fellow!) that he was alone and unobserved; but two stray *federal* members who were rambling about espied his attitude, and

and the joke was too good to be lost, so they had it in all the papers and all over the States in prose and verse, ringing the changes on the extinction of the British fire. My poor guest wrote me an humble letter, saying he would rather burst another time; and I most graciously answered, and hoped to have gained his vote for peace by my soothing; but the graceless dog voted all the same for war, and proved how hard it is by any good words to sever a party-man from the mass of his political friends.

‘ Another original was a Philadelphian butcher, who used to frank his linen, there having been no limits to the privilege, and to send it to be washed at home; the weight, however, as some of the Federalists assured me, was not so tremendous as might be supposed for the post-bag, since he was known to change his shirt only once a-week. I visited him at his stall at Philadelphia, and insisted on his giving me a feast on his beef, to which he agreed; and I, profiting by a general invitation, went to his home on the banks of the Delaware, where I really did get a luncheon of as fine beef as I ever tasted, and had only one regret, which was that my honest host happened to be absent. It was told of him that at the President’s table, observing a leg of mutton of a miserably lean description, he could not help forgetting the legislator for a few moments, and exclaiming that at his stall no such leg of mutton should ever have found a place. I also heard that, being one day invited with several members of Congress to dine at the President’s, he took his son, the young butcher, with him, who was a great country lout, and on going up to the President told him he had heard one of his guests had been taken ill and could not come, and therefore he had brought his son with him, who was very anxious to see him, and would not be in the way, as there was, he knew, a spare plate.

‘ Another eccentric member from the south, a printer and publisher, wrote as an answer to an invitation from the President, “I won’t dine with you because you won’t dine with me.” Then there was a tavern-keeper from the north, who, when elected sheriff in his own county, used to hang criminals himself, to save a dollar, and make his son drive the cart; yet was he by no means an ill-meaning or uncivil person, though not particularly agreeable. Of Irish members of Congress there were no less than ten, and their voices, I am sorry to say, were in general against their mother country. I asked them to dinner occasionally, but was obliged to sort them with a particular set to avoid duels. One of the Irish used to ask me for news from *Bounos Eares*, and tell me of the *voluminous* reports of the Secretary-at-War. We were, however, always on good terms, and they had not forgotten how to relish a glass of good wine.—As to the higher Democrats, I was on the best terms with many of them, and they were, in point of fact and in habits, much more aristocratic than perhaps any of the Federal party; some indeed had quitted or were about to quit the camp, for the very reason that they did not and could not approve the vulgarity, real or affected, of the men in power, and their consequent sympathy with the Jacobin upstarts of France: of these, one, Mr. Randolph, was particularly distinguished by pride of birth, being a descendant of a respectable old
English

English family and a native Virginian princess, and he was as honourable and gentlemanlike a person as could be, and one whose slaves were by all accounts so much attached to him that they would not hear of being made free.'

The foreign legation which 'seemed to be on the best terms with the Americans' was the Russian; for, 'strange to say, they have always had a leaning of affection to the most absolute of all governments, and have been publicly as well as individually assiduous in courting the good graces of the autocrat.' Sir Augustus mentions how surprised the Emperor Nicholas was when the celebrated John Randolph of Roanoke (the same eulogised above) dropped on his knees to present his credentials as envoy at St. Petersburg. This was but lately. Sir Augustus says his informant had the story from the Emperor's own lips. It is quite in harmony with the American ambition for having lord ambassadors at Washington, and also with all we have heard of the behaviour of our Jonathanising patriot Lord Durham, when his friends here, to get him out of their own way, sent him ambassador to Russia.

Buonaparte's minister was the General Turreau, famous for his Vendéan brutalities—a dignitary whose conduct and manners could not shock even the Irish rebels or butchers and hangmen-sheriffs of Congress by any contrast of refinement. The ruffian's wife was a gaoler's daughter, who had favoured his escape from prison upon some occasion; and he had a secretary whose only accomplishment, that of playing on the violoncello, was called into daily requisition, for the purpose of drowning the poor woman's cries while the representative of the great Napoleon was horsewhipping her; until the popular feeling was so roused on her behalf that a magistrate, with his *posse comitatus*, ventured 'to violate the sacredness of a diplomatic residence, and, forcing open the door, obliged this Bluebeard to let out his wife, and even to subscribe a paper by which he agreed to give her a separate allowance, *which, however, was never paid.*' She was during the brief sequel of her life reduced to great straits; and even the gentlemen of our legation had to subscribe for her relief. None of them ever saw her tyrant in society, the First Consul having, among other 'gentlemanly novelties,' ordered his minister not to meet the British envoy 'unless it should be at the President's house.'

The arrival of some foreigner of distinction gave variety now and then to their society, 'which was always, in some degree, like that of a bathing-place, being composed almost entirely of strangers to the spot, scattered about in single houses, here and there.' Among those who most excited his curiosity, Sir Augustus mentions Miranda, about whom neither we nor our readers care much;

much; an audacious impostor, who called himself Count de Crillon, and once figured for a time in London; Count Andreani; General and Madame Moreau; and Jerome Buonaparte. Jerome had, not long before (1803), married Miss Patterson, after being, it would seem, the object of a highly flattering competition among the fair democrats of Baltimore:—

‘The moment he arrived he had to defend his heart against some very warm attacks. A young lady whom he met on a visit, having invited him to a ball to be given at a house where he was not acquainted, and moreover having with unsophisticated simplicity proposed to go with him there in his own carriage, he took, or was supposed to have taken, on the way, liberties which afterwards necessitated an explanation; though other ladies would have it that his only fault was in not having proposed marriage. However that may have been, three challenges were sent to him, one of them from an Irish gentleman who insisted on instant satisfaction or an apology. Jerome very sensibly observed that a duel would not settle anything about a lady’s reputation, and that he was perfectly ready to affirm that he had not meant to offend her: the whole was a mistake, he said, that had arisen from his own corrupt European education and the simplicity of American female manners; alleging that at Paris a young lady who would go alone with a gentleman in his carriage will very rarely complain of the latter’s attempting to embrace her; but in America it was otherwise, as he now saw, and he owned the superiority of American virtue, which could admit of such close contact between young people without causing the least alarm or any slur upon the innocence of the lady. Had he been longer in the country, he might have known that it is no uncommon practice, even at Philadelphia, to leave young persons, supposed to be attached to each other, together as long as they like after supper, the father and mother going to bed; but then there is always the duel at hand with the brother or some officious friend, in case the intimacy should not end in matrimony. He might also have known that in some districts there is a custom called bundling, which I am told exists also among the Swiss, and it is even added among the Welsh,* and is admitted by the parents of young girls, though it does not always, or unless consequences are apparent, end in marriage.

‘I saw M. Jerome at Washington, at a party at Mrs. Smith’s, wife of the then secretary of the navy, and thought him a well-mannered young man. His brother Napoleon did not at all approve of his marrying Miss Patterson, and, not content with declaring the act null and void according to the laws of France,† endeavoured as much as he could to invalidate it in the United States, for which purpose he wished to in-

* There is no doubt of the prevalence of this custom in Wales; and every reader of Burns knows that one very similar is, or lately was, a common feature of rural life in Scotland.

† This was, of course, after the assumption of the imperial title. Miss Patterson’s father was one of the first of American citizens—a well-descended gentleman—and supposed to be, with one exception, the richest man in the Union.—See *Jefferson’s Writings*, vol. iv. p. 7.

duce her to take another husband:—no less a person than General Turreau, his minister plenipotentiary, who used all his eloquence to persuade her, proposing it as "*une affaire de convenance*," and urging that it was a shame she should vegetate in such a country, whereas at Paris she would shine in the first circles, and he would be created a Baron of the Empire. A condition nevertheless was added, viz., that her son should be separated from her. Madame Jerome, however, as was very generally reported, would not hear of his proposals; and no wonder if she rejected them with indignation, both as coming from such a man, whose conduct to his late wife was supposed to have occasioned her death, and out of consideration for what she owed to her own character, as well as to the interests of her child. The most singular part of Napoleon's conduct in this affair was his apparent disposition, while he was annulling the marriage of his brother with an American lady, to take advantage of his own family connexion by blood with her son; for soon afterwards, though this humour lasted but for a short period, an officer of the rank of colonel, a M. Toussard, was appointed guardian to the infant, and there were, as I have been assured, regular drawing-rooms at Madame Jerome's residence at Philadelphia, on which occasions the colonel would receive visitors in the ante-room, and present both ladies and gentlemen, the boy being styled *prince*, and his mother doing the honours. She then thought, no doubt, that Buonaparte would relent, and, as I have heard, expected to be created Duchess of Oldenburgh. It is not improbable that he might have entertained some such vague intention, at that time, of making use of the boy in his Spanish intrigues, from seeing him, as it were, made to his hand on the American continent; or, as he was then in the zenith of his glory, and intoxicated with the prospect of destroying all opposition to his power in the Old World, may he not, in conformity with his well-known exclamation, "*cette vieille Europe m'ennuye*," have conceived some gigantic plan for North America—which, along with other visionary projects, he was never allowed to ripen, and such as it would now appear too ridiculous to mention, but which there might have been political gamblers enough to second even in the United States, where there are, at all times, plenty of young adventurers ready to set law at defiance and to invade their neighbours' rights, careless of the consequences? What is certain is, that I have been assured the populace applauded most vociferously when Madame Buonaparte appeared for the first time at the theatre of Philadelphia with her child upon her lap.'

It was during his second residence at Washington that Sir Augustus encountered Moreau. The General's appearance disappointed our author, who had, we suppose, expected something heroic. His conversation with the English minister seems to have been frank enough. He abused Buonaparte on all occasions as a 'heartless charlatan,' and even doubted his physical courage, 'though he allowed him courage of the head.' He spoke contemptuously of Marmont's abilities—not much better of Massena's—and indeed did not appear to have a very high opinion of

of any of Napoleon's lieutenants except Soult,—an opinion in which all the world now concur, but the expression of which in those days does credit to Moreau's sagacity.

Discussing in 1811 the probabilities of a French march upon the Russian dominions, Moreau said that Barclay de Tolly was a chief quite capable of conducting their defence successfully—and repeatedly laid down that the only plan would be to retreat perseveringly until the invaders should be separated by a vast desolation of snow and wilderness from their supplies. All this is curious, considering the date; for we believe it is not doubtful that the battles fought between the frontiers and Moscow were all in opposition to Marshal de Tolly's opinion.

Neither Moreau nor his wife at all relished the American society. The lady was a thorough-bred royalist, and, moreover, extravagantly addicted to music and dancing, which she could not dispense with even on a Sunday evening. The General was tortured with 'the eternal questioning;' and by-and-by retreated to a villa where he had only one constant companion, a patient brother-angler, and of course brother-smoker, who could not speak one word of French, so that their only communication was in dumb-show.

He told Sir Augustus, 'with some complacency,' of his answer to a lady who had asked him if they had any bridges in France as fine as that over the Schuylkill: 'Oui, madame; mais nous les faisons en pierre, pour qu'ils durent plus longtemps;' and repeated a saying of Talleyrand, 'that he could not bear America, because it was a country where a man would sell his favourite dog;' of which *mot*, however, our author doubts the parentage, and says at all events it is quite inapplicable to the 'old settled districts, where people are fond of field-sports.'

'One was surprised to find a man of Moreau's rank and illustration using the very improper word, by way of oath or exclamation, which was common to all the lower orders of France, civil or military; but I conclude that he had acquired the bad habit during his campaigns, and afterwards found himself unable to get rid of it: however that may be, I never knew a foreigner, gentle or simple, who used it more repeatedly; every three or four sentences out it would come. But I must observe that I have many years ago heard even colonels' wives use it in France, and that, no sense being apparently attached to the sound, it must be classed with so many other dirty things that one has to shut one's eyes as well as one's ears to in travelling, as if they were neither heard nor seen; and the calling one's attention to which would be of itself an impropriety as great, if not greater, than the original sin.

'The English cavalry Moreau considered as very powerful in charging; but he observed that they had great difficulty in recovering themselves, on account of the fiery spirit of their horses; and he told me that

that on one occasion, in the year 1794, seeing the 8th light dragoons advancing upon him at a tremendous pace, he ordered a regiment to fall back among the hedges and fences, and to fire in among them while they were recovering, by which manœuvre they were nearly exterminated.

'Moreau assured me that there did not exist a single French regiment in Holland at the time when the British forces under Lord Chatham disembarked, and that they had to order troops from as far as Strasburgh to oppose him, being a distance of about 150 leagues. These troops, however, he said, did arrive before the English army had advanced twenty leagues. Had he been the commander of our Walcheren expedition, he maintained that he could have gone with Lord Chatham's army to Paris and back again, and that there was time enough for it before sufficient means of resistance could be organised. At Antwerp there were no regular troops; but, because the burghers turned out in uniform on the walls, the English general supposed it contained a numerous garrison; and after such proofs of incapacity in the commander, Moreau observed it was fortunate he escaped at all, although wherever the navy could assist him he was of course secure.'

Dull as Washington appeared to Sir Augustus on his first arrival, he speaks more favourably of it after he had visited other parts of the Union. He then says, 'in spite of its inconveniences and desolate aspect, it was, I think, the most agreeable town to reside in for any length of time.' The opportunity of collecting information from senators and representatives belonging to all parts of the country—the hospitality of the heads of the government—and the *corps diplomatique* of itself—supplied resources such as could nowhere else be looked for:—

'Most of the members of the Congress, it is true, keep to their lodgings, but still there are a sufficient number of them who are sociable, or whose families come to the city for a season, and there is no want of handsome ladies for the balls, especially at George Town;* indeed, I never saw prettier girls anywhere. As there are but few of them, however, in proportion to the great number of men who frequent the places of amusement in the federal city, it is one of the most marrying places of the whole continent—a truth which was beginning to be found out, and became, by-and-by, the cause of vast numbers flocking thither all round from the four points of the compass. Maugre the march of intellect so much vaunted in the present century, the literary education of these ladies is far from being worthy of the age of knowledge, and conversation is apt to flag, though a seat by the ladies is always much coveted. Dancing and music served to eke out the time, but one got to be heartily sick of hearing the same song everywhere, even when it was "Just like love is yonder rose." No matter how this was sung—the words alone were the men-traps; the belle of the

* George Town is very near Washington; so near, that it was wonderful they did not make it the nucleus of their capital.

evening was declared to be just like both—and people looked round as if the listener was expected to become on the instant very tender and to propose—and sometimes such a result does in reality take place, and both parties, when betrothed, use a great deal of billing and cooing, eat out of the same plate, drink out of the same glass, and show off their love to the whole company. Between these young ladies, who are generally not only good-looking but good-tempered, and, if not well-informed, capable of becoming so, and the ladies of a certain time of life, or rather of the *seconda gioventu*, there is usually a wide gap in society, young married women being but seldom seen in the world: as they approach, however, to the middle age, they are apt to become romantic; those in particular who live in the country, and have read novels, fancying all manner of heroic things, and returning to the capital determined to have an adventure before they again retire, or on doing some wondrous act which shall make them be talked about in after-times. I myself in vain reasoned with a very beautiful lady to try to persuade her not to cut off a head of hair, one of the finest I ever saw, of an auburn colour, which she used to take the greatest pains to curl and keep in order, and had been evidently proud of; but it was all useless; she found out one day that it was a vanity, and vanity was sin, and off she cut it and put it into the hands of her astonished and despairing husband. Others I have known to contract an aversion to water, and as a substitute cover their faces and bosoms with hair-powder in order to render the skin smooth and delicate. This was peculiarly the case with some Virginian damsels who came to the balls at Washington, and who, in consequence, were hardly less intolerable than negroes. There were but few cases, however, of this, I must confess; though, as regards the use of the powder, they were not so uncommon; and at my balls I thought it advisable to put on the tables of the toilette-room not only rouge, but hair-powder, as well as blue powder, which had some customers. . . . In going to assemblies one had sometimes to drive three or four miles within the city bounds, and very often at great risk of an overturn, or of being what was termed “stalled,” or stuck in the mud, when one could neither go backwards nor forwards, and either loses one’s shoes or one’s patience. . . . Cards were a great resource of an evening, and gaming was all the fashion, at brag especially, for the men who frequented society were chiefly from Virginia or the Western States, and were very fond of this the most gambling of all games, as being one of countenance as well as cards. Loo was the innocent diversion of the ladies, who, when they were loosed, pronounced the word in a very mincing manner. . . .

‘Church-service can certainly never be called an amusement, but, from the variety of persons who were allowed to preach in the House of Representatives, there undoubtedly was some alloy of curiosity in the motives which led one to go there. Though the regular chaplain was a Presbyterian, sometimes a Methodist, a minister of the Church of England, or a Quaker, and sometimes even a woman, took the Speaker’s chair; and I do not think there was much devotion among the majority. The New Englanders, generally speaking, are very religious, but,

but, though there are many exceptions, I cannot say as much for the Marylanders, and still less for the Virginians.'

On the whole, then, Sir Augustus seems to have been pleased with Washington and its environs, and he pronounces the society there to be such that it would gain, not lose, by a comparison with that of many an English provincial town—which is the only sort of comparison that any man really experienced in the world would ever have thought of subjecting it to. And he insists warmly on the injustice and absurdity of any traveller's presuming to judge of what American society really is, without having resided for some considerable time in the Federal City:—

'I would not, of course, compare the life we led at the American capital with the mode of spending time in any of the great European cities, where amusements are so varied, and manners are much more refined;—but, making allowance for its size and strange position, I cannot be so severe in describing it as some travellers have been, nor do I think those travellers justified in hazarding such prejudiced descriptions as they pour forth about America and the Americans, without having resided at the capital. What would be said of an American who should go to the British dominions to write about them and their inhabitants, and should take up his residence for the purpose at Connamara or Innishowen, and there, picking up stories of Whiteboys or Peep-o'-day-boys, should set them down as characteristic of the whole population? Yet would he be more justified in doing so, considering that Connamara, as well as Innishowen, have been peopled or settled for ages, than are the English, who go to live in Kentucky or Tennessee—which have been settled but within the last thirty or forty years, and, for the greater part, by natives or the children of natives of Great Britain, Germany, Ireland, or the Atlantic States—justified in giving vent to abuse against the whole nation, founded on the wild conduct of a vagrant set of colonists. Neither are the manners of New York, or even of Philadelphia, or, at least, of those of the inhabitants who generally come into contact with foreigners, fairly to be taken as specimens of the native society, when it is considered how large a proportion of the leading commercial firms belonged to Europeans, and often to factors of British merchants, who, as they became rich, bought houses and villas, and lived away with great expense for a few years, till perhaps they became bankrupt, and were succeeded by others equally adventurous. Anybody who has long resided at Philadelphia, especially, must remember how often such houses changed owners, and how difficult it was for a traveller, unless well recommended, to get intimate with the real ancient families and descendants of William Penn's companions, the "well-born," as they are styled, the Chews, Moylans, Petres, Ingersolls, &c.; and at New York the Livingstones, Clintons, Van Courtlands, and Van Ransellaers. Besides, it was notorious that many respectable inhabitants were become rather shy and suspicious of prying and questioning authors, from having seen so many shallow books put forth, of which the writers appear more on the

look-out for anecdotes, such as are to be found in a Newgate Calendar, than for real information about the country. . . .

'A traveller for information, and not a mere book-maker, should pass one season at least at the federal city, to get acquainted with the ministers and members of Congress, and afterwards visit as many of these as he can at their several houses, which would be flattering to them, and at the same time offer the best means to himself of obtaining correct ideas with regard to the whole country; and, if he find not reason to be pleased wherever he goes, he will at least find that there is a great variety of manners in the States, and that some of them may be compared for good order, cleanliness, sensible institutions, and cultivation, as well as civilisation, with some of the very best districts of his own country, and are much superior to most provinces on the continent of Europe.

'Good stories there are in abundance, and I see no reason not to tell them from regard to the national susceptibility; but there are as many to be found in our own papers every year, and all America will not be supposed inculcated because of Anderson's act of impropriety in my drawing-room chimney, any more than all England is because of Jack Fuller's tirade against the Speaker; or *gouging* be thought an amusement of high life in the United States, any more than *burking* in Great Britain. It is quite absurd to carry blame and ridicule so far as some late travellers have done—however they may be excused from the individual losses and disappointments that they met with. Such people are not fair judges, any more than Brissot and Liancourt, or Lafayette, who had motives for praising the States just as extravagantly as the others abused them; Lafayette more especially, whose vanity was so flattered by the notice which Washington bestowed on him at a time of life when all things appear delightful, that his whole after-thought seems to have been an effort to imitate that general, and, no matter how unlike the countries, or what the cost in blood and money, to preach for the introduction of the American constitution everywhere.'*

Sir Augustus glances at some particular cases, among others Mrs. Trollope's:—

'Is it to be believed that any new settlers, coming with real or supposed superior knowledge, and a disposition to be bitter critics of everything round them, would be at all better received in a remote English county?—People must have rare good temper and make great allowances, as well as be very discreet, not to excite hatred, envy, and malice in any country town where they may go to fix their residence, and yet these grumblers, who leave the friends of their youth on purposes of speculation, expect to be better received almost by perfect strangers or rival settlers. Mrs. Trollope's stories might, for the most part, suit manners nearer home just as well as they do those of Tennessee.'

We need not pursue this train of observation, which, as our readers may remember, we opened at some length in a recent examination of Captain Marryat's travels.

* Sir Augustus elsewhere justly characterises Lafayette as 'an old boy.'

Sir Augustus, having done with the capital, proceeds to describe his various tours through the different States, of which he is fullest and, we think, most entertaining on Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts. His first visit in Virginia was, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Merry, to the nephew and heir of General Washington, at Mount Vernon; but his description of the place is not different from others. He says:—

‘ On the occasion of the above-mentioned excursion, which calls General Washington so much to one’s memory, I may as well here relate the little I have to say of that illustrious person, of whom, to his honour it may be said, there are perhaps fewer anecdotes to tell than there are of any other great man that ever existed. He seems to have been a plain, sensible, gentlemanlike person, and a brave as well as a clear-headed officer; who, though being of a good English family, and having originally the right English feelings of a British subject, when he was roused to take a part in the quarrel between the mother-country and her colonies, after well weighing his duty to both, and the reasons for and against either side of the question, being persuaded that the former was in the wrong, took at once his determination to abide by the latter; and, having entered and engaged himself in their service, to stick to whatever might be their ultimate decision. And such was exactly the part which any military man of a calm unimpassioned mind, owner of property in the colonies concerned, might have been expected to adopt; for it is now, I believe, pretty generally admitted that the Grenville administration, which first mooted the subject of taxing the colonies, went on a wrong principle, and were no more justified in drawing a revenue, without representation, from so populous and integral a part of the monarchy as the American provinces had become, than they would have been in drawing one under similar circumstances from Yorkshire: though I have heard Mr. Jefferson and his successor, Mr. Madison, express a belief that the timely concession of a few seats in the upper as well as the lower House of Parliament, by virtue of which representation and taxation should go hand-in-hand, would have set at rest the whole question: and the late Lord Liverpool’s opinion even went further, for I have heard him say he was convinced that, if Mr. Grenville had not hesitated, and invited discussion by putting forth a pamphlet to pave the way for taxation, but had quietly let the duties, when once they were authorised by Parliament, be levied as a thing of course, there would, in all probability, have been very little stir made about them. But reasoning with Englishmen naturally leads to contradiction, and contradiction to grumbling, which easily opens the door to passion, as well as ambition; and all the colonies were driven to make a common cause by lengthened discussions and communications with one another, which might not have been the case but for such delay; North Carolina having, for one, refused her sanction to the rebellion until some time after all the others had come to an agreement.

‘ Such indeed was the force of habit, of common laws, or of common origin, involving almost every shade of the aristocratic as well as democratic

cratic element, that it required all the rashness of the Grenville administration to break through those delicate ties which bound the colonies to the mother-country, and which a Sir James M'Intosh might well represent as pervading our institutions from their earliest times, producing harmony between all classes, as well as preventing any exact line of demarcation from being visible between them; but by such perseverance in treating them as if they were our subjects instead of our fellow-subjects—by imitating the Athenians rather than the Romans—keeping them in dependence instead of sharing with them the *honours* and *offices* of the realm—we had nothing to work upon in order to counteract the effect produced by taxation, save awakened ambitions, which had to seek for gratification under a different sky from ours, where rebellion found an echo in self-interest, and where the gentry were too little numerous to counterbalance the disaffection of the towns.'

These reflections deserve to be most deeply considered by every one who aspires to the name of a British statesman. If our empire, our colonial empire, without which we should be almost nothing, is to be held together, it behoves us to profit by the dear experience of the past, and to ask ourselves whether the object is likely to be attained—unless we enlarge our minds to the wisdom and necessity of cultivating in our dependencies whatever institutions, civil or sacred, have been found to be most conservative in their tendencies here at home. A great colonial minister is wanted, above all other wants, for the honour, nay, safety of our national existence. It was well said by a living poet, that a statesman, combining the intellect of a Bacon with the energy of a Luther, would find more than enough to occupy him in that post.

To return to General Washington:—

'Mr. Gallatin told me he once met him, when he (Gallatin) was quite a young man, in the back country, and that he thought him heavy and rather stupid; he was in a small room, questioning some hunters about roads and distances. He seemed to take down every answer very leisurely, and was sometimes several minutes in drawing a conclusion. But Mr. Gallatin admitted that he had changed his opinion of him as he grew older. He then told me a story of a black slave, who said he was once saved from a caning by the general's looking at the cane before he raised it, and recollecting that it was given him by Dr. Franklin. He was very punctual, divided his occupations by minutes, and was not a little provoked when he did not meet the same punctuality in others: and this was the case with Stewart, the portrait-painter, who loved his bed dearly, and who told me that Washington, having fixed an hour to sit to him, and not found the room in order when he arrived, flew into a passion and gave a great scolding to the servant, which Stewart overheard as he came up stairs, but on his entering the room he found the general quite calm, as if nothing had happened. Mr. Gallatin thought the only instance of defective judgment in him was his fixing the site of the capital where it is. He considered him as a man who

who had naturally strong passions, but who had attained complete mastery over them; and he seems to have had fewer weaknesses than most people. His name was long a tower of strength to the federal party, because, although it was principally through his means that the revolution was accomplished, he was not a revolutionary man, but a lover of order and decorum: and Mr. Senator Giles, a leading democratic aristocrat, used to say that he would always talk of France when the others talked of Washington—as if the bloody, dirty, dishevelled French jacobin was in his opinion a fitting *pendant* to the portrait engraved on the hearts of his countrymen by Washington's noble countenance and manly, dignified figure.

'I have been assured, on good authority, that Washington, after he had thrown away the scabbard, repeatedly declared that, if the colonies should have the worst of the conflict, he was determined to quit them for ever, and, assembling as many as would follow, go and establish an independent state in the west, on the rivers Mississippi and Missouri. Our generals, however, saved him the trouble, having been too cautious and too fond of their beds, and thereby having, over and over again, lost opportunities for crushing at one blow the whole American force, in which there was great discouragement at one time, as well as great desertion.*

'Of a man so passionless, or so master of his passions, there can be but few weaknesses to dwell on; he seems to have never been a slave to female charms, and, as we have seen, hardly ever burst into anger—was very regular, cool, and sensible—an excellent man, in short, in his private as well as public character; but too faultless to be thought great by those who love excitement, keep their admiration for the scourges of mankind, and would imitate, if they could, those heroes in the eyes of all gamblers, a Buonaparte or a Cæsar: and such, I fear, are too many even of his countrymen; to whom it is a disgrace that, up to this day, no public monument has been raised over their greatest citizen. The Congress, it is true, did once demand of his widow the body of the general, and Mrs. Washington had consented, but there arose a debate about the dollars necessary to pay for its conveyance and for placing it in the Capitol. A dissolution of Congress meanwhile took place, a new set of representatives let the question drop, and the body was left to remain where it still is, in a leaden coffin, enclosed within a wooden case, and upon a heap of similar boxes, in a large vault under a hillock planted with cedars—and, I believe, not even within the vicinity of a church or any consecrated ground.

'Washington does not appear to have been ambitious of retaining power; but the excessive praise that has been bestowed upon him by some French authors for his moderation in this respect, is only a proof of their ignorance of the nature of public feeling in America at the time when he was either commander-in-chief or president, and of the slender ties which held together the different States; for, as matters were, with all his claims to the gratitude and veneration of his countrymen, he had great difficulty in preserving his popularity, which had been much

* 'Vide "Mémoires du Duc de Lauzun," who may be cited as an impartial authority.'

diminished long before he closed his career, and might, perhaps, have been wholly eclipsed had he stood a third election for the presidential chair. Being in easy circumstances, if not wealthy, and desirous of repose, he acted wisely for his own interest, as well as consulted public feeling, in declining the attempt; but his example, which has hitherto been followed, of laying down all pretensions to office after eight years' service in the highest situation of the state, is anything but favourable to stability of measures in the government; tends to the ruin of individuals who, after having risen to the rank of sovereigns, find themselves, while still in the full vigour of life, reduced to the necessity of re-entering the world as private persons, without fortune, perhaps, as without employment; and may have, some day, if we may judge from human nature and from history, the most disastrous consequences.'

Pursuing his excursion, he arrives at a place called *Elkrunch Church*, from a church which he found fast sinking into ruins—the roof fallen in, and the floor broken in every direction:—

'It had remained so, the people told me, ever since the war of the Revolution, serving now but as a building-place for birds, and a local mark of the downfall of the Anglican church in this district of Virginia. The people about Elkrunch do not indeed profess to be of any religious sect, or at least of *any that they know of*, as a man told me whom I met in my walk. It is not that they despise religion, he added; but the state legislature having resumed the glebes, and withdrawn the regular provision of the episcopal church, no person can be found who will take the chance of gaining his livelihood by collections from the piously inclined. The private conduct of the clergy here and in Maryland before the Revolution was, generally speaking, it must be owned, not calculated to insure respect to them individually, or continuance in their functions after the States had become independent. All agree in describing those established in Virginia in particular as a set of debauched fellows as any under the sun, commonly Scotch Presbyterians who turned Episcopalians, and contrived to get consecrated by the Bishop of London, for the purpose of coming out here, and getting into livings, where they did as they pleased, and passed their time, without any control or shame whatever, in the most careless voluptuousness. The Virginian gentlemen of the present day are, for the most part, freethinkers. The lower classes are, on the other hand, very eager in attending Methodist and Baptist preachers, who contrive to get a very good livelihood by the theatrical appearance of their meetings, and the other allurements, including facilities of *rendezvous*, which they suffer the initiated to mix up with their religious exercises, while the passions of the zealous are excited to a degree that appears almost incredible.'

We are sorry to know that the absurd excesses of these Ranters and Methodists, with their camp meetings, whispering benches, &c. &c., are still such as Sir Augustus found them; but, on the other hand, the extent to which the Anglican clergy have since that time spread their influence in almost every district of the
United

United States, is, of all the changes that have occurred, that which we consider with the greatest delight. We must add, in connexion with our author's account of former *Bishops of London* in reference to the ecclesiastical affairs of British colonies, that the recent exertions of the heads of our Church for improving and completing her apparatus in our existing dependencies afford lay statesmen an example which, if they be wise, they will profit by, in regard to civil as well as sacred matters.

The next halt was at the settlement of a Mr. Downie, a Scotchman, who first introduced to Sir Augustus's acquaintance the inestimable beverage called *mint-julep*. He intimates a suspicion that, though celebrated as an American invention, it might have been imported from Downie's native regions; but here he is undoubtedly in the wrong. We should not, however, be at all surprised to find it largely adopted, by-and-by, in this country. In hot weather, when we *have* such a thing, it is altogether unrivalled; and last autumn, we understand, the niceties of the manufacture formed a favourite study among the scientific benchers of the Middle Temple. Sir Augustus adds to some eulogies of Mr. Downie's cheer—

'It is an extraordinary circumstance that I never met with a single dish of game during the month that I remained on this tour in Virginia on any table, whether public or private, which, as the woods are full of game, and this was the season for shooting it, I can only attribute to a want of skill on the part of the inhabitants in shooting birds flying—or else, perhaps, to their not liking it; for it has been often observed that labourers and hard-working people do not like wild-fowl in European countries, where it is plentiful; and even venison is notoriously scouted at servants' tables.

'I must admit that I was by no means edified by the accounts I heard of the pleasures of having property in the State of Virginia; the laws are so badly executed, and it seems so impracticable even for a man of large possessions to keep off thieves from his farm-yard and gardens. At many respectable houses where I stopped to dine I have been surprised at so seldom meeting with fruit, or even with eggs; and the greater number of small farmers whom I knew anything of admitted that they live chiefly upon salted pork and dried fish—though at inns you get chickens.'

From Mr. Downie's it is fifteen miles to Montpelier, the seat of Mr. Madison, then secretary of state. This was their next stage:

'His father was Bishop of Virginia. No man had a higher reputation among his acquaintance for probity and good, honourable feeling, while he was allowed on all sides to be a gentleman in his manners as well as a man of public virtue.

'There are some very fine woods about Montpelier, but no pleasure-grounds, though Mr. Madison talked of some day laying out space for an
English

English park, which he might render very beautiful from the easy, graceful descent of his hills into the plains below. The ladies, however, whom I have known in Virginia, like those of Italy, generally speaking, scarcely ever venture out of their houses to walk or to enjoy beautiful scenery; a high situation, from whence they can have an extensive prospect, is their delight; and, in fact, the heat is too great in these latitudes to allow of such English tastes to exist—in the same degree, at least, as in the mother-country. A pleasure-ground, too, to be kept in order, would be very expensive, and all hands are absolutely wanted for the plantation. Great estates, and consequently great wealth, were, it is true, in former days by no means uncommon in Virginia; and I have heard of a Mr. Carter, who possessed 80,000 acres; but the abolition of entails has nearly ruined them all, and many hard cases occurred after the act of congress was passed for the purpose, in 1776; among which, I was told, by Mr. Randolph, of one that was in fact a great act of injustice on the part of Colonel Van, who, having received an estate entailed in 1775, took advantage of the act of the following year, and left it away from his sisters to his widow, who married again, and left the rightful heiresses penniless. At the present day estates are very much subdivided; and I believe that even so late as the commencement of the century nobody could be pointed out as possessed of 25,000 acres.'

Twenty-eight miles more brought the party to Monticello, where Mr. Jefferson was spending, as usual, the two hottest months of the autumn. The house is situated on a detached hill, separated by two deep gaps from the body of the Blue Ridge, upon a level platform of considerable extent, which had been formed by the old land-surveyor, his father. The building itself was entirely the President's work; and the description, part of which we extract, gives us some peeps into the character of the founder:—

'The house has two porticoes of the Doric order, though one of them was not quite completed, and the pediment had, in the mean while, to be supported on the stems of four tulip-trees, which are really, when well grown, as beautiful as the fluted shafts of Corinthian pillars. They front north and south: on the ground-floor were four sitting-rooms, two bed-rooms, and the library, which contained several thousand volumes, classed according to subject and language. It was divided into three compartments, in one of which the president had his bed placed in a doorway; and in a recess at the foot of the bed was a horse with forty-eight projecting hands, on which hung his coats and waistcoats, and which he could turn round with a long stick,—a nick-nack that Jefferson was fond of showing, with many other little mechanical inventions; one of which was a *sulky* upon four wheels, with the spring in the centre, a very rough sort of carriage, but which he preferred to any other, as having been made by an Irish mechanic at Monticello, under his own superintendence, and to praise which was a sure way to prejudice him in your favour. He had also got an odometer, which was fastened upon the
axle-tree

axle-tree of the sulky, and would tell the number of miles gone over by the wheels,' &c. &c. &c.

Jefferson's printed correspondence is full of allusions to *polygraphs*, and *pantographs*, and so forth. 'I have always observed,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'that a small taste for mechanics tends to encouraging a sort of trifling self-conceit, founded on knowing what is not worth being known by one who has other matters to employ his mind on, and, in short, forms a trumpery gimcrack kind of a character.'—*Letter to Miss Joanna Baillie, Life of Scott*, vol. vi. p. 83.

'If the library had been thrown open to his guests, the president's country-house would have been as agreeable a place to stay at as any I know; but it was there he sat and wrote, and he did not like, of course, to be disturbed by visitors, who in this part of the world are rather disposed to be indiscreet. The family breakfast-hour was eight o'clock; and after breakfast Mrs. Randolph [the president's daughter] and the other female relations of the house set about cleaning the tea-things and washing the alabaster lamp, which I took to be designed as a catch for popularity. After this operation the president retired to his books; his daughter to give lessons to her children; her husband to his farm; and the guests were left to amuse themselves as they pleased, walking, riding, or shooting. The president took his daily ride at one o'clock, to look at his farm and mill; at four dinner was served up; and in the evening we walked on a wooden terrace, or strolled into the wood, Mr. Jefferson playing with his grandchildren till dusk, when tea was brought in, and afterwards wine and fruit, of which the peaches were excellent. At nine our host withdrew, and everybody else as they pleased. . . .

'Jefferson's opinions in regard to the mental qualities of the negro race were certainly not favourable; he considered them to be as far inferior to the rest of mankind as the mule is to the horse, and as made to carry burthens, while he augured but little good as likely to result from their emancipation.—That the black race is, however, as susceptible of refined civilisation and as capable to the full of profiting by the advantages of education as any other of any shade whatever, must be admitted, in contradiction to Mr. Jefferson's prejudices, by any person who has had the honour to be acquainted with the daughters of Christophe, who was supreme sovereign or emperor of Hayti during eight or nine years, and who spared no kind of expense in getting good European masters for his children. The early and melancholy fate of his sons prevents us from forming a judgment as to what they might have become in consequence of such care, but his daughters are well known at several European courts, and by many individuals of the best European society, especially at the Tuscan and Sardinian capitals, where, in spite of their colour and their rank, which made it difficult for them to mix familiarly in the great world, they were sufficiently seen, nevertheless, to let it be apparent that their wit and understandings, as well as their accomplishments, were of the very highest order. . . .

'I thought Mr. Jefferson more of a statesman and man of the world than

than Mr. Madison, who was rather too much the disputatious pleader; yet the latter was better informed, and, moreover, a social, jovial, and good-humoured companion, full of anecdote, sometimes rather of a loose description, but oftener of a political and historical interest. He was a little man with small features, rather wizened when I saw him, but occasionally lit up with a good-natured smile. He wore a black coat, stockings with shoes buckled, and had his hair powdered, with a tail. Jefferson, on the other hand, was, as before stated, very tall and bony, and affected to despise dress: in conversation, too, he was visionary, and loved to dream eyes open, or, as the Germans say, "zu schwärmen," and it must be admitted that America is the paradise for "Schwärmer," futurity there offering a wide frame for all that the imagination can put into it. If he lived, however, on illusions and mystic philanthropical plans in the country, or in his bed, he was not the less awake or active in taking measures to ensure the triumph of himself and his party at the capital, and I doubt if Washington himself would so certainly have been elected for the third time to the presidential chair, as he would have been had he chosen to be put into nomination for it. But he preferred being consistent, and to follow in this respect the example of his great predecessor, while he had enough of independence of mind and love for even trifling occupations to enable him to bear the change with composure. It must, however, have been a painful necessity that induced him to sell his library. No doubt, it was prudentially done for the interests of his children, and patriotically sold to his country, yet still there was, I fear, also the potent argument of poverty; and it was another great slur upon the character of Congress that they did not vote him the money and refuse to accept the books, at least until after his death.—Such men as Washington and Jefferson, and their contemporaries in the highest stations of their country, having had peculiar claims to its most generous consideration, particularly when we reflect on the nature of the sacrifices which they made in order to establish the Republic, and that such sacrifices never can possibly be equalled by any of their successors—I shall ever look upon it as a proof of degeneracy in the race of men succeeding to that of the founders of American independence that the great Washington was left unburied, otherwise than as we bury a dog—that Jefferson was forced to sell his library in his old age to enable him to live—and that Monroe was almost left to starve, after he, like others, had spent his patrimony in keeping up the respectability of the offices of Secretary of State and President.*

* America is fond of being called a young nation—but youth is seldom stingy, and we have yet to learn what are the beneficial effects which may be produced by referring all things to penurious motives

* The *Times* of May 5, 1841, quotes this paragraph from the *Louisville Journal*:—
 'A few weeks ago we saw a very long letter from General Jackson to a gentleman who had drawn on him for one hundred dollars. He acknowledged that the money was due; but stated that he was so miserably embarrassed by his security debts as to be utterly unable to raise the small sum necessary to meet the draft. He said he had some blooded stock which he was willing to give up, but one hundred dollars in money was out of the question.'

and rigid maxims of economy, nothing being allowed out of respect for great characters and public services. Already have they reaped some of the evil consequences of such a system, corruption among their civil officers having fearfully increased since the front ranks have been thinned of those whose boyhood had imbibed its character from English principles as well as English education, and whose gentlemanly examples still served to influence and keep in a straight course the age they lived in. From the date of the French Revolution in 1789, which was also the date of the new American Constitution, to the declaration of war by the United States in 1812, seven Judges had been, though I believe unjustly, impeached; a Vice-President was convicted of conspiring to overturn the government; three senators were said to have been implicated in the plot; a District-Attorney had to fly from New York to New Orleans on being convicted of peculation, carrying off 50,000 dollars of public property in his pockets; a son of a Secretary of the Treasury had to fly from Philadelphia on being proved guilty of swindling; a Secretary of State, as may be seen in the French envoy Fauchet's intercepted and published despatches, was guilty of having been bribed by the French; and many other instances might be added.'

In leaving Virginia, Sir Augustus observes that five out of the seven Presidents of the United States (from Washington to Jackson inclusive) were gentlemen of this one province. The extent of Virginia and number of its representatives in Congress might, he says, account partly for this;—but he attributes it far more to the facts that Virginia had a better supply of natural aristocrats, large landed proprietors, than any other State in the Union, and that these magnates, as comparatively speaking they might be called, found it safer to profess ultra-democratical opinions than the gentry of any other district of rival importance, because in Virginia—although she, like her sisters, sent deputies to the general legislature in proportion to the number of her population—'the mass of the people, who in other countries might become mobs, was composed almost exclusively of the gentlemen's own negro-slaves.' We have already, however, seen how rapidly the estates were becoming subdivided in Virginia as elsewhere, and Sir Augustus mentions that the ruin of many families had been much accelerated by the vanity of keeping up old establishments with diminished means. 'I doubt,' says he, 'if many men of large estates are now to be found there. The new generation, too, of gentlemen produced since the peace appeared to me rather inferior, in manners at least, to their elders or predecessors.' The last circumstance, which Sir Augustus states very gently, does not at all surprise us. The mere fact that these gentlemen are no longer educated, as their fathers and grandfathers usually were, in the great schools and universities of England, would be quite enough to account for such a result. Virginia has but partaken in the necessary fate of the

the separated colonies generally :—they chose—or rather the inveterate shortsightedness of the old country at length drove them—to drop the main connexion they had had with the established systems of social refinement—and time must elapse before America can hope to supply the blank from her own native resources. Let us only ask ourselves what would happen as to the manners of any country town, or commercial city, or even separate county in Great Britain, were it by any misfortune deprived of intercourse with the old central seats of elegant learning and the controlling examples of courtly politeness.

The weight of Virginia, notwithstanding all that has been said, was thrown into the scale of peace whenever, in Sir Augustus Foster's time, the question of war with England was mooted in Congress. The landed gentlemen of that State, however inclined to support ultra-democratical views in other cases, were too well aware of their own patrimonial interests to go readily into measures of which the immediate effect must be to cut off the best markets for their produce. The case was different as to South Carolina, although that State had within it a class of still richer gentry than Virginia. There, however, while the slaves were counted as elsewhere for settling the number of deputies, but could not themselves vote, the rich landlords found themselves already reduced to political insignificance by the increasing population of whites in the middle and lower classes of society, who engrossed gradually the influence of the elective franchise, and exerted it almost uniformly in favour of 'briefless lawyers and *soi-disant* doctors, ambitious or envious of their more prosperous neighbours, who had nothing to lose and everything to gain by commotion.' These were the *war-hawks*; and 'most probably,' says our author, 'this State will from these circumstances ever be ready to take up arms, with or without cause, merely for the sake of gratifying young fellows of eloquence and ambition lacking preferment.'

The Baronet, in his Notes on other States, gives some instructive specimens of the practical results of radical supremacy. For instance—in North Carolina a large district of land belonged of right to the heirs of Lord Carteret. Sir Augustus conversed with the American lawyer, Mr. Key, who conducted the business for the claimants, and was assured that, though the equity of their claim was 'universally admitted,' it was in vain to proceed with it, as the judges and juries year after year 'purposely evaded giving any decision,' and the popular feeling against the foreigner was so strong that it could never 'be safe for any court of justice to settle the question in his favour.' In Georgia, Whitney's patent for cleaning cotton, though protected by an act of the State Legislature, was openly violated; and our author was assured
by

by the patentee's friend, Mr. Day, of Newhaven, that 'the sheriffs were pledged, on being named to their office, to impanel only such jurymen as would be unfavourable to the claim.' Sir Augustus says, 'let us put these examples alongside of the respect paid by Parliament to the Duke of Atholl's absurd rights in the Isle of Man, and to the Butlerage of the Ormond family in Ireland, and then draw a conclusion as to which form of government is most favourable to the principles of equity and honourable conduct.' But the treatment of the Penn family, which he mentions in another *Note*, was at least as flagrant in its injustice, and marked by a more deliberate shabbiness of cunning. Their lands were seized, during the revolutionary ferment, without any lawful pretext, and divided into numberless *very small sections*—because no appeal lies to the supreme court of the whole Union in the case of pecuniary claims below a certain amount, and thus the Delaware and Pennsylvania juries were sure to have the matter entirely in their own power. After fifteen years of struggle the Penns found it impossible to obtain a verdict in any one case, and they at last in despair accepted of some trifling compensation for their lost principality, not from the States which owed everything to their great ancestor, but from the government at Washington itself.

Maryland at the beginning of this century had the advantage, Sir Augustus says, of being governed by 'as respectable a set of persons as could be found in America;' but in the course of a few years the ultra-democratical influence displaced them, and they were succeeded by 'perhaps the meanest and the worst, and who had become notorious for shabbiness and bad faith.' He mentions two instances:—first, the seizure for jobbing purposes of the funds—subscribed by private persons before the war—for the support of a seat of education on a liberal scale at Annapolis—the only pretext alleged being that 'the *majority of citizens* could derive no benefit from such an institution;' and, secondly, the dexterous specimen of attorneyocracy exhibited in relation to a claim which the old government of the Province of Maryland had had to a sum of 200,000*l.* invested in the English funds. After the war, though the British government might, as he says, have justly retaliated upon the treatment of the heirs of Lord Carteret, Mr. Penn, and many others, 'with that almost romantic love of justice which has hitherto always characterised it, it consented to give up the sum.' Bills had been issued on the strength of the securities, and circulated like other stock during the course of the war. They had become depreciated in the market, but still the actual holders were the only persons who could have any right to the money. The new government, who had just been elected when the British decision was announced, issued a proclamation accordingly, and ordered

ordered the claims to be sent in within a definite period. But presently they, by a summary edict, curtailed the term thus fixed—in consequence of which trick a very large proportion of the real claimants were wholly baffled and defrauded, and the far greater part of the sum was ‘appropriated’ elsewhere. ‘It is on such occasions,’ says Sir Augustus, ‘that nations find out the bad economy there is in employing persons of gross and envious dispositions, many of them alien refugees, instead of gentlemen of property and education, who have a different compass to steer by than that of some paltry jealousy or mere love of lucre.’

‘There were a great number of rich proprietors in the state of Maryland. In the district nearest the city of Washington alone, of which Montgomery county forms part, I was assured that there were five hundred persons possessing estates which returned them an income of 1000*l*. Mr. Lloyd, a member of Congress, on the eastern branch, possessed a net revenue of between 6000*l*. and 7000*l*., with which he had only to buy clothes for himself and family, wines, equipage, furniture, and other luxuries. Mr. Ringold possessed, near Haggardstown, property yielding him an income of 12,000 dollars a-year; and he rented his lands to tenants (whom he was at liberty to change, if he pleased, every year) for five dollars per acre, though he was to stand the expense of all repairs: Mr. Ringold kept but 600 acres in his own hands for stock. Mr. Tayloe, also, whose whole income exceeded 15,000*l*. per annum, had a great portion of it in Maryland, chiefly at Nanjimoy, where he held 3000 acres, which his father bought for 500*l*.!!! His property, too, must by this time be very considerably augmented, for he was said to lay out about 33,000 dollars every year in new purchases. He possessed 500 slaves, built brigs and schooners, worked iron-mines, converted the iron into ploughshares—and all this was done by the hands of his own subjects. He had a splendid house at Mount Airy, with a property round it of 8000 acres, and a house at the federal city; and he told me that he raised about twelve bushels to the acre of the best land. Mr. Carrol, of Annapolis, grandfather to Lady Wellesley, the Duchess of Leeds, and Lady Stafford, was said to be still more wealthy, having, besides great accumulation in the funds, 15,000 acres of the best land in Frederic County, and several other estates.* He let a considerable portion of his property, too, to tenants, with an agreement that he was to receive a fine on the transfer of a lease; which arrangement is very profitable in a country where land is so often liable to change its occupants. I am induced to mention these instances of men of property and good family settled in America, from having observed what great ignorance still prevails among even the higher classes of Englishmen, in regard to the state of the colonies before the revolution; many persons supposing them to have been in a great measure peopled

* Sir Augustus elsewhere calls Mr. Carrol ‘the richest man in the Union;’ but we suppose he forgot at the moment the late *patroon* of New York, Mr. Van Ransellaer. Mr. Silk Buckingham, in his ‘America,’ just published (vol. ii. p. 327), states the *patroon’s* income at a million of dollars, or 200,000*l*. per annum. We doubt if any English subject has such a revenue at his command in 1841.

by convicts: whereas, whatever were the importations of such persons as are now sent to Botany Bay, they were too few in former days to affect the general character of the colonial population, and were probably restricted to Pennsylvania, which is still an *omnium gatherum* for people of all countries and religions, and to Georgia, which only began its political existence in the last century.'

In Pennsylvania and Delaware the influence of the new body of landed proprietors, created chiefly by the honourable manœuvres above alluded to, was already sufficiently apparent. 'None of the Pennsylvanians in Congress,' says Sir Augustus, 'were much distinguished for talents—though generally great democrats, and ill-mannered, as well from the effects of their education as from affectation'—(*Αγροίκος είναι προσπίπει τονηρός ὢν*)—'and perhaps that wanton enjoyment of freedom which German bondsmen may be supposed to indulge in when they look back to the times in which they were under the yoke of some petty count or baron of the empire.' 'Many Germans were attracted by the relations of the Hessian soldiers that remained after the war; and a German who has just arrived is like a great cart-horse turned loose upon a plain, kicking and snorting in all directions; they revel in their new state, and appear to be delighted with rolling about in the mire of democracy.'

He gives here an anecdote, worth quoting, of an English acquaintance:—

'He was travelling in the back-country districts, was driving a gig, and had left his groom at a considerable distance behind him, riding at a quiet pace in order to bring the other horse in cool. On coming to a log-house to get some water he found several waggoners in possession of the place, who were very noisy and would not make way for him; but, on his remonstrating, winked to each other, and agreed to have some fun out of the gentleman. They formed a ring, made him get down, and told him to dance. It was useless to argue with them; they began smacking at him with their whips, and he to caper and jump about from one to the other, till, at last, to his great joy, he espied his groom coming up, when rushing forward he knocked down one of the fellows in his way, and hastening to the saddle-horse took out two loaded pistols which were in the holsters. "Now, you rascals," he hallooed out, "it's my turn!" and, cocking his pistols, he ordered them all to lay down their whips, giving one to the groom, which the latter was ordered to lay about him as hard as he could, and when they had all got a good threshing he ordered them off with their waggons, and took his repose, after having been complimented by the landlord, who had secretly rejoiced at the lesson his brutal customers had received.—On another occasion, a traveller got the better of one of these blackguards, to the satisfaction even of his companions, to whom the bully had made himself formidable; he chose to challenge the gentleman to fisticuffs, thinking him too delicate to stand the trial—but he had caught a Tartar; the

gentleman happened to have been a disciple of Jackson. Such adventures it is to be hoped are now becoming rarer—in the long settled parts, at least—or it would be unadvisable to travel about otherwise than in stage-coaches.'

The same feeling which Sir Augustus has mentioned, as deciding, in his opinion, the retention of Washington for the federal capital, had operated already in transferring the seats of many of the state governments to small places: that of New York, for example, to Albany, 150 miles up the Hudson River—that of Pennsylvania from Philadelphia to Lancaster. Philadelphia was, he says, in those days by far the richest town in North America—several of the citizens represented families known from an early date, and possessed large incomes—some as much as 20,000*l.* a-year.* These gentlemen, however, and their connections, seemed to be determinedly set aside in all the provincial elections, as well as in those of members for the Congress:—

'*The Well-borns*—an expression introduced or applied to the rich Philadelphian families by the Germans—appear to have but little chance. Mr. Schneider, a tanner, was then governor of the state; and there was even a question of removing the seat of government from Lancaster to Harrisburgh, quite a new place, above forty miles further west; its chief recommendation being that the legislature would there be less exposed to the influence of the rich and well-educated than it is in a city so little removed from the great world as even Lancaster is—so jealous are these *landowners* of all kinds of aristocracy, which will never be able to raise its head until the inland towns become more populous than they are.'

The change to Harrisburgh, which is 100 miles from Philadelphia, has since been effected—though Sir Augustus does not seem to be aware of the fact.

The inferior functionaries in this State are described as most unprincipled partisans. For example:—

'The inspectors are sometimes so lax in regard to questioning the voters, that a senator told me he had once seen fifty sailors brought up to vote for a candidate, who, but a few hours previously, had been taken to the house of a tax-gatherer in the interest of the democratic party, where they each paid a fifteenpenny-piece into his hands to enable them to swear that they had paid the taxes. And this puts me in mind of an old woman, in one of the sea-port towns, who kept a cradle, made for the purpose of rocking full-grown British subjects who were to be converted in a hurry into American citizens, that, when testimony should be called for to prove their birth, she might with a safe conscience swear she had known them from their cradles.'

* Mr. Silk Buckingham, no great authority perhaps, speaks of the late Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, a native of France, as having been still richer than the *Patron* of New York, or even old John Astor, of the same State, to whom he ascribes the decent competence of *two hundred and fifty thousand pounds per annum* (vol. i. p. 47). This is the founder of Astoria, immortalised by Washington Irving.

Of the society of Philadelphia Sir Augustus speaks very highly:—

'I never met with more hospitality anywhere,' he says; 'and as there exists a great deal less of that nervous susceptibility as to the opinion foreigners, or rather Englishmen, entertain of America than is to be found farther south, or even at New York, the dinner-parties were more without restraint, and very agreeable. They might have made one forget one was not in England, if it had not been for the occasional pronunciation of some common word. . . . It is in such society, too, and among similar sets of individuals, whose names are too numerous to mention, that one learns the esteem in which the English are still held by their Transatlantic relations of the good old stock. I must repeat that any hatred entertained for us, as far as my knowledge of facts can go, was in a great measure confined to individuals, refugees, or discontented emigrants from the British islands, and their connexions.'

Sir Augustus says a good deal of pictures by West, Sully, Stewart, and others, at Philadelphia. He adds—

'The statue-gallery had very good casts in it, which was all that it could be expected to have: the collection was exhibited to ladies and to gentlemen separately, which I thought a very stupid kind of regulation by way of a delicate one, all restraint being thereby removed from the remarks and observations of either party; and that it is so was proved by some lines, written with a pencil, which I spied here and there, in a female hand, upon the legs of statues of the gods Cupid and Mercury, which the keeper of the rooms assured me must have been done during a late visit of some young women. The latter, being generally educated at boarding-schools, are consequently not much under the influence of that timidity and reserve so characteristic of young ladies in Europe; and when they get together they are said to be extremely plain-spoken.'

From the aspect of the city itself he glides into some reflections on American banking, which just at present may have interest for our readers:—

'The city of Philadelphia is built too much in the shape of a chess-board to be beautiful. There is nothing surely so unfavourable to architectural ornament as long lines of broad streets cutting each other at right angles, and yet this is the plan on which most modern towns are constructed in this part of the world, arising, I conclude, in a great degree, from the circumstance that the architects employed were generally, in point of fact, mere masons who had emigrated to seek their fortunes in the colonies. Mere workmen of no genius, being of course fond of what is easiest to do, imitate as much as possible—and, where they have some appearance of originating, it is by omitting a part of what they copy from, and spoiling its proportions; as those who build upon the plan of the Pantheon at Rome generally take but six of its eight columns, though they cannot prevent the eye from being offended at the change, which makes the building appear wire-drawn and discordant with itself. Such streets as those of Philadelphia might in fact be built on *ad infinitum*, and the architect never have to get out of his bed, but simply to order the next house or the next street to be finished like the preceding

ing one ; I have often fancied myself in Eighth or Ninth street when I was in Tenth or Eleventh street, and had to retrace my steps a great way to find the number out. How much more beautiful is a city where no such regularity prevails, but where each man builds according to his own fancy ! No proportion of height can exist where length is extended in long perspective ; and without proportion what is architecture ? In London every step you take gives you new outlines, and in St. James's-street or Pall Mall the Club-houses may be viewed, each of them as an individual work of art, independent of shops or low houses on either side. So, who would not prefer the Strada Nuova of Genoa, with its curved line of palaces, to the regular architecture of the Dora Grossa in the Sardinian capital ? Long lines of houses, in fact, weary one physically as well as morally, in the same manner that a long straight road wearies when one is eager to get to the end of a journey. There are some handsome buildings, nevertheless, at Philadelphia ; and if Mr. Latrobe, who is a real good architect, and was employed by the nation, could not alter the original sin of the plan on which that city was built, he has, at least, done something to adorn it. The Bank, though the columns stand on plinths and are rather too long, is a handsome piece of architecture, and is faced with white marble, an expense which the establishment could well afford, although, even at the time when I was last in the country, they were trembling for their charter.

' This charter Mr. Eppes, son-in-law of Mr. Jefferson, declared in Congress, had begun in party, continued in party, and must end in party : yet, with all their federal or aristocratical tendencies, what great influence had the Bank Company on the election of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, or Jackson ? But the Democrats, particularly those of the back parts of the country, can suffer no opposition, and are blind to the consideration that the States have not too many ties to connect them with one another : they see an Aristocrat in a well-dressed banker, who, used to order, naturally dislikes their rowing, noisy, bullying ways ; and, reckless of the consequences, they pursue the institution with an inveteracy unworthy of the chiefs of the party, but which these latter submit to, where they don't provoke it themselves, for their own especial ends. This policy was first introduced by Jefferson ; he saw where the elements of power would be found when the great Washington should have departed, and paid his court accordingly, as I have sufficiently shown in the account of my residence in the federal city, where it was amusing to see the game going on, while Jefferson had still so much respect for European opinion as to take occasion to tell me how often he washed his feet,—no doubt, lest I should suppose from his dress that he was really an unclean animal.'

After detailing some of the many dangers through which the American banks passed between those days and our own, Sir Augustus concludes with the furious measures of Jackson, and says—

' In England, though we love to subdue opposition, yet we like it to subsist and be respectable : the Americans, on the contrary, must trample it under foot and break the elements of which it was composed. It is to be

be hoped the time may never come when they will do worse, and take the bloody Democracies of the middle ages for a model.'

The chapter on the City and State of New York is equally interesting. He says—

'In conformity with the pettifogging jealousy towards the real capital that exists in many other parts of the United States, New York, like Pennsylvania, is forced to fix the seat of government in a small town, Albany, where the rustic legislators may not be subject to have their feelings wounded by seeing fine horses, equipages, or dress, or any other outward and visible mark of superiority of style to their own. One would have supposed that such great politicians might have preferred to live in the centre of arts and sciences, trade and commerce, where minds of every description meet and improve one another by mutual interchange of ideas, and the polish of social life which *emollit mores nec sinit esse feros*; but the dreams of philanthropists are destined to be deceived in this respect as in many others, and the poor commonplace passions of envy, jealousy, and parsimony, as well as a certain want of concern for the dignity of the government, lead the other way—while the paltry argument about a central spot being necessary, as if the whole State were a *wheel*, is opposed by the majority to any advantages of humanisation or instruction to be derived from the chief members of the state residing in a large city. Thus men in office are to be found in one place, where, from having no other occupation, being generally without their families, they overdose themselves with politics from morning till night—and the men of business or pleasure live at the opposite extremity, with little or no influence upon the counsels of the government. No wonder foreigners feel the effects of such a schism, and, according as they are clever malcontents or mere travellers, rule the social world at New York, or rail against it. It is the intermixture of all classes that renders the great cities of Europe generally the centres of civilisation; but here, in this New World, a preference seems to be given to twopenny-halfpenny considerations of personal or local importance, and Albany will, no doubt, have to yield in time to some upstart place, like Harrisburgh in Pennsylvania, which was said to be about to carry the twenty-cents-per-mile legislators away from Lancaster.

'I know of but one country in Europe where the principle has been acted upon of fixing the seat of government arbitrarily in the centre of the land, and that has certainly not held out a fortunate example, Madrid being notoriously a forced fruit, even at the present day, which would soon be reduced to its original insignificance without the presence of the court. Had Charles V. or Philip II. established his capital at Seville or at Lisbon, when one or the other might have done so, what a different degree of interest would not Spain have taken in questions of trade and commerce, and what a magnificent city her metropolis might ere now have become! . . .

'The jealousy against the English system of inheritance is even stronger in the American States than it is in France; yet, do what they will, either of them, they cannot prevent there being classes in society, and the existence of very rich as well as very poor persons; and even

even if we could arrive at establishing infinite divisions of property among scores of children, how would the inhabitants of towns be supported? How could watchmakers, cabinetmakers, coachmakers, &c. &c., and all those who are settled, not on a rich soil, but on granite pavement, contrive to exist? It is the selfish vanity of paltry little purseholders, without taste or talents, which is at the bottom of it all; they would, if they could, all of them be lords; and yet what else is the English system but an attempt to regulate this love of distinction natural to man, by urging us to acquire it through honest or honourable deeds of every kind and description? We have a class, of which the main part, it must be owned, has been elevated by accident of birth; but it is necessary to have a nucleus somewhere, and human imperfection does not admit of a better.'

The closing chapters are on the New England States, where he found far more to please him than in the south or the west:—

'Never did land answer better to its name, or better bear the comparison of being a scion from its parent tree; and if many of our bilious travellers—who come to America to get rid of tyranny, they say, but really of bile, of which they go back with a double portion—if they were but half as fond as they pretend to be of honest, simple manners, rural felicity, and plain, independent good sense, without any mixture of brawling ostentation, or the Utopian nonsense of ultra-political ranters and constitution-hunters—they might here find ample satisfaction, and the accomplishment of all that the march of intelligence can effect, with the aid of morality and sound religious zeal.

'The soil of Connecticut certainly is not the most fertile, but it is perhaps the best cultivated of any in the Union. The inhabitants are a hardy race, very thickly located for America; and the country, which is full of hills and valleys and granite rocks, abounds in beautiful villages, with neat white churches—while there is a cleanliness and an English air about everything, even to the labourers, who take off their hats in passing you, which one meets with nowhere else on the American side of the Atlantic. What will surprise our grievance-seekers too, is, that this State, though its constitution be perhaps the most democratic in theory of any in the world, is, in its relations with the federal government, looked upon as the main-stay of aristocracy, and its deputies were, I believe, to a man, the most uncompromising opponents of Mr. Jefferson's policy: but order, good breeding, and a strict attention to religious duties, which are all qualities universally to be found in this small district, would necessarily pass for aristocratic habits among the liberty-boys of the West—while towards the South the ways acquired by a life spent among slaves, or a boisterous white population, tyrants at home, for the most part, and democrats abroad, are just the very reverse of those which render the people of these parts democrats at home and aristocrats abroad; for such is the strange contrast to be observed in comparing the politicians of Connecticut with those of Virginia. The latter, with Jefferson and Madison at their head, were notorious for their democratic tendencies; and even Thomas Moore, the poet, could not endure it, styling it "a Gallic garbage of philosophy;" yet in their own houses were they surrounded

rounded with slaves; and John Randolph, who began life by being a demagogue—a course that vanity generally takes as the speediest step to notoriety, since it dispenses with the necessity of having a previous character—John Randolph, I say, assured me that possession of slaves was necessary to the formation of a perfect gentleman, which he held himself to be, and in fact was, in most things, not only as respects the world at large, but also his own slaves, whom he treated not merely with the kindness of a gentleman, but, as the Irish would say, of a *real* gentleman. Owners of slaves, however, among themselves, are all for keeping down every kind of superiority; and from being rivals in their own States for the voice of the people, whom they court by dressing and looking like them as much as they can, they frequently acquired tastes and habits more suited to a tavern than a house of representatives. I speak of the major part—for there were still many Virginian planters in my time distinguished by their aristocratic air and manners; but generally speaking, one could almost at a glance discern, from his superior personal appearance, the federal member of the most democratic, from the democratic member of the most aristocratic State in the Union. The climate, and the non-existence of slavery, may account in part for this; but we may likewise trace the difference to a purer descent from English ancestry, unmixed and uncontaminated with French, German, Dutch, or any other foreign blood; and it is no doubt the good sense which the New Englander thus inherited that tempers and renders harmless a silly constitution, which, given to any other people, would probably have long ago set them together by the ears.

A note of much later date is here introduced. It is short, but every word pregnant with meaning:—

‘Since my departure clamour and the excitement caused by war have at length triumphed over the good sense of Connecticut, and a majority has been found passionate enough to trample under foot the rude old democratic constitution of this State, which, however originally defective, had become polished and well adapted to their use. This was one of those changes that are sometimes easily accomplished even by a minority at first very insignificant, when the youth of a country are roused to join in the hunt with a few demagogues, or wild visionaries, who have purposes of their own to carry. In a healthy condition of things the young men are too much under the influence of their families to render it easy for the ambitious to lead them into their private schemes; it is only in an epoch of rage and excitement that the thing becomes practicable; and therefore it is that revolution and war are ardently desired by rash or designing men, who have little to lose, and everything to gain, by desperate lotteries; the real majority, which is in fact at such times weak, being no longer listened to, must go to the wall, until their opponents become calm once more—sated with gain, or stilled by death.

‘The measure, then, of changing the constitution has been carried into effect; and as no return to the former state of things is now to be looked for, we can only hope that the habits of the people of Connecticut—too strongly rooted to take injury from a bad constitution, made good afterwards by friction—will be equally unaffected by useless innovation; and that, like their English prototypes, they will laugh at the occasional attempts

attempts which are made by temporary majorities to alter their habits or their morals by altering their laws.'

We have abstained from quoting the parts of these chapters that relate to the political negotiations in which Sir Augustus Foster was engaged during both his residences at Washington. His conduct in leaving America so soon as he did, in 1812, was blamed by many at the time, but he had the satisfaction to find, on reaching London, that it was entirely approved of by Lord Liverpool and the Prince Regent, whose reception of him at Carlton House he paints rather amusingly:—

'The King, on this occasion, received me in his dressing-gown, Lord Liverpool being in plain clothes, while I was in uniform, which His Majesty observed was not necessary, asking Lord Liverpool why he had not told me to come in plain dress. He then desired us to sit down, and began questioning me about the American government, saying, jokingly, that he had heard not only the Minister of War but the Minister for Foreign Affairs were become soldiers, and commanded corps; and when I told him it was very true, he laughed, and, turning round, exclaimed, "By G——, Liverpool, you should copy their example, and then, by G——, you know, you might execute your favourite plan of a march upon Paris." Liverpool said he had been a soldier, and so he was, with Lord Castlereagh, in the ranks of the London Volunteers, in the year 1805, when an invasion was expected, and all took up arms, to the amount, including army and navy, of 750,000 men. The King little expected at the time he held the above conversation with Lord Liverpool that, in the course of the very next year, the march on Paris would have become very feasible, and that within the two succeeding years the prediction of his celebrated speech, when he was Lord Hawkesbury, would twice be accomplished.'

Respecting the present difficulties of the Boundary Question, Sir Augustus has some very temperate reflections. He is of opinion that the first step ought to be for the British and American governments to buy up all the claims of individuals to property in the soil of the disputed territory;—which being done, he cannot suppose that a mixed commission, composed of men of high character and standing, could find much difficulty in agreeing on an amicable settlement. He does not, however, indulge in any very sanguine hope of this plan being adopted. The American government, he says, have already shown sufficient symptoms of the paralysis under which their better feelings are kept by the pressure of the democracy; and he adds that the successive governments on both sides of the water have also shown but too plainly, in regard to this as well as other matters, their resolution to 'shove off' serious responsibilities, and leave them for their successors. The peace of Versailles was allowed to pass—a still more favourable opportunity in 1814—and another, as was observed in our last Number, so lately as 1833. Our author concludes thus:—

'It

'It is my earnest hope that the unreasonable pretensions of the State of Maine, joined to the rowing, bullying humour of its neighbours on the northern line of frontiers, may not lead to a fresh quarrel with us; but if it does do so, I am convinced such quarrel will have bad consequences for the whole Union, inasmuch as, by giving a temporary triumph to the noisy, turbulent portion of the people, it will at length fully expose the weakness of the central government, and rouse up the old English good sense of the Eastern States to act for itself; when the Congress must either listen to its dictates, or its authority will fall to the ground altogether, and a new and more powerful republic be raised on its ruins, that all the remaining force of the United States would fail of being able to overawe, much less to subdue.'

We cannot conclude without once more hinting our hope that Sir Augustus Foster may give these *Notes* to the public at large. The specimens now quoted will, we are persuaded, induce both friends and strangers, in England and in America, to unite in our wishes. They contain many striking illustrations of the inevitable tendency of radicalism in power to debase the morals as well as the manners of a nation—illustrations doubly valuable because they come from one who has evidently never allowed the coarse violences of the American democracy, and the selfish hypocrisy of those who direct its energies for their own interests, to interfere with his appreciation of the better classes, whom this democracy has systematically outraged, but who, we are disposed to believe, have been of late recovering some of their just and natural influence. Our extracts, however, have left untouched several of the subjects on which the Baronet appears to have bestowed especial thought and care—in particular the details of agricultural management in the different provinces, on which he descants with the zeal, and exhibits the practical knowledge, of a well-educated and widely-travelled country gentleman.

ART. III.—1. *Barzas Breiz : Chants Populaires de la Bretagne.*

Par Th. de la Villemarqué. 2 tomes. Paris, 1839.

2. *Les Derniers Bretons.* Par Emile Souvestre. 4 tomes. 2de édition. Paris, 1836.

3. *A Summer among the Bocages and the Vines.* By Louisa Stuart Costello. 2 vols. London, 1840.

4. *A Summer in Brittany.* By T. Adolphus Trollope. 2 vols. London, 1840.

IT is no disparagement to the English travellers, Miss Costello and Mr. Trollope, that they owe the more valuable and curious parts of their respective works to the two earlier publications named in our list. These, written by native Bretons,

were

were perhaps the best authorities to which they could have recourse for the poetry as well as for the actual condition of this singular people. Miss Costello's are most agreeable volumes. Her rambles were by no means confined to Brittany, or to the Bocages; and the desultory reader will find much amusement in her lively descriptions of some of the old French cities, ruins, and châteaux: the traveller may follow her as an instructive and enterprising guide. Miss Costello possesses pleasing poetical talents;* and in our endeavour to introduce to our readers this new branch of the great poetical family of Europe, we shall occasionally trespass upon her pages. Some of her translations are extremely well executed: in one or two she seems to have departed from the simplicity, bordering upon rudeness, of the original ballads, and sweetened away some of their sharp and racy spirit.

Mr. Trollope appears to have much of his mother's quickness and liveliness of observation, with something of that lady's peremptory and decisive tone: he is rather ambitious of displaying his scholarship; but on the whole his volumes are those of a clever and intelligent young man; and we can recommend them, both as worthy of perusal at home, and as likely to be of great use to the tourist in Brittany.

As it is our design to confine our present article to the poetry of the Bretons, we shall only refer to those parts of M. Emile Souvestre's work which relate to this subject. But we should not do justice to this writer if we did not express our high estimation of his clever and graphic description of the manners, customs, opinions, and feelings, the whole life, in short, of this remarkable race. He is at times rather too pointed and epigrammatic, and has some other characteristics of a modern French writer besides cleverness and perspicuity; but his volumes contain a great deal of very pleasant reading.

We cannot, however, refrain from illustrating a recent article in our Journal, by M. Souvestre's account of his own literary experiences—a most lively picture of this kind of wild and precarious adventure, ending, we are happy to say, through the good sense and well-turned diligence of the author, by no means so tragically as is too often the case:—

'In 1826,' says M. Souvestre, 'I quitted my province for Paris. I arrived, as youths of eighteen usually do, who have carried off prizes for French composition at college, and a gold medal from the academy of the department. In my portmanteau I had my diploma of bachelor, and in my pocket a tragedy. I came to be admitted as an *avocat*,

* Miss Costello's name was first, we believe, introduced to the public by the elegant little volume entitled '*Specimens of the Early Poetry of France*,' 1835: she has since contributed largely, and sometimes learnedly as well as amusingly, to our popular magazines. This lady is also an accomplished artist: the engravings in her books are all from her own designs.

and to have my play acted at the Français. Literary life appeared to me the noblest and most beautiful avocation under the sun; I beheld it warm, breathing, coloured with enthusiasm and golden dreams. I had written an ode in which I compared the poet to a god upon earth, and I was of the age in which one believes in similes. Disenchantment was not slow in coming. My first attempts to have my play read at the theatre were without success. I was unknown, awkward, susceptible, like all young men educated in the provinces at a distance from the world, and who have seen nothing but a professor in his chair, and a mother knitting stockings. Everything was an obstacle, everything wounded me.

He took courage to apply to a compatriot, M. Alexandre Duval, who had influence at the theatre. Duval gave him good advice and encouragement, which made him "quiver through all his limbs, and intoxicated him with a foolish joy." The play (the 'Siege of Missolonghi') was read, and received with acclamation:—

'But the censorship suddenly came and clipped the wings of my hopes. My play was stopped as hostile to the Sublime Porte, to the sound doctrines of absolute government. I remained, like Tantalus, up to the lips in joy, without being able to taste it. All my proceedings with the men of scissors were unsuccessful. I had *no hope but in a change of ministry or a revolution*. From this time I dreamed of nothing but political convulsions. I asked myself, in perfect faith, how France could endure such a government. If any one would have given me the direction of a conspiracy, I should have become a conspirator. The Martignac ministry came in to appease my patriotic indignation. My drama, dying and plucked of its feathers, escaped from the hands of the censor, and the rehearsals began at the Français.'

But the enthusiasm for his play was over—his friend Duval's interest had ceased—another author came forward—the theatre was on the verge of bankruptcy. Weary at length with delay and intrigue, M. Souvestre withdrew his tragedy, and abandoned his hopes. But he was broken by the disappointment; he wanted, he acknowledges, the pliancy and the strength of mind necessary for the literary warfare of Paris—that eternal duel which requires a character of iron wadded with cotton—*un caractère de fer ouaté de coton*:—

'I felt that I was not born for such an existence, that I should be perpetually fluctuating between enthusiasm and despair. . . This sudden conviction threw me into an inexpressible melancholy. "Par une naïveté d'amour-propre très ordinaire," I made a real merit of my inaptitude for business—a proof of my talent. I said to myself with a consolatory pride, that this is the destiny of high minds, which cannot abase themselves to miserable intrigues; and so plunging fiercely into the bitter despair of a genius of which the age was not worthy (*un génie méconnu*), I applauded my own feeble disposition; I deified my
careless

careless (nonchalant) disgust, and, encouraged by the sad and lofty examples of so many poets, I determined, in my bitterness, to commit suicide on the great man within me (*à suicider en moi un grand homme*). I abandoned every effort, every exertion, and would not give myself the trouble to stoop to pick up glory. Luckily,' he adds, 'actual suicide had not yet become the fashion, and I did not know that the way to find an editor was to kill oneself.'

Happily the young author bethought him of his native Brittany—he yielded to the *mal du pays*, and this very interesting work is the result of his retreat.

M. Villemarqué thus relates the origin of his curious collection:—

'My mother, who was a mother likewise to all the poor of her parish, had, nearly thirty years ago, restored the health of a mendicant female ballad-singer. Moved by the entreaties of the kind-hearted peasant, who was anxious to find some means of expressing her gratitude, she permitted her to repeat one song, and was so struck with the beauty of these Breton poems, that she always, from that time, sought to obtain this touching tribute of affection, and often obtained it; at a later period she took every opportunity of soliciting it, as it was no longer for her own amusement. Thus began this collection; for the purpose of increasing it, I have travelled all through Brittany during many years. I have been present at all the great meetings of the people, at the religious and secular festivals, at the *pardons*, at the fairs, at the *veillées*, at the *fileries*; the popular bards, the beggars, the millers, the peasants have been my most active fellow-labourers. I have often consulted with advantage old women, nurses, young girls, and old men. Children, in their play, have unconsciously revealed treasures to me. The degree of intelligence varied greatly in these persons; but this I can assert, that not one of them could read.'

M. Villemarqué's treasure at last amounted to twenty volumes, of which he now offers a selection. In settling the text he pursued the plan adopted by Sir W. Scott in his collection of the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.' He obtained as many versions as he could of each ballad, and from the comparison filled up or corrected the original outline. It should be added that there are several dialects of the Breton language, and the same ballads are often found in those of Cornouaille, of Treguier, and of Léon, more rarely in that of Vannes.*

M. Villemarqué is a strenuous advocate for the antiquity of the Breton Minstrelsy, which more sceptical antiquaries have assigned to a period no earlier than the sixteenth century. He insists on allusions to events and customs of much earlier date—for instance, dim reminiscences, which his keen eyes discover, of

* These circumstances will account for the very different versions of the same poem in M. Villemarqué's and M. Souvestre's books.

Druidism: what certainly *is* curious, more than one ballad or song turns on the leprosy, a scourge unknown in Brittany since 1500. M. Villemarqué repudiates with equal decision the more modified and conciliatory theory, that, though the poems in their existing state date from the sixteenth century, they may embody genuine fragments of older songs. He says:—

‘We can prove that there are allusions of the popular singers, as well to the events as to the personages of their time; that the adventures which they attribute to their heroes are true, or at least probable; that the manners, the ideas, the costumes which they give them are all natural, and wonderfully accord with the epoch when the facts took place.’

Our author refers to some analogies between the ‘Ballads about Merlin,’ and one or two other poems, with the Welsh traditions in the *Myvyrian*, which relate to that fabled bard and enchanter. He quotes an old charter of the eleventh century, which confirms the dotation of the daughter of an Armorican chief with the land of Leon, to which there is a manifest reference in one of the songs:—

‘When the author of *Heloise* and *Abaylard* changes them into two scholars of more than human knowledge, into magicians, sorcerers, or demons, is he not in accordance with the ancient contemporary opinion? The singer of the “Return from England,” while he is describing the preparations for the departure of the Bretons, who accompanied William the Conqueror, does he not very distinctly point out, when he speaks of *the son of the duchess*, Alan Fergan, son of Havoise of Bretagne, one of the auxiliaries of the Normans? Does not the ballad of the “Crusader’s Wife” attach to the shoulder of each knight the red cross which the Breton soldiers carried only on the first expedition? That of the “Templars,” does it not accuse them of the most horrible crimes? has not the author seen them burned alive? The wandering bard to whom we owe the “*Fiancée en Enfer*,” does he not inform us that the abduction, which he describes, had taken place only thirteen years before? In order to describe the ravisher by one touch, does he not compare him to a Breton chief, whom he himself knew, and who died in 1212? Does he not describe the armour of a knight of the thirteenth century? The Baron of Jauioz, who lived at the end of the following century, does he not make a present of a *pawisk*, a dress then in use, to the young Breton bride, whom he carried away into France? Do not Les Breiz and Rolland Gouiket, the Owen Glendowers of our Armorica, wage war against France? The former, does he not repose, like a glutted lion, on the bloody corpses of twenty-four French knights?’

Even the love-songs, according to M. Villemarqué, are not without indications of an earlier date:—

‘The poor leper feels himself dying, consumed by the frightful malady which preys on him; all the world, even she whom he loved, avoids him. The miller, who sings of his love with the beautiful miller’s daughter

daughter of Pontaro, speaks of the young Baron Hévin de Kymerc'h, who lived, according to history, in 1420, as his liege lord.*

Every class of writers have their mode of arguing—poetical antiquarians have theirs. With all grateful respect to M. Villemarqué, we cannot quite understand why all these incidental marks of antiquity should not be vestiges and reminiscences of older songs, which, in the process of time, have assumed a more modern form. In fact, we apprehend that such is the growth of all popular poetry—it may attain to its highest perfection at some particular period, but it cannot be the actual creation of that period—it is not, strictly speaking, creative; if it aspired to invention, it would scarcely be popular. It clothes traditions, events, characters, popular sentiments, popular opinions, popular superstitions, in a poetic form, more or less rude or instinct with natural elegance; but it claims to be history; it demands belief, as that which is true; rather than appeals to fancy, as that which is graceful, pleasant, and entertaining. Of necessity, therefore, it embodies that which is already in substance the popular belief; it takes all the licence of poetic or dramatic narrative; it tells the story in its own way: if it departs from the older tradition, it glides away from it gradually and imperceptibly; it develops a pre-existing germ, which expands at length into a full flower. But it is as impossible to trace this secret and silent process in the vegetation, if we may so speak, of poetry, as in that of Nature.

We are, in truth, much more interested in the poetical than in the antiquarian part of the question, in which, after all, perhaps our difference with M. Villemarqué is but slight, and might admit of mutual explanation. We shall therefore altogether decline to discuss the vestiges of Druidism, and of ante-Christian tradition, which he discovers in some of the earlier poems. We shall not inquire whether the Guenchlan, whose prophecy commences his book,* be the bard alluded to in the history of Nennius—or whether the enchanter Merlin speaks the language of heathen superstition—or whether we have any faint echoes of those amatory songs, which, composed in the fifth and sixth centuries by Christian and Clerical poets, offended, we regret to say, the chaster ears of the Druid bards of Armorica. It would indeed be very curious if we could find any poetical expression of the feelings of the Pagans, any popular poem written before or during the strife with Christianity. The only apparently genuine work of the kind with which we are acquainted, in which the hostility between the ancient poetry and new religion is manifest and declared,

* M. Souvestre only gives about two verses of Guenchlan, which he supposes to be the entire remains of that ancient bard.—vol. ii. p. 142.

treats of the late-converted Sclavonians. The *Königlicher Handschrift*, published at Prague in 1829, is clearly heathen, and the poet's feelings hostile to Christianity. Passing over then the two or three first ballads, and suspending for the present our notice of those which refer to the Korregan or fairies, the all but universal '*machinery*' of ballad poetry, we come to the '*Plague of Elliant*'—an event which our author would assign to the sixth century. We cannot refrain from noticing one or two awful images in this ballad, which follow the somewhat grotesque verse:—'*It was a little old woman of sixty and her son, who brought the plague upon their shoulders.*' '*In the market-place of Elliant the grass may be mown, except in the narrow track of the tumbril, which carries the dead to the grave.*' Hard had been the heart which had not wept in the land of Elliant, whatever it might be. . . . To see eighteen cars full of the dead at the gate of the cemetery, and eighteen more to come!—There were nine children in the same house; the same tumbril carried them to the grave, and the poor mother drew it. The father followed whistling—he had lost his reason.'

Eloisa is a person of such importance in English poetry, that we cannot resist the temptation of exhibiting her as she appeared to the popular feeling of Brittany, in the awful character of an heretical sorceress. The classical studies of Eloisa might have furnished her with some of her enchantments from the precious stores of Medea, the witch in Theocritus, and Erichtho; but some have certainly a Druidical or Celtic cast. We transcribe Miss Costello's prose version, as it is a question rather of curiosity than of poetical interest:—

‘HELOISE ET ABAYLARD.

‘When I left the house of my father I was only twelve years old—when I followed my beloved student, my dear Abaylard.

‘When I went to Nantes with my dear student, Heaven can tell I knew no language but Breton.

‘All I knew, O my God! was to say my prayers when I was at home, little, in my father's house.

‘But now I am learned—very learned in all lore. The language of the Franks, and Latin, I know—and I can read and write well.

‘Yes, I can read in the book of the Gospels, and write and speak and consecrate the host as well as the priests.

‘And when the priest says mass, I know what will circumvent him—and I can tie the mystic knot in the middle and at the two ends.

‘I can find pure gold in the midst of ashes, and silver in sand—if the means are in my power.

‘I can change my form into that of a black bitch or a raven when I will, or into the wild fire of the marsh, or into a dragon.

‘I know

'I know a song will rive the heavens asunder—make the deep sea howl and the earth tremble.

'Yes, I know all that can be known on earth—all that has been—all that shall be.

'My beloved and I made a compound together—it was the first I learnt to make; the eye of a raven and the heart of a toad were part of it.

'And we added the seed of the green fern gathered a hundred feet down in the bottom of a well, and we found the root of the golden herb, and tore it up in the meadow where it grew.

'At sunrise we tore it from the ground, our heads uncovered and our feet bare.

'The first time I proved the power of my compound was in the field of rye which belonged to the lord abbot.

'The abbot had sown eighteen measures—he reaped but two handfuls!

'I have at my father's house at home a coffer of silver: whosoever opens it, let him beware!

'There are in it three vipers, who are hatching a dragon's egg. If my dragon sees the light, great will be the desolation that follows!

'With what do I nourish them? 'Tis not with the flesh of partridges—'tis not with the flesh of woodcocks—oh, no! 'tis with the blood of innocents I feed them.

'The first I killed was in the churchyard—it was about to receive baptism—the priest was standing ready in his robes.

'They took the babe to its grave. I took off my shoes and, softly, softly I unburied it—quietly—none heard my footstep.

'If I remain on earth—my Light and I together; if we stay in this world one year or two;

'Two years, if we stay, or three—my dear student and I—the world shall be no longer in its place!

'Beware! beware! Loïza—beware of thy soul—if this world be thine own—the next belongs to God!'—*Costello*, vol. i. p. 307.

We must not, however, do Miss Costello so much injustice as not to give one or two of the more successful of her metrical versions. The following, if we are to trust M. Villemarqué's date, is of high English poetical interest. It relates to the great Norman Conquest, and describes the fate of one of the followers of the 'son of the duchess.' But we must remind our readers that this is not William himself, who certainly could not claim to be son of a duchess, but the contemporary Duke of Brittany.

'THE RETURN FROM ENGLAND.

Dialect of Cornouaille.

Etré parrez Pouldregat ha parrez Plouaré,
&c.

'From Pouldregat to Plouaré

All the land that lies between,

Knight and squire in brave array

Spurring for the field are seen,

Summon'd

Summon'd by the duchess' son

To the Saxon war begun.

From all Bretagne trooping fast

O'er the foaming seas they haste.

"My Silvestre too must go—

I have begged his stay in vain,

But one child I had—and, lo!

He has followed in their train.

"Sleepless

"Sleepless as I linger'd long,
Kerlaz' maids began their song;
In my ear their accents rung,
Of my absent son they sung:
'Heaven protect thy wand rings now!
Ah Silvestre! where art thou?
Art thou on the foaming deep
Many hundred leagues away,
Dost thou 'midst the surges sleep,
To the rav'ning fish a prey?"

Hadst thou been content to stay—
Lead the life thy father led,
Thou wert happy as the day
Thou hadst been betroth'd and wed—
Wed to Manna—fairest maid,
She to whom thy vows were paid:
Then thou wouldest have lived to see
Children climbing round thy knee—
Children with their merry din
Letting joy and pleasure in."

"Near my door, within a cell
Of the rock, there loves to dwell,
Close conceal'd, a pigeon white;
Him I'll from his nest invite;
On his neck of ivory
Will a letter safely lie,
With my bridal ribbon bound
All his silver feathers round:
That shall call my son once more,
And my Silvestre restore.

Go, my dove—ah! swiftly go,
Rise upon thy wings of snow,
Fly far o'er the stormy sea,
Bid my son return to me.
Fly where battle's thunders sound,
Gaze with piercing eye around,
Go—'midst carnage fierce and wild,
Bring me tidings of my child!"

"'Tis my mother's dove I see
Wont amidst the wood to be;
Now he skims the waters nigh,
Now he seeks the mast so high!"

"Hail, Silvestre—list to me—
Letters I have brought to thee."
"Bid my mother dry the tear,
Bid my father be of cheer,
For three years and but a day
Keeps me from their arms away."

Three long years were past and o'er,
But Silvestre came no more!
"Fare thee well, beloved one!
Now my latest hopes are gone,
Never shall we meet again!
If the loud and stormy main
Cast thy bones upon the strand,
I will watch them float to land,
Gather them—how tenderly!
Kiss them, cherish them—and die!"

Scarce she spoke—a bark appear'd,
And a Breton flag it bore;
Soon the rocky bay it near'd,
And a wreck it reach'd the shore.
Helm and oars and rudder lost,
Mast and sails all split and torn,
Beaten on that rugged coast,
On the surging breakers borne.

Full of dead—that pallid lay—
Whence it comes no tongue can say,
Nor how long that fated bark
Had been toss'd by tempests dark;—
And Silvestre there reposed—
But no friend his eyes had closed,
No fond mother's tender voice
Bade him at the last rejoice,
No kind father's soothing care—
He was lying lifeless—there!"

—Costello, vol. i. pp. 254-256.

The family resemblance of all ballad poetry, from the steppes of Tartary to Iceland, is very remarkable. There are the same manifest indications of popular recital; the same dramatic form, in which the poet delights to drop his own narrative, and without preface, without the Homeric τὸν δ' ἀπομειβόμενος προσεφῆν or the ὡς ἔφατ', to introduce his characters, as speaking, sometimes in soliloquy, sometimes in regular question and reply; the sudden transitions, with scarcely any notice, from one time and one place to another; the same rapid touch, which implies rather than expresses much; the same love of startling contrast, of extreme happiness passing into extreme misery—misery as suddenly brightening into happiness; in general the same simple pathos.

Talvi's recent book on the ballad poetry of all nations, more especially the Teutonic, 'Versuch einer geschichtlichen Charakteristik der Völkslieder,' &c., is by no means a complete work:

for example, these Breton ballads are not noticed even in the preliminary essay. It is, however, a comprehensive as well as pleasing work; and in reading it we should be at a loss to say which is the most curious—the constant recurrence of the same *tales*—or at least of tales so similar as to show something like a regular connexion or affiliation—or the universal prevalence of the same *manner*. The poets might seem almost to be members of a common guild or fraternity, who have maintained some conventional or traditional form of narrative. Unquestionably there are finer or more obvious marks of difference, which, to the more critical perception of the student in this branch of literature, distinguish the Asiatic, Sclavonian, Teutonic, English, Scotch, and Spanish ballad. Each has, to a certain extent, its own imagery, its favourite turns, its peculiar characters, its gentler and wilder, its softer or more warlike, its more pastoral or chivalrous tone; it is more full of the aristocratic feats and adventures of knights and ladies; or of a ruder class both of warriors and of females; or it is closer to common life, familiar and domestic interests; and it is curious to trace this national or poetic character in the different treatment of some of those stories or incidents which are common to all. And the same superstitions appear to lurk within all religions; they have almost all a kindred poetic machinery, elves and fairies, dwarfs and mermaids, ghosts and spirits, beings of human passions but supernatural powers, who dwell apart in their own realms, but are constantly mingling either from malice or love in the affairs of men. Popular superstition is the life-breath of popular poetry.

Some allusion has already been made to the Breton ballad entitled 'The Crusader's Wife.' The groundwork might be of any nation to which the fame or influence of the crusades had reached, but the manners are those of a secluded region in which a kind of foreign chivalrous and romantic tone of sentiment had imperfectly blended with the primitive habits of the people.

"When I am in the distant land, when I am gone to war,
Where shall I leave my gentle wife? beneath whose guardian care?"

"An' if thou wilt, my brother-in-law, to my mansion let her come,
Among my damsels she shall have her chamber and her home.
In the chamber with my damsels she shall take her peaceful sleep,
In the high saloon of honour with my ladies her state shall keep.
From the same bright goblet shall she drink the mantling beverage free,
At the same table shall she sit in pleasant company."

In the proud domain of Faouet 'twas beautiful to see,
With red cross on each shoulder set, the Breton chivalry.
And each to serve his liege lord there with his tall steed lightly prancing,
And each to serve his liege lord there with his banner gaily glancing.

He

He had not ridden far away from his home and wife so dear,
When many a harsh and bitter word that gentle wife must hear.

"And put away thy scarlet robe, and don the russet gown,

Up and away to tend the sheep upon the lonely down."

"Oh pardon me, my brother, why, what evil have I done?

I have not learned in all my life to feed the sheep alone."

"If all your life you have not learned alone to feed the sheep,

Lo! this long lance shall teach you soon right well the flocks to keep."

For seven years she did nought but weep through all the livelong day,

But when the seven years ended, she 'gan chant a merry lay.

A youthful knight that chanced that way from the far crusade to ride,

Heard sound a small and gentle voice along the mountain side.

"Halt down, halt down, my little page, my courser's rein to hold,

I hear a voice so silver sweet from yonder mountain fold;

I hear a small sweet voice that sings upon the mountain lone,

'Tis now seven years since last I heard that small sweet voice's tone."

"Good day to thee, fair maiden, on the mountain side good day,

I wot that well thou must have dined, who sing'st that merry lay."

"Fair Sir, 'tis true that I have dined, to God I give the grace,

On a morsel of dry bread alone, upon this desert place."

"And tell me, thou that feed'st the flock upon the mountain brow,

A lodging shall I find to-night in yon manor hall below?"

"Oh doubtless, my good lord, you'll find meet lodging in yon hall,

And a noble stable there you'll find your gallant steed to stall.

A bed of the softest down too for thy weary head will be,

As I in days of old have had, when my husband was with me.

Oh then I was not wont to sleep with the sheep in the manger rude,

In the kennel with the hounds then, I did not take my food."

"And tell me, gentle shepherdess, thy husband where is he?

Upon thy slender finger there thy wedding ring I see."

"He's far away, my husband, Sir, he's gone far off to war,

Bright and fair were his golden locks, like thine so bright and fair."

"And if he had bright and golden locks, as mine thou seem'st to be,

Look closer, closer, gentle bride, and say am I not he?"

"Yes, yes, I am thy ladye love, thy bride, thy princely dame,

I am the lady of Faouet, that is my rightful name."

"Leave then the sheep upon the hill, and come, my lady fair,

Let us hasten to yon manor hall, 'tis time that we were there."

"Now joy to thee, my brother-in-law, now joy! I pray thee say,

How fares the gentle wife I left to thy care when I went away?"

"Oh well she is, and fair she is, my brother, sit thee down,

With the ladies to the festival at Kemperlé she's gone.

To Kemperlé she's gone but now, where they hold high festival;

When she comes back you'll find her here within this manor hall."

"Thou liest, my brother-in-law, thou liest! thou hast sent her off to

keep,

Like a wretched mendicant afar, on the lonely hills the sheep.

By thy two eyes thou'st foully lied, my brother-in-law! and more,

'Tis she that's standing there without, sobbing beside the door.

Go hide thy shame, thou wretch accurst, go hide thy caitiff head,
 For thy heart so full of wickedness be infamy thy meed.
 If it were not in my mother's house, and in my father's hall,
 On my revengeful blade this hour thy craven blood should fall."

We have alluded to the resemblance, and kindred as it were, of the superstitions which prevail in the numberless branches of popular poetry. The *Korrigan* is the elf of Brittany; he is the possessor and guardian of the hidden treasure, like the Teutonic *Zwerg* or dwarf; he changes children in the cradle with the Irish fairy; he is spiteful and malicious, yet susceptible of more gentle feelings—like the mermaid of the Lowland Scotch or the elf of every land—apt to fall in love with human beings, the youth or the maiden, the knight or the damsel, and either to assume a human form, or to transport them to a joyous abode, where they live merrily together, till curiosity or some other human sin, like *Psyche's* of old, breaks the charm. We insert two specimens of the supernatural, one serious, the other of a comic cast. We think with M. Villemarqué, that there are some very sweet touches in 'The Mother of the Changeling:'*—

Mary the lovely is in despair,
 She has lost her Lao so gentle and fair,
 The wicked *Korrigan* has been there.
 "As to the fountain I took my way,
 In his cradle sweetly sleeping he lay;
 When I came home he was stolen away.
 And I found this monster in his place,
 Red as the toad's his loathsome face,
 He scratches and bites and no word he says.
 And at the breast he is sucking still,
 Seven years he has not had his fill.
 I cannot wean him against his will.
 Our Lady Mary! on thy throne of snow,
 With thy sweet son in thy arms evermo',
 Thou art in bliss, and I in woe.
 Thy holy child thou hast still with thee,
 But lost for ever mine must be,
 Mother of mercy! have mercy on me!"
 "My daughter! my daughter! mourn not thy lot,
 Lost for ever thy child is not,
 Thy little Lao will home be brought.
 He that one egg shall feign to break,
 A feast for ten therein to make,
 Will force that ugly dwarf to speak.

* The same, or a very similar story, is given by M. Souvestre, tome ii. p. 32.

When he speaks, flog, flog him sore,
When he is flogged, he will shriek and roar,
He'll be carried off, ere his shrieking's o'er."

"What are you doing, mother, I pray?"

Wondering the dwarf began to say—

"What are you doing there, I pray?"

"What am I doing? this egg I break,
And in its shell a dinner I make,
Of which ten labourers may partake."

"In a single shell, my mother, for ten!
I have seen the egg, ere it was a white hen,
The acorn before the tree I have seen;
I have seen the acorn, and seen the gall,
I have seen the oak in the wood of Brezàl;
But this is the strangest thing of all."

"Thou hast seen too many things, I trow;
Clic clac, clic clac, I'll show thee how,
Little old man, I have thee now."

"Oh, hurt him not, give him back to me,
To thine I have done no injury.
He is the king in our countrie."

Homeward as she took her way,
Lo! her child in the cradle lay,
Sweetly slumbering there he lay.

And when she saw him, in joyous guise
She bent to kiss him; in sweet surprise
All at once he opened his eyes.

Up he sate, as o'er him she hung,
Round her his little arms he flung,
"Mother, I have slept very long."

The other fairy or korrigan ballad relates to a personage of whimsical importance in Breton society.

'The tailor in Brittany,' says M. Souvestre, 'is a complex being, who requires a particular description. In the first place, he is deformed (this occupation being only adopted by those whom a feeble or defective constitution disqualifies for labour in the fields), in general lame, more often hunchbacked. A tailor with a hunchback, squinting eyes, and red hair, may be considered the type of the species. He rarely marries, but he is "fringant" towards young girls, boastful, and cowardly. If he has a fixed domicile, he is rarely found there, but at the height of the summer; the rest of the time his wandering life is passed in the farms, where he finds employment for his scissors. The men despise him on account of his indoor and feminine occupation, and never speak to him without "saving your reverence," as if they were talking of unclean beasts; he does not even take his meals at the same table with the others; he eats afterwards, with the women, with whom he is a favourite.'

favourite. It is there that he should be seen, with a constant grin, contradictory (taquin), and a glutton, always ready to assist in any mystification of a young man, or in a trick against a husband; a flatterer, and complaisant to everybody, he seizes every opportunity of reminding the master of some youth in a smart jacket, whom he has in secret *piqué* about the wife or the *pennères*. He knows all the new songs, he often makes them himself, and nobody tells old stories better, except the mendicant, another kind of wandering bard who roves among the farms. But the tales of the latter are as melancholy as his life, those of the tailor are always lively. All the scandalous chronicles of the canton belong to him of right; he dramatises them, arranges them, and vends them about from fair to fair; he is the "Gazette des Tribunaux" of Cornouaille. Besides this, he is the regular go-between in the beginning of all love-matches.—*Les Derniers Bretons*, vol. i. p. 139.

The tailor of our ballad by his first epithet seems to have been not so short and crooked as the rest of his fraternity. It is certainly curious that the Duz, (Duz-ik diminutive,) the name which this song gives to the dwarfs, should be found in St. Augustine:—'Demones quos Duscios Galli nuncupant.' (De Civit. Dei, xv. c. 23.) The strange burthen which the dwarfs sing 'Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday,' was once completed, it is said, by a luckless traveller who had strayed into their circle, and added 'Saturday and Sunday.' This produced such a terrible commotion among the dwarfs, such stampings and shrieks and menaces, that he was almost dead with fright. If he had added, 'and now the week is ended,' the dwarfs would have been released from their long penance. The dwarfs here, as elsewhere, have their secret treasures, which however always turn out *Brummagem*:—

THE TAILOR AND THE DWARFS.

It was the tailor went out to thieve,
 Long Paskou, upon Friday eve.
 Breeches to make he now had none,
 His customers all to the wars were gone,
 To fight for France and for the throne.
 His shovel in his hand, behold
 In the cave of Korrid that tailor bold,
 Digging away for the hidden gold.
 The gold he found and home he fled,
 And fast he crept into his bed.
 "Shut the door, oh! shut it tight,
 They are here, the wicked Duz of the night."
 "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
 Thursday, and Friday."
 "Shut the door, boys, shut it close,
 Look out, look out, the dwarfs are those.

They

They have entered into the court beneath,
They have danced till they are out of breath."

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, and Friday."

"See the roof they clamber o'er,
See how now a hole they bore."

"Oh, my poor little friend, you are caught,
Cast away the gold so dearly bought.
Poor Paskou! a dead man art thou,
With holy water sprinkle thee now.
Pull the coverlid over thy head,
Stir not, tailor, in thy bed."
Aha! aha! aloud they laughed—
"He that would scape us, must show his craft."

"Lord have mercy on my soul,
There's one with his head just through the hole.
Like hot coals his red eyes glow,
He is sliding down the pillar now.
Good Lord! lo, one, two, three are there,
See them dancing in the air.
Now they are leaping and raging, see!
Holy Virgin! they throttle me."

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, and Friday."

"Two, three, four, and five, and six."

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—
Tailor, dear little tailor, awake!
Ha! ha! ha! what a snoring you make!
Oh, the dear little tailor! show
Just the tip of your nose, or so.
Come take a turn in the dance, and soon,
Dear little tailor! we'll teach you the tune.
Tailor, dear little tailor, I say—
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.
Tailor, dear little tailor, I trow,
Little tailor, a rogue art thou.
You rogue of a tailor, come once more,
Come, if you dare, to rob our store.
We'll teach you a dance, shall break your back!
The money of dwarfs is not worth a crack."—No. IV.

The wilder and sterner ballads do not seem to accord so well with the sombre and melancholy Breton as the gentler and more pathetic. But in the more tragic, as well as the more romantic, the profoundly religious feeling of the people is constantly revealing itself. There is the deepest reverence for the clergy: the rector of the parish (the *curé* in Brittany, as with ourselves, being only

only the assistant) is uniformly mentioned with affectionate respect. The struggles of the young 'cloarecs,' who are educating for holy orders, and with difficulty detaching themselves from the world, and from the tender worldly passions of their youth, are, however, subjects on which they delight to dwell: and there is a distinct kind of poetry, called the *sone*, which has almost entirely grown out of this peculiar state of feeling.

'The *sones*,' says M. Souvestre, 'are elegies which are sung, almost always composed by the "cloarecs," and the faithful image of their whole lives. They are the confessions of their human weaknesses, the sorrows of their hearts, their struggles to forget the women, who have thus tortured their feelings. The *sones* of Leon and Treguier are, as it were, perpetual records, to which each *abbé* adds his page before he finally breaks with the world. The expression of their infelt misery maintains in general a charming and almost infantine simplicity.'—vol. ii. p. 303.

Many of the ballads, of various classes, are believed to have been written by the young clerks. Throughout it is the poetry of a most devoutly—we may add without offence, superstitiously—Roman Catholic population. In one ballad alone there is a very horrible tradition of crime, committed by a religious person—but not one of the secular clergy or the regulars of the usual orders—the charge is against one of the 'Red Monks,' that is, Templars; and this certainly sounds like a tale of those times when that body was in its power and in its wealth, and, whether justly or not, under the suspicion of the direst crimes. The subject is the rape and murder of a young village beauty, miraculously revealed by the maternal voice of the girl, when buried under the altar, entreating baptism for her unborn infant.

The affectionate regard for the resident clergy forms a tender allusion in the following ballad. There is another curious point in it—the Breton dislike to French connexion. The Baron Louis, of Jauioz, in Languedoc, was a follower of the Duke of Berry in the wars against the English during the reign of Charles V. The tradition runs, that he bought a young Breton maiden, and carried her to France. The *Death-bird* is a little grey bird which sings during the winter, with 'a sweet, sad voice,' prophetic of sorrow. The *Lake of Anguish* and the *Valley of Blood* are well known in the old Breton superstition; they divide Brittany from France.

THE BARON OF JAUIOZ.

As I washed by the river-side I heard
The sad, sweet voice of the small death-bird.
"Ah, poor Tina, little she knows
She is sold to the Baron of Jauioz."

"Is it true, my mother, as I am told—
To the Baron of Jauioz am I sold?"
"Poor little child, I cannot tell;
Ask your father, he knows full well."
"Oh tell me, my father, am I sold
To Louis of Jauioz, stern and old?"
"I cannot tell, my pretty one; go
Ask your brother, for he will know."
"Lannik, my brother, speak the truth,
And am I sold to that Lord in sooth?"
"Yes, to the Baron sold thou art;
This very moment must thou depart—
This moment depart thou must without fail,
Already is paid the price of the sale;
Fifty crowns of silver white,
And just as many of gold so bright."
"What dress shall I wear, my mother, say,
Shall it be my robe of scarlet gay?
Or my robe of snow-white wool shall it be,
That my sister Helen made for me?
My black robe or my white shall I wear,
Or my corset of the black silk rare?"
"Put on whatever robe you will,
What you wear can little skill.
For the coal-black steed is there that waits
For the fall of night without the gates—
He waits the moment that night shall fall,
The black steed with black housings all."

II.

She had gone from the village but little time
When she heard the bells so sweetly chime.

Oh sadly then to weep she began—
"Adieu to thee, adieu, St. Ann!
Sweet bells of my home, I part from you,
Bells of my parish, a long adieu!"

As by the *Lake of Anguish* she fled,
There she saw a troop of the dead;
A troop of the dead all clothed in white,
Skimming along in their barks so light—
The dead in crowds.—On her breast her head
Sank down, and chattered her teeth with dread.

And as the *Valley of Blood* she passed,
Away on her track they sprang in haste:
Her heart was so full of its agonies,
Closed at once her sightless eyes;
Her heart is so full of its agonies,
Senseless upon the horse she lies.

III. "Come

III.

"Come take a seat, and rest thee here,
 For the hour of our repast is near."
 The Baron sate by the fire, and he
 Was black as the raven of the sea;
 His beard and his hair were hoary white,
 And his eyes were like two fire-brands bright.
 "Lo she is here, the maiden young,
 That I have been wooing all too long—
 Come then, my girl, come now with me,
 And all my riches thou shalt see;
 From chamber to chamber thou shalt mount,
 And all my gold and my silver count."
 "I had rather be in my mother's byre,
 Counting the logs to throw on the fire."
 "Down to the cellar let us retreat,
 To drink together the wine so sweet."
 "I had rather drink the water cool
 Where my father's horses go to the pool."
 "From shop to shop come range with me,
 A *parwisk* gay to buy for thee."
 "I'd rather a russet petticoat,
 By the hand of my mother coarsely wrought."
 "To the jeweller's let us repair,
 To buy a bright cincture for thy hair."
 "I'd rather have the white tress so fine,
 My sister Helen for me would twine."
 "If I judge by all the words I hear,
 Thou dost not love me, my bride, I fear.
 Would that blistered had been my tongue
 When I wooed, like a dolt, a maid so young;
 When I went and bought thee, like a fool—
 A wife whom nothing can console."

IV.

"Ye little birds, oh hear! as ye fly
 My own dear native village by—
 Ye go thither, and ye are glad,
 I may not, and I am sad—
 My fond remembrance, I pray ye, bear
 To all whom I love, the maidens there—
 To the gentle mother who did me bear,
 The father that brought me up with care;
 The gentle mother, my birth that blest,
 And he that baptized me, the good old priest.
 Give to them all my kind adieu,
 And tell my brother I pardon him too."

V.

Two or three months were hardly fled,
 The quiet house was all abed—

Was all abed, and slumbered light ;
It was about the hour of dead midnight—
Within nor without the slightest noise—
There was heard at the door a gentle voice :—
“ My father, my mother, for me be said
(For God’s dear love) the prayers of the dead ;
And pray ye, and mourning-weeds put on ;
For your daughter to her grave is gone.”

The following is the Breton ‘*Lenore*’—as our readers will perceive, of a far less terrific caste than the German, so well known by Bürger’s version. In its various forms this is one of the most universal legends ; it is found in modern Greece, and has been translated by M. Fauriel,—and here we find it at the western extremity of Europe.

THE FOSTER-BROTHER.

Of all the maids of gentle birth, no fairer maid was found
Than Gwennola, at eighteen years, in all the country round.
Her sire, her mother, both were dead, and her dear sisters twain,
And all her kindred too : alone her step-dame did remain.

’Twas pitiful to see her there, weeping and desolate,
So gentle, and so beautiful, before the old hall-gate.
To see her foster-brother’s bark, her eyes fixed on the main—
Her only comfort now on earth—long had she watched in vain.
To see her foster-brother’s bark, her eyes fixed on the main—
Six years had passed since he had gone, nor home returned again.

“ Out of my sight, I say, away, to feed the flocks begone ;
I do not feed thee here to sit, in careless idlesse lone.”
Two hours, three hours, ere dawn of day, she woke that maid forlorn,
To light the fire and sweep the house, on the chill winter morn.
At the fountain of the fairies then, to draw the water cold,
With a little pail all full of holes, and a crazy bucket old.

The night was dark—the crystal pool was troubled by the steed
Of a gallant cavalier, from Nantes, returning in his speed.
“ And a health to thee, my pretty maid : art thou betrothed, I pray ? ”
She answered, like a silly child, “ In sooth I cannot say.”
“ Art thou betrothed ? oh answer me ! my question I repeat.”
“ With all due reverence, noble sir, betrothed I am not yet.”
“ Here take thou then my ring of gold, and to your stepdame say,
You are betrothed to a cavalier that rode to Nantes away.
Yonder has been a gallant fight ; his squire in the combat died ;
And he himself by a sword-thrust was wounded in the side.
On the third day after the third week, right gaily will he ride,
And down to the manor-hall will come to seek his plighted bride.”

And home she ran to the house, and look’d at the bright gold ring she bore :

’Twas the ring that on his hand, of old, her foster-brother wore.

11. And

II.

And one and two and three long weeks had slowly, slowly fled,
And yet that youthful cavalier returned not as he said.

"You must marry you now, my daughter, long have I thought of it;
I've chosen a husband for thee, a husband meet and fit."

"With all respect, my mother-in-law, I may not wed, I trow,
No husband but my foster-brother; he is returned but now.
He has given me here a spousal ring of gold, and he will come
Gaily and soon to seek me here, his bride to carry home."

"Now hold your idle tongue, if you please, with your wedding-ring
of gold,

Or with a stick I'll teach thee soon to speak as thou art told.
Whether ye will, or will ye not, for your husband you shall take
The young groom of our stable here, Jobik Alliadek."

"Jobik! alas what wretchedness! I never shall survive!
My mother! my poor mother! oh, if thou wert now alive."

"Go, weep out there in the court-yard; weep as long as you will,
And make wry faces: in three days you shall be married still!"

III.

'Twas about this time the sexton old, and in his hand his bell,
Was going all the country round, chiming the funeral knell:

"Pray for the soul of him that was a gallant cavalier;
While he lived a man of worth renown'd; a knight that knew not fear;
Mortally wounded by the thrust of a sword upon his side,
In a dreadful battle on yon plain, down beyond Nantes, he died;
And to-morrow about the sunset—there in his state he lies—
We shall bear him then to the White Church for his holy obsequies—
From the bridal ye are early back."—"We are early back; 'twere best;
Though the bridal is not over yet, nor the bridal evening feast.
My pity I could not restrain at that sad but lovely bride,
Nor disgust at that cow-keeping groom, that was standing at her side.
Around that poor young maiden there, that wept with all her soul,
All wept: the good old rector's self his tears could not control.
This morning in the parish church was none but wept, not one;
The young and old, they wept alike, save that step-dame alone.
The louder the minstrels to the hall-door sounded their bells of glee,
The more we strove to comfort her, the more heart-broken was she.
To the banquet table they led her up; to the seat of honour led;
Not a cup of water did she drink, nor taste a morsel of bread;
And as they went to undress her then, and put her in her bed,
From her finger she threw the ring, tore the garland from her head,
And with her hair dishevell'd, loose, from the mansion she hath flown.
Whither for refuge she has fled, no mortal yet has known."

IV.

The lights were all out in the manor hall, and each to rest was gone;
In another village at the farm was that poor maid alone.

"Who's

"Who's there?"—"Tis Nola, it is I; thy foster-brother's here."
 "And is it thou? In sooth it is, my foster-brother dear!"
 And out she rush'd; on the white steed with all her speed she sprung,
 And round her foster-brother's waist her soft right arm she flung.
 "Oh God, how fast, how fast we ride! sure a hundred leagues are o'er:
 How happy am I with thee, my love! I was ne'er so happy before.
 Is it still so far to thy mother's house? I would the way were done."
 "My dearest sister, hold me fast, we shall be there full soon."
 The owls before them fled away, and hooted as they pass'd;
 They startled all the forest beasts with the trampling of their haste.
 "How fleet is thy gallant courser; how glitters thine armour bright!
 How tall, my brother, art thou grown; much taller seems thine height.
 How beautiful I find thee, dear! Still are we far from home?"
 "Oh, hold me fast, my sister; soon to our journey's end we come."
 "Thy heart, my brother! frozen it seems, and chilly damp thy hair;
 Thy heart and hand are both like ice; thou'rt very cold, I fear."
 "Oh hold me fast, my sister, still; now, now we are very nigh;
 Now, hear ye not the minstrels shrill—our bridal melody?"

He scarce had ended speaking, when all at once the steed
 Stopp'd, with his limbs all shivering, and loud and fierce he neigh'd;
 And they were there in a fair isle, with gay troops dancing round;
 Youths and maidens hand in hand with spring and graceful bound;
 And all around with golden fruit rose many a tall green tree,
 While the sun behind the mountain tops rose up in majesty.
 And here there wound a fountain small of crystal without stain;
 And the spirits of men as they drank of it came back to life again:
 And among them was Gwennola's mother, and Gwennola's sister fair;
 And all day long was joy and song, and merry-making there.

We turn to one of several tales of unhappy love—very different indeed, in their tone and in their incidents—of maidens with youths destined to a life of celibacy. We must acknowledge that we wish Jannik Flecher had been Genevieve's first love; but we cannot suppress her naïve confession at the close of the second part:—

GENEVIEVE OF RUSTÉFAN.

I.

When young Jannik his sheep to the pasture brought,
 Of being a priest he little thought.
 "Priest or monk will I be ne'er,
 I've set my heart on a maiden fair."

Thus his mother one day began:
 "Thou'rt but a simpleton, my son Jann;
 Leave the sheep; 'tis time that thou
 Should go to the school at Kemper now.
 To be a priest you must study there,
 And bid adieu to the maidens fair."

II. In

II.

In all that land of the maidens fair,
 With Naour's daughters might none compare.
 Lord Naour's daughters, with loveliest grace,
 Lifted their heads in the market-place ;
 Among the other maids they shone
 As among the stars the summer moon.
 Each on her palfrey white was seen,
 As they rode to the Pardon at Pontaven.
 As to Pontaven to the Pardon they rode,
 The pavement rang where their palfreys trode.
 Her kirtle each of green silk had on ;
 Round their necks the golden chainlets shone.
 The youngest was loveliest far of these ;
 'Twas said she loved Jannik of Kempleiz.
 "To me four clerks their true love swore ;
 And priests they have become all four.
 Thou the last, Jannik Flecher, art ;
 And thou, alas ! wilt break my heart."

III.

As his Orders Jann Flecher went to receive,
 On her threshold sat sweet Genevieve :
 Upon the threshold, before the gate,
 Broidering the fine lace she sate :
 Fine lace with threads of silver white,
 Meet to cover a chalice bright.
 "Jannik Flecher, for my dear sake,
 The holy Orders, Oh do not take !
 To the holy Orders Oh do not haste !
 By the hours we two have together pass'd !"
 "Alas, turn back I may not now ;
 They will say I have broken my solemn vow."
 "And are they no more remembered,
 The sweet words we two have together said ?
 The ring of gold—lost can it be,
 That at the dance I gave to thee ?"
 "That I've lost that ring I dare not say ;
 'Tis God hath taken that ring away."
 "Come back, Jannik Flecher, ere yet too late,
 And I will give thee my whole estate.
 Jannik, come back ; to thy vows be true ;
 I'll follow thee all the wide world through.
 My feet in the wooden shoes I will hide,
 And labour in the fields by thy side.
 If thou wilt not listen to my prayer,
 The Extreme Unction, beseech thee, prepare."
 "Alas, I may not turn back again,
 I am bound to God by a holy chain ;
 'Tis the hand of God that holds me so ;
 To the holy Orders I must go."

IV.

Two years are pass'd ; from Kemper one day
Returning, Jannik pass'd that way.

" Joy to thee, lord of Rustéfan hall,
And joy to thine, both great and small.
Be joy and peace to thee and thine ;
More, alas, than can e'er be mine !
I beseech ye all to the church to pass,
When I consecrate first the holy mass."

" Yes, thy first mass attend will we ;
And the first offering mine shall be :
Twenty crowns will I offer then,
And thy god-mother, the good lady, ten.
Twenty crowns will I offer at least,
To do thee honour, thou young priest."

V.

As by Penn-al-Lenn I did pass,
Going to the holy mass,
I saw a crowd run to and fro,
Some in terror, some in woe.
" Good old Mother, tell me, I pray,
The holy mass, is it over to-day ?"
" In sooth the holy mass is begun,
But it ceased full long e'er it was done.
The young priest could not read it all,
For the tears that at Genevieve's sight 'gan fall.
The three great missals all were wet
With the tears from his eyes that were streaming yet.
And she ran forward, that young maid,
At the knees of the priest was prostrate laid.
" Oh pause, in the name of God, oh pause,
Thou of my death art the only cause."

VI.

Jann Flecher became a rector soon,
Rector of the town of Nizon ;
And I that have this ballad made,
Ofttimes have seen him weeping sad ;
Ofttimes to weep I have seen him come,
Alone upon sweet Genevieve's tomb.

Not only the long jealousies but the actual hostilities between Bretagne and France, when the ancient Celtic province was struggling to maintain her independence, would of course be fruitful subjects of inspiration with the Breton poets. One of the heroes of this warfare was Fontenelle, the Leaguer, a distinguished partisan in the insurrection against Louis XII., which took place after the death of the Duchess Ann. The traditions even of Brittany represent Fontenelle as an atrocious savage. M. Souvestre mentions

mentions a still living tradition at Beaumanoir, that he used to bathe his feet in the blood of young girls, whom he had ripped open for that purpose (vol. i. p. 204). He appears, however, in a more amiable light in the popular ballad; for although he does carry off the heiress by main force, yet after marriage he has kindled the feelings of the most ardent attachment in her heart. We should not do justice to Miss Costello if we did not give this as a second and favourable specimen of her powers:—

FONTENELLE.
Dialect of Treguier.

Fontanellan a barrez Prad
Bravan map a whiskaz dilad, &c.

I.

'Of all the youths that ever threw
A mantle o'er his shoulders wide,
The boldest that broad Cornouaille knew
Was Fontenelle, her flower and pride;
And he has ridden to Mes-ar-nou
To fetch an heiress for his bride;
That little heiress gay and free
Who plays beside her nurse's knee.

"Pretty heiress, tell me, pray,
Why you wander from your bower?"
"I am in the moat to play,
And I gather ev'ry flower—
Every flower that grows the best
For my foster-brother's breast.
For that gentle brother dear
I have robb'd each summer dell,—
But I dare not linger here,
Lest I meet with Fontenelle."—

"Nay now, pretty heiress,—hold,
Know'st thou Fontenelle by sight?"—
"No, but I have heard it told
He is fierce and fell as night;
And I hear my nurses say
That he steals young maids away!
Ay! and more than all the rest,
That he loves an heiress best."

In his arms he takes the child,
With caresses sweet and mild;
Places on the croupe his prize,
And to far St. Malo hies.

In St. Malo's convent long
Dwelt that heiress, free from wrong,
And her fourteenth summer past,
He has claim'd her hand at last.

II.

Loudly peals the castle bell,
For to-day is born an heir,
Like his father Fontenelle,
Like his heiress-mother fair.

Tidings

Tidings are from Paris come,
He must leave his child and home:
"News that brook of no delay,
Draw me from thy arms away."

"Fontenelle!—oh! do not go,
Fatal will thy journey be;
If, alas! thou leave me so,
Thy return I ne'er shall see.
Send a messenger with speed,
And for gold he shall not need."

"Weep not, dearest, wherefore fear?
I shall soon return with joy;
While I stay be light of cheer,
Tend with care our darling boy."

As he passed the gate he said
To the grooms and pages there,
"Keep your mistress safe from dread;
Guard my infant son with care;
And a banner rich and fine
Shall adorn Our Lady's shrine;
Vestments new, bedeck'd with gold,
Shall her holy form enfold,
If, returning, Fontenelle
Find his heir and lady well."

III.

"King and queen, and nobles gay,
Greeting I am come to pay."
"Fontenelle is welcome here,
He shall find no sorry cheer:
We have sought thee long in vain,
And thou go'st not hence again!"

"Nay, sir King, my will is free,
Or to go or to stay with thee!
Bid them saddle straight my steed,
Further words it shall not need."

"Hold!—thy castle is too far,
And the way is all too long;
Thou shalt sleep where bolt and bar
Keep my chambers fast and strong;
Chains my palace can allow
For a friend so true as thou!"

"Go, my page, be sure and fast;
Haste to Koad-e-lan and say,
'Gentle heiress, thou must cast
All thy lace and silk away;

Silks

Silks and lace, and jewels all,
 Broider'd robes of gems and gold,
 For thy husband is in thrall,
 And his days are well-nigh told.
 Bring a shirt my limbs to fold,
 And a sheet my corse to hold;
 Let the shirt be white to view,
 And the sheet of linen new,
 And a dish, with gilding chased—
 Where my head will soon be placed!
 And these ringlets of my hair
 To my castle's portal bear.
 Put them where the pious few,
 As they pass to mass, may say—
 'Virgin Mother! pure and true,
 Give the marquis grace to-day!' "
 "Take those tresses, part or whole,
 But a salver is not meet,
 For the traitor's head shall roll
 For a plaything in the street!"
 The little page, all sorrow, hied,
 And when to Koad-e-lan he came,
 "Good cheer, fair lady, hail!" he cried:
 "Oh, would my master had the same!
 He asks from thee a shirt alone,
 His slaughter'd body to enfold,
 A sheet to wrap his limbs of stone,
 A golden dish his head to hold!"

IV.

In Paris, men bewilder'd stand;
 The people all are crowding fast;
 A lady from a distant land
 Rides along the streets in haste.
 Koad-e-lan's fair heiress came
 In a robe of green so bright—
 (Ah! if I the truth should name,
 Black would be her robe as night!)
 "Sire!" she cried, "for mercy hear!
 Give, oh give my husband back!"—
 "Lady, dry the fruitless tear,
 He has perish'd on the rack!"
 If thou to Koad-e-lan should'st come,
 Thy heart with sorrow would o'erflow,
 To look on that deserted home,
 Where now the tall rank nettles grow.
 To see no fire upon the hearth,
 To hear no sound of joy or mirth:
 From floor to floor, from room to room,
 All wrapt in misery and gloom;
 The seats, the bowers—deserted all,
 And green weeds springing in the hall.
 The world all bright, and gay, and fair,
 But death and desolation there!
 While at the gate the poor attend,
 And bitter tears of anguish shed:
 "Alas! our mistress and our friend!
 The mother of the poor is dead!"

But the Gwerzennou, or Historic Ballads, though by far the most interesting and translateable portion of the Breton poetry, form but a small part of its wealth. They have much religious poetry, hymns, and legends of local saints. There are two very singular pieces, 'Hell,' and 'Paradise,' both in Villemarqué's and M. Souvestre's collections. The wildest Franciscan in the middle ages, or the fiercest Ranter of our own day, might here find images which would put to shame his darkest conceptions. Dante himself is almost gentle in comparison. 'Fire above your head—fire all around you—you are hungry? Eat the fire! You are thirsty? Drink hot rivers of brimstone or molten iron! . . . You will feel your flesh become red-hot coal, and yet you will live.'—*Souvestre*, vol. ii. p. 188.

The Legends of the Saints are told with the most lively and undoubting faith, and sometimes with very touching incidents. These bards are very fond, in the true spirit of popular poetry, of turning any domestic incident, any tragedy of real life, murder, infanticide, or any other dark crime or severe affliction, into a few homely stanzas, which have all the force and striking effect of truth. We have already mentioned the Sones, their Love Elegies, but besides these they have a vast number of amatory songs and ditties of every description. The following seems to be particularly ad-

mired : it sounds like a kind of remonstrance against the youths of family for seeking pleasures, and perhaps forming attachments, beyond the bounds of their native land :—

‘ THE SWALLOWS.

‘ Quietly winds the pathway small
To our village from the manor-hall ;
And by that pathway side is seen
A bush of blooming hawthorn green ;
The many flowers that thorn upon
Please well the lord of the manor’s son.
Oh, that I a hawthorn flower might be,
That his white hand might gather me,—
Gather me with a touch so light
Of his hand, as the flowers of the hawthorn, white.
Oh, that I a hawthorn flower might be,
That on his heart he might place me.

Ever, alas ! at winter fall
He leaves us and the manor-hall.
Away to France he is off so light,
Just with the swallow taking his flight.
But when we see the sweet spring come,
Him too we see returning home.
When in the fields the blue-bells blow,
And the grass in the meads begins to grow ;
When the chaffinch flutters on the wing,
And the little linnets sweetly sing,
He comes for the Easter festival
For the Pardon to the manor-hall.

Oh, how I wish that we had here
Flowers and festivals all the year !
Oh how I wish that ever were
The swallows fluttering in the air,
Over our chimneys every day,
And never taking wing away !

The Breton poets have not been without their longer and more sustained flights. M. Souvestre gives an interesting abstract of the ‘ Adventures of a young Breton,’ a poem of considerable length, and the most complete development of the struggle of a young cloarec between the conflicting feelings of earthly passion, and the call to his sacred profession. There are parts encumbered with all the classical pedantry, and even the heathen mythology, of a young student ; parts which, if we may judge from M. Souvestre’s abstract, show a depth of passion and a power of conception of no ordinary poetic merit. After a long inward struggle, the beauty, the fidelity, and the ardent love of the young maiden, are too strong for his holier aspirations. The marriage, and of course the abandonment of his more sacred avocation,

avocation, is agreed upon. He is arrested by the voice of God himself. He hears the voice of an invisible Being murmuring above him the awful lines:—

‘*Quid quietem quæris,
Cum ad laborem natus sis?*’

He stands awestruck; the blood freezes in his veins. The verse proceeds, in the language of the Breviary:—

‘*Hunc mundum miserum relinque,
Hunc mundum miserum relinque.*’

It is curious to observe in this, as in a subsequent passage, the use which is made of the impressive hymns of the church, with which the whole population, especially the cloarecs, appear completely familiar. If these poems had been known before, Goethe might have been suspected of taking a hint for that sublime scene in ‘Faust,’ where Margaret hears the Easter hymn.

M. Souvestre mentions likewise a modern unpublished poem on the French Revolution. If the inspiration of that poem is in harmony with the beautiful anecdote which he gives of those fearful times, it would be full of interest. ‘I will have all your steeples pulled down’ (said that same Jean Bon St. André, immortalised in Canning’s anti-Jacobin poem, to a peasant), ‘that you may no longer have any objects by which you may be put in mind of your old superstitions.’ ‘You cannot help leaving us the stars,’ said the peasant; ‘and we can see them farther off than our steeples.’

But the most singular part of Breton literature is their drama. Not, indeed, that any of the extant pieces have much pretension to antiquity; whatever may be the case with the historical ballads, the tragedies bear the manifest impress of the sixteenth century, or of still later times. In ‘Count William of Poitou,’ the young female demoniac who is exorcised by St. Bernard, invokes the aid of Luther and Calvin as well as of Satan; and there are many other indications of comparatively modern composition. Theatricals in Brittany, as everywhere else, are on the wane; Mr. Trollope was present at an exhibition of this kind, in which the Breton Thespis was announced, ‘*Plaustris vexisse poemata.*’ But to a recent period every Breton town was familiar with these legitimate representatives of the ancient Mysteries—in which—amid the wildest chaos of mythology, chronology, geography, and costume—were struck out some of those bold and rude, but still truly poetic conceptions, those effective situations and incidents, which characterise the early drama of all countries. In their profoundly Roman Catholic inspiration these works most resemble the religious plays and Autos of Spain; such

as the Spanish theatre might have exhibited if it had never had a Lope or a Calderon. Some of these tragedies, as it appears, have been printed, but are extremely rare; and we would be understood as professing to know nothing of them but from the work of M. Souvestre. Almost the whole of the third volume of the 'Derniers Bretons' (not a very copious one, indeed, for M. Souvestre and his publisher seem no slight proficient in the delicate art of book-making) is occupied by abstracts of the most remarkable among these dramas. There is, in fact, the genuine Mystery, but the Mystery of an age at once coarse and profligate. In that of 'Jacob,' we have a scene between Joseph and Potiphar's wife, in which the allusions to dress, habits, and manners, are of the age of Catherine de Medicis. Everything, observes M. Souvestre, is of that period, except the chastity of Joseph! M. Souvestre makes the following observations on the Breton art of dramatic poetry; we leave it, as a specimen of his manner, in the original language.

'Rien de plus simple que cette poétique. Toutes ses règles peuvent se réduire à une seule: *mettre les faits en action et en passer le moins possible*. Du reste, ni unité de lieu, ni unité de temps. D'une scène à l'autre, vous passez de Poitou en Turquie, de Paris dans l'Asie Mineure, et le drame contient parfois l'histoire de trois générations. L'unité d'intérêts, au contraire, est toujours scrupuleusement respectée: on peut même dire que l'observation de cette règle est portée jusqu'à l'exagération dans les drames Bretons. Tous les personnages se groupent confusément et sans valeur individuelle autour d'une figure unique plutôt que principale. Tout cela se comprend. L'unité d'intérêt est une révélation d'instinct, bien plus qu'une doctrine Aristotélique. Nulle part elle n'a dû être plus scrupuleusement révélée que dans les littératures naissantes et chez les peuples primitifs. Là en effet elle dut être nécessaire, et pour le poète encore trop inhabile pour suivre à la fois plusieurs pensées, et pour la foule trop peu intelligente pour partager en même temps son attention sur plusieurs personnages. Ce n'est que plus tard lorsque l'art s'est assoupli par l'usage, lorsque le peuple, plus prompt d'intelligence, s'est fait devineur et blasé, qu'il a fallu orner cette nudité grossière, encadrer l'égoïste et fatigante personnalité du drame, la déguiser sous les accessoires brillants, et reposer du héros par l'intérêt jeté sur ceux qui l'entourent. L'unité est alors devenue *prééminence d'une seule pensée sur les autres*; et non l'anéantissement de toutes au profit d'une seule. L'art a été le groupe harmonieux de Laocoon, au lieu de la solitaire et monotone statue de Memnon.'—t. iii. p. 78, 9.

Much of this is clever and just, but the illustration is not quite so happy, for the Memnon, we suspect, was but one of a vast gigantic group.

The three, which M. Souvestre selects from the ten or twelve Celtic dramas, are *Saint William*, Count of Poitou, the 'Quatre Fils d'Aymon,' and *Saint Triffine*.

The

The chief Breton Poets, according to M. Souvestre, are cow-herds, country tailors, students, and poor clerks. M. Souvestre allows his own fancy to run riot as to the author of Count William of Poitou, of whom, be it known, there is not the slightest evidence or tradition. But the particularity of the whole is curious and interesting as a sketch of Breton life, though not of the individual author.

'Ce fut *sans doute* ! dans quelque bourgade isolée du Léonais, pendant une de ces longues veillées d'hiver qui se prolongent devant les feux de bruyère, qu'un cloarec malade, revenu au foyer natal et tourmentant sa pensée dans le calme d'une méditation fiévreuse, conçut ce drame de *Saint Guillaume* Comte de Poitou. Enlevé subitement aux études arides, démaillotté des règles de son *Depautére*, il sentit peut-être tout-à-coup son imagination prendre des ailes. Penché près de l'âtre, et tout en écoutant le grésillement de la flamme, le rouet de sa mère, et la voix monotone d'une sœur idiote, murmurant quelques hymnes d'église, il lui sembla peut-être ouïr tout-à-coup des révélations mystérieuses que des génies lui faisaient à l'oreille. Il crut, au milieu de la fumée de l'âtre, et parmi ces rumeurs de la cabane paternelle, voir les étincelles du foyer prendre l'apparence de visions brillantes, ses rêveries intimes revêtir soudainement un corps et se mouvoir. Alors, ravie en extase, son âme jeune et aspirante, sa pauvre âme de mendiant et de serf, se rêva dans le corps de quelque fier seigneur, ayant à lui l'or et les femmes, et modelant la vie à ses désirs, comme le potier sa terre ; alors il se figura le monde entier, avec toutes ses joies et ses gloires, abattu à ses pieds comme un ennemi à sa merci ; et ivre de sa puissance et de sa richesse imaginaires il se roula, en idée, dans les jouissances terrestres ; il savoura la tyrannie, goûta avec rage au péché, se satura des bonheurs qui damnent !—jusqu'à ce qu'au milieu de cette frénétique ivresse, née de tant de désirs si long-temps comprimés, un triste tintement de la cloche du village, ou un saint verset, psalmodié plus distinctement par sa sœur, vint l'arracher aux hallucinations mondaines, lui parler de pénitence, et le jeter à deux genoux sur l'âtre, frappant sa poitrine et confessant ses mauvaises pensées.'

The Comte de Poitou is at once, adds M. Souvestre, an incarnation of sin and repentance. It is one of those tragedies which are to be found in the religious drama of most countries, in which every crime and iniquity is accumulated upon the head of some daring individual, in order that he may become the object of Divine grace. The highest flight of that drama is Calderon's *Devocion de la Cruz*, the sublime, as Mr. Coleridge said, of Roman-Catholic Antinomianism. This charge, however, cannot be made so strongly against Count William ; his long youth of enormities is balanced by many years of the most austere penance, and of fierce trial, through which he passes triumphant. The Count opens the play with a long monologue, in which he gives his

his birth, parentage, &c. ; he has spent all his estate, and is in sad want of money—he sends to summon the bishop, the seneschal, and the governor of the city (heaven knows what city) to present him each with a large sum ; on their refusal he breaks open the gates, kills the governor, but generously leaves the people their lives, they giving to him all their money. The Duke, the Count's brother, is sorely distressed, as a good Christian, at his reprobate life, his rapes, and robberies, and sets out to admonish him on the error of his ways, accompanied unhappily by his beautiful wife. Though the Duke gives a great deal of good advice, mingled with Latin quotations of the highest authority, Count William pays more attention to the beauty of his sister-in-law. He seizes her, turns his brother out of doors : as the Duke vainly appeals to God, the impious Count replies,—‘ Malediction ! I renounce God ! I will have her or thy life !’ M. Souvestre inserts rather a striking scene between the Duchess, after she has suffered violence, and the Count, which ends in his turning her too out of doors, in a fit of exasperation at her coldness and bitter complaints.—The next scene shows us the Count as a warrior. He defies the King of Turkey, who has subdued the kings of Spain, Hibernia, Germany, England, Candia, and Normandy, and at his defiance invades Poitou, but the Count is too much for him ; he is wounded, and his army dispersed. The Count's next enemy is one more formidable. The Count is excommunicated by the Pope ; against whom he raises an army. This gives occasion for some scenes of buffoonery, with which, like the Spanish, the Breton serious dramas are interlarded. The Count not only defeats the Pope, who appears on the stage, of course, in costume, but likewise an army of devils, whom the King of Turkey summons to his assistance.—Having thus arrived at the height of iniquity, having plundered bishops, perpetrated incest, dethroned a Pope, and beat the devils themselves, the turning point, the peripeteia has arrived, and St. Bernard, the great religious hero of the middle ages, is introduced to work the conversion of the mighty sinner. The Count of Poitou obeys the summons of St. Bernard ; he arrives at his monastery during the time of divine service—and one of his drunken companions proposes to fire the convent for the fun of seeing the monks truss up their robes, like young girls, to run away. At that instant the church breaks out into a splendid illumination, and the hymn is heard :—

‘ Pange lingua gloriosi
Corporis mysterium ;
Sanguinisque pretiosi
Quem in mundi pretium,

Fructus

Fructus ventris generosi
Rex effudit gentium.'

The sinful heart is melted; he falls on his knees, and entreats the mercy of God. His conversion, however, is not complete without a long and apparently very curious disputation with St. Bernard, who throughout preserves his mastery over the mind of the Count, and at last completely overawes and subdues his refractory spirit. The two last acts are filled with the penitence of Count William. He appears again at St. Bernard's monastery with a great troop of followers, but with his knees bleeding from his genuflexions at the countless crosses in his way, and with a rosary round the hilt of his sword. He confesses himself guilty of the seven capital sins, and expresses his fear that God has not angels enough in heaven to send to efface his crimes. St. Bernard commands him to renounce the world, to put on sackcloth, and retire to a solitary hermitage in the desert. But even in the desert he is not safe. He is visited by a beautiful girl, who tries him as St. Antony of old and almost all the hermit saints of the calendar were tried. The next incident, we agree with M. Souvestre, is finely imagined. Satan assumes the shape of a warrior of Poitou:—'William! thy country is laid waste; thy city is besieged by the enemy; if thou dost not come to its succour, it is lost.' *William*: 'What, my city? Cannot they defend it? Are not the walls strong?' *The demon*: 'The inhabitants are at the last extremity, and I come to summon thee to their succour ere yet too late.' *William*: 'To succour them! and can I in this dress? (He rends down his hermit's dress.) Oh had I arms, the siege should soon be raised.' *The demon*: 'Lo! here they are. I have them ready.' And Satan arrays him in complete armour. The angel Gabriel appears at the instant, and disabuses him. The drama ends with the personal appearance of the Virgin Mary; whether the knot is worthy of the *Dea vindex*, we presume not to decide.

The 'Quatre Fils Aymon' seems, with all deference to M. Souvestre, to be but a noisy, bustling melodrama; but Saint Triffine is just the legend which Tieck in his younger days might have delighted to dramatise, or which might even tempt his graver old age. It is a suffering, calumniated wife and mother, whose whole life is a trial, from the malice, hatred, and sorcery of Nervoura, her wicked brother-in-law. Her adventures are not altogether unlike those of the Heilige Genoveva. But if the reader would know more of her sufferings, and of her saintly patience, we must refer him to the at once lively and learned pages of M. Souvestre.

- ART. IV.—1. *Report from Select Committee on the Disposal of Land in the British Colonies.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 1836.
2. *History of New South Wales.* By Dr. Lang. 2 vols. 1837.
3. *Thoughts on Convict Management.* By Captain Macnochie. 1838.
4. *Convict Discipline, Van Diemen's Land.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 1838.
5. *South Australia, First and Second Annual Reports.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 1836 and 1837.
6. *The History, &c. of South Australia.* By John Stephens. 1839.
7. *Western Australia and Australind.* By Thos. John Buckton, Esq. 1840.
8. *Information relative to New Zealand.* By John Ward, Esq. 1840.
9. *Supplementary Information relative to New Zealand.* 1840.
10. *Copy of a Despatch from Sir G. Gipps to Lord John Russell.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 9th March, 1841.

SOME of us are old enough to remember the time when the continent of America was held to be not only a newly discovered but a *recently created* country—some vague reasons being then assigned for such an hypothesis, not now worth noticing. Something of the same sort has been hinted at with regard to Australia, because it is, even more than America was, different in many respects from the rest of the world, and wholly different from the numerous populous and luxuriant islands by which it is embraced on the northern and eastern sides. Of all these islands the inhabitants were found in possession of various sailing craft and boats; but no trace of navigation has been discovered in all Australia,—no wreck nor remnant of navigable craft, along a coast of seven or eight thousand miles, although every part of it has been visited from the time of Dirk Hartog, 1616, to the present day; nor is there, so far as is yet known, a single native animal, from man downwards, in the interior, that can be traced to any other country.

Discarding all notion of Australia being a more recent creation than other countries, we were somewhat startled at an observation made to us by Captain Grey (now Governor of *South Australia*), whose intelligence and experience entitle his opinion to notice—but indeed the same remark has been made by other travellers—that the succession of ridges and valleys, of which this great country

country is composed, conveys the idea of the whole country having once been an archipelago of islands. One thing is certain, that the force which has been, and still is occasionally exerted to upheave islands and mountains of some thousand feet in height, in other parts of the world, has been wanting here; no volcanos, active or extinct, having been discovered in Australia.

The great difference found in man and other animals, as well as in the vegetable products of this continent—for so we must call it—is very remarkable. The whole race of human beings that inhabit it are homogeneous, or of one and the same variety of the species, and that sufficiently distinct to constitute a difference from those of other parts of the world. Nobody has been able to detect the slightest connexion between their language, of which there are numerous dialects, and any other variety of human speech. Their shelter, when the state of the weather requires it, consists in a simple temporary hut of reeds or twigs, of the form of a bee-hive cut vertically in two. With the quickest perception, and great powers of mimicry; with a readiness to distinguish right from wrong, they are found to have no sense of religious obligation; not the most distant idea of a Supreme Being; no prayers nor supplications to any sort of idol; no priests, nor any kind of ceremonies indicating a religious feeling. All the indigenous quadrupeds differ from those of other countries; no great mammalia; but few small ones, and all of a peculiar nature, as the kangaroo, and that very strange quadruped with a duck's bill, the *ornithorhynchus paradoxus*. Neither horses, oxen, asses, sheep, nor swine, existed on any part of this great continent. A species of eagle, paroquets without end, black swans and white crows, black crows with white wings, and white crows with black ones, black magpies, with many other peculiar birds, are here found; others, more common, may have traversed the sea by help of their wings. This land is free from beasts of prey, and nearly so from venomous reptiles.

Fine forests everywhere abound; but two-thirds of the timber-trees are of one genus, the *Eucalyptus*, the species unknown elsewhere. There are trees whose tops are grass instead of branches and leaves, yielding a fragrant gum: most of the finest shrubs are of the *Banksia* family, also peculiar to Australia. The flowering plants, annual or perennial, are many of them exceedingly beautiful, but so different in general from those of other regions, that Mr. Robert Brown must have been somewhat puzzled to find names for so many new genera. This country has some other peculiarities. Surrounded by islands, on which the most active and violent volcanic eruptions are constantly going on,

on, the only movement of that class we have heard of, is a solitary earthquake. Whole tracts are covered with sand; few rivers of magnitude, and most of them dry in hot weather; and occasionally no rain falls for two or three years together. Of some four millions of square miles in the interior we know nothing. Various expeditions have failed to penetrate regions which present no obstacle but their extent, and their deficiency in means of subsistence. A gentleman, however, of the name of Eyre, has started, last year, from the head of Spencer's Gulf, with the design of planting the British standard on the central point of Australia, and proceeding thence to the Gulf of Carpentaria or Port Essington. Let us hope that he may be more fortunate than his predecessors.

Such is the brief and imperfect sketch of a vast region, on a large portion of which we are effecting a rapid change—and surely a most salutary change, as regards the aborigines, the settlers, and the mother-country herself. Bonaparte was not ignorant, when he called out for 'ships, colonies, and commerce,' of what their advantages were. It was not mere bluster—an ebullition of temper: he knew what a rich harvest England was reaping from them; he neither mistook nor overlooked their combined value. How, indeed, could any one overlook the fact, that without colonies commerce could not be supported,—that without commerce, though ships might be built, seamen would not be found to navigate them? But the peculiarity of his personal position forced him into far different lines of action—his ambition got the better of his judgment and discretion, paralysed the action of commercial and manufacturing industry, and converted the people into a mass of brute force, careless of everything but the false glare of honour and the empty name of glory.

England, on the contrary, during the long and arduous struggle, not only maintained her old colonies, but added new ones to the list; and we need only say to those who affect to disparage and undervalue colonization, if there still be any such, look to the old colonies formed by British subjects in North America; call to recollection what they were some two hundred years ago, and see what they now are—a first-rate nation in all social, commercial, and political relations; and, we may almost say, including their mercantile navy, the second maritime power of the world: and then, on the other hand, observe to what a deplorable state of destitution the once flourishing and powerful kingdoms of Spain and Portugal have been brought by the loss of *their* colonies, together with which were also lost their ships, their commerce, and their prosperity. In truth, those
who

who would give up our colonies must also be prepared to give up our commerce, and, above all, our *navy*. We need not here enter into a proof of the fact that colonies are the nursery of a navy, and that the expense of colonies is part of the price which we pay for being mistress of the seas. Those who look at our colonies as a mere debtor and creditor account in the budget are very short-sighted politicians—their *influence* in various ways is vastly greater than their direct action, and in no view so important as in maintaining our naval power, and consequently our national independence and authority.

Mr. Wolryche Whitmore, a truly benevolent man, in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons on the *Disposal of Waste Lands in our Colonies*, after dwelling on the crying demands of the Irish poor for that relief which emigration would afford them, proceeds thus:—

‘But is it for the poor only,’ he asks, ‘that emigration, or, to speak more properly, colonization, is needed? Is there full employment here for the more educated? Can every younger brother, even of the wealthiest families, find a field whereon to exercise his talents? Can every farmer’s son stock a farm, and get one? Can every tradesman’s son or apprentice set up for himself in business, with a fair chance of success? We all know this is not the case; the competition is keen; the weaker go to the wall, and are reduced to hopeless misery, or sink at once down into a lower grade of society. Look again at lawyers, physicians, apothecaries, and all that numerous class, possessed, as a body, of great talent, of information and industry, and inquire whether they do not find the field for the employment of their talents fatally circumscribed? But there is another class still more hopeless; I mean females: what numbers are doomed in this country to pass their lives in celibacy and solitude; eminently qualified, perhaps, to become useful members of society; excellent wives; admirable mothers! To them the means of discharging their duties are forbidden; their affections are nipped in the bud; their hearts often broken by the chilling hand of poverty, and the want of employment of those upon whom they would otherwise have leant, and in leaning, formed in their turn the steadiest prop and surest consolation. I should be disposed to carry this view still further: I think that by extending the field for employment for the talent, as well as the labour of the people, you will prevent the frequency of foreign war, and aggression against your own laws and institutions.’—*Report*, No. 1, p. 2.

We see the exaggeration of these statements, but still there is solid truth at the bottom of them; and if we had space at present for an argument on colonial policy, we think there are classes of persons, superior to any here indicated, who might be fairly brought within the category of the Report. But we do not at this time enter upon the vast and all-important field of discussion which here tempts us. We wish to keep in this paper to matters
of

of the plainest and most immediately practical order—and we suppose it will be conceded universally that, whatever else may be wanted, and ought to be supplied, the demand for efficient labour, and efficient capital to set that labour at work, is urgent.

There is, however, one great class of unfortunate beings, who always rise to our mind in connection with every question of colonization. We allude to those multitudes of young people, of both sexes, whose lamentable situation we have dwelt upon in many of our recent Numbers: those thousands of human beings, whose cruel and helpless lot has been thrown into cotton-mills, silk-manufactories, and lace-mills, and other large manufacturing establishments; a condition which, if more generally and accurately known, could scarcely be tolerated in a moral, and above all in a religious, community. Humanity, as well as sound policy, revolts at the idea of children of the tenderest age, and even of the tenderest sex, being shut up in dark, dirty, unwholesome alleys, and in confined cells, or in choking cotton-mills, for twenty hours a-day, seldom less than sixteen, breathing a contaminated atmosphere, crippled in their limbs, their minds enervated, and their morals corrupted; so that when grown up they become a burthen to themselves and a plague-spot to their friends and society. We fear that such evils are, to a lamentable degree, inseparable from our modern manufacturing system; but it is our duty to be earnest and unceasing in our endeavours to mitigate the mischief, and control whatever part of it springs from the dark, deliberate cruelty of pampered avarice; and we must say that we think the best and most wholesome corrective, for the *mass* of the evil, is the opening *other issues* for industry. While the manufacturers have a monopoly of labour, too many of them will be hard task-masters; but when an option of some other channel of exertion is afforded to labour, it becomes *twice blessed*; it blesses those whom it directly relieves, and it blesses, by its consequential effect, those it leaves behind—for masters will treat with more liberality and tenderness those to whom a refuge from hardships and oppression is not inaccessible; and for this reason, as well as for their individual advantage, we do maintain that the superabundant juvenile population of the manufacturing districts, of both sexes, from the age of ten to fifteen years, could not by any possibility be so well disposed of as in the Australian colonies. If asked in what way? our reply would be, as domestic servants in respectable families where such are much wanted, and to assist in attending the sheep-pastures. They would be sought after, as being more trustworthy than convicts, and supply the place of adult free labourers, too much diverted, as we think, from the more important pursuit of agriculture; sheep being the great staple

staple of the Australian colonies, there is necessarily much want of young and active persons to look after them.

What a blessing to these poor creatures, we have mentioned, would the change be to good air, good food, and wholesome exercise! what an improvement in the condition of the diminished numbers left behind! and what a benefit to the colonists! The increase of sheep is in such rapid progression—we had almost said in geometrical progression—that we only fear the market for wool may ere long be so overstocked as to make it not worth exporting.

We may be asked who is to bear the expense of sending these young persons out? We reply, the Emigration and Land Committee may well expend 6000*l.* or 8000*l.* of the land fund to convey 1000 of these helpless creatures to Australia. Or why not the Australian public, who must benefit by them? or, as a last resort, the Government at home? We are fully aware of the necessity of economy in the public expenditure, but when we see 60,000*l.* voted for sending upwards of 150 officers and seamen into the pestilent swamps of Africa, under pretence of destroying the slave-trade—the absurdity of which is as glaring as the destruction of human life is certain—we cannot forbear expressing a wish that some little share of the nation's bounty should be bestowed in alleviating misery nearer home, and for which we are more immediately responsible to man and to God. *Homo sum, nil humanum à me alienum puto*, is a noble principle, the purest and the highest that pagan antiquity has produced; but it must still be subservient to the still more imperative practical precept, that conscientious and useful precept, *Charity should begin at home*.

As to convicts—the least desirable class of labourers *anywhere* are undoubtedly persons who have been convicted of penal offences; but they are the only efficient resource during a number of years after a colony is established: this has been clearly proved by the slow progress made by free settlers in that of Swan River, and the present flourishing state of New South Wales and its dependencies, which owe very much of their present prosperity to the labour of convicts; ay, to the *assignment* of convicts, notwithstanding the priggish sentimentalities of the Archbishop of Dublin, and the hot-headed rashness of Lord Howick, who, taking his lesson from Mr. Maconochie's book, sets down the employer a tyrant and the convict a slave. What then, we ask, is his opinion of the Molochs of the mills, to whom so many thousand children are annually sacrificed? If an honest Australian farmer who employs and pays a convict sentenced to seven years' punishment is a tyrant, and the latter a slave, we should like to know how his Lordship

Lordship classes the mill-owners and the children—how an industrious tradesman and his seven years' apprentice? He must know, from the position he held in the Colonial Office, that multitudes of those whom he designates as *slaves*, by industry and good conduct, have contributed very largely to their own comfort and the wealth and population of the colony. How much stronger would be our argument, if it suited our present purpose, to take a still wider view of the subject, and to consider that these miscalled slaves are criminals, in whose favour the lenient justice of the mother-country substitutes forced labour for an ignominious death,—the pickaxe and spade in Australia for the cells of Newgate and the gallows at the Old Bailey! But we have stronger grounds of complaint against the Whig-created archbishop than his mawkish sentimentality, and are rejoiced to find that the *misrepresentations* circulated on his authority have been 'so properly, so strongly, and earnestly deprecated, and the correctness of the statements themselves so emphatically denied, by the Lord Bishop of Australia,' as Sir George Gipps has stated in his letter to Lord John Russell, of 23rd October, 1840. The archbishop, at a meeting held at Dublin, authorised his chaplain to move a resolution that 'It is unjustifiable to induce intending emigrants to take up their abode in the midst of the vice and immorality which notoriously prevail in the penal colonies;' and his officious chaplain added, 'It is in vain to think that a colony composed of such licentious, uneducated, and vicious inhabitants, should ever become respectable.' The archbishop knows best what his motives have been for calumniating one colony in order to prevent Irish emigration to it, and to divert it to another, and that other New Zealand; of which one would be apt to suspect him to be a proprietor or shareholder. We cannot too strongly urge our opinion, that for some years to come, both emigration and transportation are indispensably necessary to the prosperity of the Australian colonies, more particularly the two oldest.

One *fact* for the Archbishop of Dublin. It is stated by Sir G. Gipps to Lord John Russell 'as a proof of the condition of the labouring classes in New South Wales, and of the advantages which persons may reasonably expect to share in, by emigrating to its shores.' Sir George says: 'I would beg to refer your Lordship to the evidence of the accountant of the savings' bank, that during the year 1839 (the year of the greatest scarcity ever known in the colony) the bank opened 100 new accounts; and that during the present year (1840) the average number of new depositors is 150 per month; that nineteen depositors out of every twenty belong to the labouring classes; and that the present amount of deposits

deposits (exclusive of those of convicts) is 127,000*l.* The governor adds, 'I hesitate not confidently to assert that there is no country in which labourers living in equal comfort can put by so large a portion of their wages.' So much for the Most Reverend Political Economist, and his Reverend Coadjutor!

In the early times of the Australian colonies, and indeed until a few years ago, the distribution of land was made in the most lavish and improvident manner, and without any fixed regulations with regard to situation, quantity, or price; the evil of which is scarcely removed at the present day. The governors had unlimited authority to make grants, and they lavished their favours with an unsparing hand; 50,000 acres, 100,000 acres, 500,000 acres, were given to individuals who had no means whatever to put a spade in the ground, except by a few convicts, whose assignment probably accompanied the grant. A Governor, by law, could help his friends to a slice of land, but was debarred from conferring any on himself; there was not much difficulty, however, in getting over this bar. The practice was notorious, a case of which came out in evidence before a committee of the House of Commons. A governor arrived at Sydney, to supersede the existing one: the latter says to his intended successor, 'There is a fine piece of land to give away at such a place; I cannot take it myself, but I can consign it over to you.' His successor ascends the *musnud*, and cannot do less than return the compliment by finding out another slice, equally good, to confer on his benefactor, now a mere private gentleman. Juggles of this kind, which enable a man to do for a friend what he cannot do for himself, cannot, *à priori*, be guarded *against*; but when once discovered, should be effectually barred for the future.

Lord John Russell, in a despatch, dated in May, 1840, states that the rapid extension of settlement over the surface of New Holland renders it natural to expect that new arrangements should be necessary for the administration of its affairs, and he therefore thinks it desirable that the present territory of New South Wales should be divided into three distinct portions or districts, to be distinguished by the names of *Northern*, *Middle*, and *Southern* Districts. The limits of the northern district his lordship does not for the present define, but the separation of the southern from the middle or Sydney district is to be made by the whole course of the Murrumbidgee and the Murray rivers, until the latter meets the eastern boundary of the South Australia, which will constitute the limit to the westward both of the Sydney and the Port Philip district. The general direction of the
Murrumbidgee

Murrumbidgee being, after leaving the boundary of the original settlement of New South Wales, nearly east and west, appeared to Lord John a more convenient and well-defined boundary than to adopt a parallel of latitude.

In making this division of New South Wales into districts, Lord John Russell is of opinion that a fixed price constitutes the best method of disposing of the land; that sales by auction are attended with delay and uncertainty; that under a system of fixed price, the emigrant, before he leaves home, can ascertain what extent of land he can afford to purchase. He thinks, also, that, if the government establish one uniform price for all lands, the best lands will be taken up first, instead of, under a difference of price, persons being tempted to begin by purchasing lands of secondary qualities. The governor and council, however, wholly disagree with Lord John Russell on this point, and consider that the system of sale by public auction is the best mode of obtaining the real value of land, while it exercises a beneficial influence on the welfare of the community.

For certain reasons Lord John has decided that, in the *middle* district, or that of Sydney, the sale of land must continue to be by auction, and the upset price 12*s.* an acre. But in Port Philip, all lands, in future, will be open to sale at one uniform price, except lands required for public purposes, and town lots already laid out, which must, like those in occupation, continue to be sold by auction. He observes that, in Melbourne, town lots had produced on an average nearly 130*l.* per acre; and that in Williamstown, with all its scarcity of water, the price had been from 90*l.* to 100*l.* an acre. Lord John therefore proposes that, in this district, when towns may be laid out on the sea-coast in lots of acres, or equal parts of acres, the price shall be fixed at the uniform rate of 100*l.* per acre.

There is to be no reservation of minerals. We have some doubts of the expediency of this as a general principle, both as to policy and as to justice: as to policy, because mining interests are of so peculiar a nature that they require for their encouragement and protection a very peculiar legislation; as to justice, because when you sell the land at a price proportionate to its visible and known qualities, it seems rash and improvident to throw in the chance of an exorbitant increase of value not originally contemplated, and which may eventually work the greatest injustice to adjoining proprietors. But so it seems it has been at present (though we trust not permanently) regulated. All deeds of grant throughout the colony shall convey to the purchaser everything below and everything above the surface, and the uniform fixed price

price shall be, for the present, 1*l.* the acre; the same principle to be applied to the Northern district, whenever settlement shall be made in that part of New South Wales. This price is considered reasonable, and did appear to answer well in the neighbouring colony of South Australia, until the recent explosion somewhat retarded its progress. Lord John is of opinion that, in the Southern and Northern districts, lots of land should consist of 160 acres, or one quarter of a square mile (and not, as usual in the Middle district, of one square mile), or perhaps of 80 acre sections. We should prefer 40 and even 20 acre lots, in such favourable situations as would enable the labouring agriculturist, with his family, or a free convict who may have saved a little money, to become proprietors of land—many hundreds of whom, for instance, might be most advantageously located in the rich valley of the Murray river.

These measures are among the most important that have lately engaged the attention of the Colonial government, and, at first sight, might appear as the most promising for the well-being and extension of these valuable colonies; but we confess that, as we have had some doubt of the prudence of disposing absolutely of all minerals at the rate indicated by the value of the surface, we have still greater as to the equity of a *fixed price* for every description of land, unless uncommon pains are taken to lay out the lots so as to bring them, as nearly as circumstances will admit, to some kind of *average value*; otherwise, as the several districts fill with population, those who come nearly the last must inevitably be worst served, and compelled to put up with inferior lands that have been rejected by others. No doubt this, if found to be an evil, may be rectified, if attention be given to it by an honest and able land-surveyor. From what we have seen, however, of colonial land-jobbing, we wish there were some better security than the character of the individual surveyor; the able are not always honest, nor the honest always able; and it should be recollected that we are laying the *foundations* of a new world, and that an error in the foundation may cramp and inconvenience the future edifice without the possibility of amendment or redress.

Another very material object to the agricultural emigrant has been noticed by his lordship. 'It has long been a defect,' he observes, 'and a source of regret to persons who, in leaving their country for Australia, were acquainted with deserving labourers willing to accompany them, that they had no means of obtaining a free passage for them.' To such emigrants, he proposes they should name a proportionate number of labourers to be carried out to the colony, upon bounty, under such regulations as shall from time to time be made for the purpose, by the Board of

Land and Emigration. This or some other efficient means have become a matter of necessity, more especially for colonies into which it would seem to be intended no convicts are henceforward to be allowed to enter.

It is now our intention to take a brief view of the progress and present state, as late as the returns go, of the colony of New South Wales, and its dependencies, together with some others, either belonging to, or assumed by, Great Britain in the Southern Ocean.

NEW SOUTH WALES and its Dependencies.—It is now just fifty-three years since Captain Philip of the Royal Navy, with a small establishment of officers and marines, free settlers, and a party of convicts, amounting altogether to nearly 1000 persons of all descriptions, left England for the purpose of forming an establishment in Botany Bay. 'The passage,' says Mr. Collins, the historiographer of the settlement, 'was, under the blessing of God, happily completed in eight months and one week.' The same voyage is now 'happily completed' in three and a half or four months at most. 'Out of the above number there died on the passage, *only* (he says) thirty-two;' now, however, it rarely happens that a single life is lost on the passage, but very often it does happen that, instead of losing a life, a female convict ship lands on the colony two or three individuals more than she took on board in England.

Here then we have a most favourable comparison on two points; the improvement in navigation, and the health of passengers—the latter owing, as far as convicts are concerned, to wholesome food, comfortable clothing, and skilful medical attendance. In the early times of the settlement, it is notorious, the convicts suffered much by the improvident, not to say inhuman, practice of sending them out by contract at so much per head, not for those *delivered* in the colony, but for those *received* on board in England; instances, in such cases, were known to have occurred, of more than half the cargo perishing on the passage—and no wonder—the greater the loss of life, the greater the profit of the contractor. Three ships of this description, with about 750 convicts on board, buried on the passage no less than 261 men, 11 women, and 2 children. Another transport introduced the gaol fever, scurvy, and dysentery, of which had previously died 95 out of 300 embarked. If we consider, in addition to all this, the turbulent and refractory conduct of the convicts when on shore, their desertions, and maltreatment of the natives, and the executions which were absolutely necessary to be carried into effect, no wonder that poor Governor Philip did not find himself upon a bed of roses.

The

The determination of the government, however, had been taken to form an establishment on the great continent of Australia, and the principles, which seem to have led to it, were the following:—

1. To empty the gaols and houses of correction.
2. To transplant the criminals to a place where, by labour, with moral and religious instruction, their conduct may be reformed.
3. To afford at the same time an asylum for free emigrants.
4. To provide a present relief and future benefit to the mother country.

Unfavourable as was the prospect in the beginning, a very few years evinced a great improvement, and afforded hope that the colony of New South Wales would realize the objects which the founders of it had contemplated. It has, as we shall be able to show, fully realized all these objects. The last return received of the population, produce, stock, and land in cultivation, will afford the best proof of this.

Prosperous as we now deem the colony of New South Wales to be, we are not exactly prepared to adopt the *prosperity test* of Sir George Gipps; but on this point we cannot do better than give an extract from a letter of Lord John Russell to him, dated 28th June, 1840:—

‘ You have pointed out very forcibly the policy and justice of charging local expenses and local improvements on local rates; and many of your observations appear to me to be marked by a large and enlightened comprehension of the true interests of the colony.

‘ I am sorry to perceive that the expense of police and gaols causes much complaint, and is borne unwillingly by the legislature. I cannot enter on this subject without referring to the general financial state of the colony.

‘ Of the ordinary revenue of 202,000*l.* for the year 1838, it appears that there was raised, including arrears,

From duties on spirits imported	. . .	£109,645
„ on spirits distilled in the colony	. . .	2,755
„ on tobacco imported	. . .	20,935
„ on licences to retail wine and spirituous liquors	. . .	10,275

PORT PHILIP.

From duties on spirits imported	. . .	867
„ on tobacco imported	. . .	801

£ 145,278

‘ Other incidental receipts amount to about 10,000*l.*, leaving the amount of actual taxation, not raised from spirits, wine, and tobacco, about 47,000*l.* for the year.

‘ I cannot consider either that this taxation is very onerous, or that it presses unduly on the resources of the colony; indeed, you observe in

your minute that "in these items of revenue which form a surer test of prosperity, there has been an increase, though a small one;" and, in the conclusion, you state that "the condition of the colony is one of unexampled prosperity, and that measures of common prudence only are required to insure the long continuance of the many advantages which the colony enjoys."

'If, on the other hand, however, I refer to the expenditure, I am obliged to say that the large increase of late years appears inconsistent with those measures of "common prudence" which you recommend.

'Taking several of the principal branches of expenditure, as compared with the year 1834, I find—

	1834.	1838.
Civil department	£40,372	£65,497
Surveyor-General's department . .	12,090	16,642
Department of roads, &c. . . .	20,043	67,399
Town Surveyor of Sydney	230	14,689
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£72,735	164,227
		72,735
		<hr/>
		£91,492

showing an increase on these heads alone of 91,000*l.*, being about three-fourths of the whole expenditure of the colony for the year 1834.

'I am ready to admit, that, in sanctioning this increase, you have been supported, and even outrun, by the general demand for new offices and augmented salaries; that the Legislative Council have placed no check on those demands; and that the increasing prosperity of the colony has blinded all classes to the improvidence of the course pursued. Nor is it out of the usual course, that when the ruinous consequences are at length perceived, the blame should be thrown on the government of the mother country, and the whole evil be attributed to the demands made more than five years ago by the Treasury.'

Increase of population, and extension of territory, stock, and produce, while they contribute to the resources of the colony, must necessarily add also to its expenditure, by new appointments or elevation of old ones, and may therefore be considered as some test of its increasing prosperity. But though the extravagant expenditure, which usually takes place in the capital of a nation, as in London and Paris, is an indication of wealth, it affords no criterion of the general prosperity of a country. Thus, if we had no other test of the prosperity of New South Wales than that of the ostentatious extravagance which stares in the face every visiter of Sydney, we might arrive at a false conclusion: nor should we venture to rely, as a measure of *general* prosperity, on a fact confidently stated, that the minimum price of building-ground in and near Sydney is 1000*l.* an acre; that in eligible localities allotments have been sold at as much as 10,000*l.* to 20,000*l.*;

and

and that even money at the rate of 30,000*l.* an acre has been obtained for corner allotments (gin palaces?) in peculiarly eligible situations. (What will the Westminsters and the Portmans say to this?) The 'six steam flour-mills' and the 'number of wind-mills on the heights,' however, tell better: then there are soap, tallow, and sperm-candle manufactories; founderies, breweries, distilleries for the manufacture of colonial gin from maize and barley; and a great variety of other manufactories, all of which are sufficiently indicative of rural wealth. This is further illustrated by the market, which is held twice a week.

'The corn and cattle market, for horses, sheep, cattle, pigs, grain, hay and straw, is held at the southern extremity of the town; the general market is situated somewhat nearer the harbour; and the large and commodious suite of buildings recently erected for the accommodation of the numerous frequenters of that busy scene, not only forms an appropriate ornament to the town, but affords a large annual revenue to the government. Grain and dairy produce of all kinds, eggs and poultry of all descriptions, potatoes, pumpkins, melons, apples, pears, peaches, apricots, oranges, lemons, loquets, grapes, figs, cherries, strawberries, native currants, with all the variety of vegetables cultivated in the mother country, are procurable in their respective seasons in the Sydney market, at reasonable prices and of superior quality.'—*Lang*, vol. i. p. 354.

The Botany Bay folks have the indulgence of *five* newspapers, 'Tegg's Magazine,' and abundance of pamphlets. They have besides a 'Theatre Royal,' which Dr. Lang will not vouch for being a *School of Virtue*. The reverend gentleman, however, after slightly alluding to the 'colonial taste for horse-racing, cricketing, and regattas,' and their want of taste in leaving the Botanical Garden a solitude, gives an amusing account of their daily drives,—for every person, he tells us, who can barely live, 'forthwith possesses himself of a horse and *shay* for *pleasuring*, to be transformed in due time into a curricule and pair.'

'A road was formed, during Governor Macquarrie's administration, at the expense of the people of Sydney, as far as the lighthouse on the South Head; and that road has ever since been the favourite resort of the *beau monde* of the Australian capital. About four o'clock in the afternoon—before dinner in the *haut ton* circles, but some time after it among people of inferior station—all the coach-house doors in Sydney fly open simultaneously, and the company begin to take their places for the afternoon drive on the South Head Road. In half an hour the streets are comparatively deserted; by far the greater portion of the well-dressed part of the population being already out of town. In the mean time, the long line of equipages—from the ponderous coach of the member of council, moving leisurely and proudly along, or the lively barouche of Mr. Whalebone, the ship-owner, to the *one-horse-shay*, in which the landlord

landlord of the *Tinker's Arms* drives out his blowzy dame to take the hair arter dinner—doubles Hyde Park Corner, and arrives on the Corso; while ever and anon some young bachelor merchant or military officer, eager to display his superior skill in horsemanship, dashes briskly forward along the cavalcade at full gallop.*—*Lang*, vol. i. pp. 357, 358.

The population of Sydney on the 1st January, 1838, had reached nearly 20,000 souls;* and there is little doubt that by this time it is not less than 30,000. A considerable portion of these are *emancipists*—most of them once *assigned* convicts—who contrive to succeed better in the capital than in the rural districts. The number of convicts imported, from the year 1830 to 1838, amounted to 30,212; and of these 10,149 had become free by servitude, and 1100 by pardon. The last official returns that we have seen are those of the 1st January, 1838. At that period the population of New South Wales consisted of—males, 55,539; females, 21,557; total, 77,096. Of these there were—free males, 30,285; free females, 18,980; total, 49,265. Convict males, 25,254; convict females, 2577; total, 27,831. But we know that, in 1839, the population exceeded 114,000, and in 1840 was nearly 130,000.

As the population of the whole colony by the census taken in 1835 was only 39,797, it would appear to have nearly doubled itself in three years. At the end of 1837 it was 77,006, and at the middle of 1840 is supposed to have exceeded 130,000;—it therefore continues pretty nearly to do so; and the revenue appears to keep pace with it. The ordinary revenue was—at the end of 1837, 202,580*l.*; of 1839, 244,777*l.*; increase, 42,197*l.*

It appears remarkable that among the free settlers there should be so great a disparity between the sexes as eleven men to four women; but in these are included all the *emancipists*, about a third of the whole. In the convicts, the disproportion appears to be as twelve men to one woman. The consequence of this may well be imagined, and the fact points out most strongly the necessity of sending out as many female convicts as the home government have in custody, instead of shutting them up in gaols and penitentiaries in England, at an enormous expense, from whence they generally come out more debased than when they entered: whereas transportation has not only saved crowds from misery, and not a few from the gallows, but has actually converted thousands into wealthy citizens, and many of them into good moral and religious subjects. For it is due to the colonists to say, that neither care nor expense have been spared in establishing schools

* *Viz.* :—12,111 males; 7618 females; total, 19,729. Of these the convicts were, 2932 males; 566 females; total, 3518.

and procuring schoolmasters, not only in the capital, but in every town and parish, to instruct the children of both sexes on the Madras system, and with due attention to the principles of religion and morality. In 1838 the number of males in the schools was 1396; females, 1072; total, 2468. The expense about 10,000*l*. Separate schools for Roman Catholics—number of scholars, both sexes, about 900.

There is besides in Sydney a superior class of schools for youths of parents in better circumstances, wherein they receive a classical education:—King's School, 105; Sydney College, 125; Australian College, 70; in all 300 scholars.

The state of trade will convey some idea of the progressive prosperity of Australia. The amount of the value of

Imports in 1837 was . . .	£ 1,182,222	} Increase in one year
„ 1838 . . .	1,506,803	
„ 1839 . . .	1,679,390	
		£ 324,581.
		Increase £ 172,587.

Exports in 1837 . . .	£ 747,576	} Increase in one year
„ 1838 . . .	774,770	
		£ 27,194.

Exports in 1839, with the produce of the fisheries, were £948,776.

The fisheries, too, were on the increase, but we shall have to speak of them hereafter—

In 1838 the value of the black whale oil	
alone exported was . . .	£ 37,669
Bone . . .	11,567
Sperm . . .	65,047

Total value . . . £ 114,283

Six Germans from one of the best vine districts on the Rhine—married men with their wives and fifteen children—arrived at Sydney in 1806, and were sent to an estate in the country. These vine-dressers have successfully proceeded in the cultivation of a vineyard previously managed by three or four Greeks transported to Sydney for piracy. The Germans have extended the vineyards, and in 1840 had made 3500 gallons of good wine; so that there is now every promise of New South Wales adding wines to her exports. Some idea may be formed of the increasing prosperity of our Australian colonies by the fact that, at this moment, there are advertised in the 'Packet List' twenty-six vessels, chiefly from the Thames, and in 'Lloyd's List' no less than forty-five vessels, all from the Thames, preparing for these colonies.

The present prosperity of New South Wales may be considered as owing chiefly to two causes: the first, the transportation, at the cost of government, of a large number of convicts, some employed on public works, others assigned over to individual proprietors; the

second,

second, the introduction of Merino sheep in the year 1816 by Mr. Macarthur. The brother of this intelligent and public-spirited gentleman has supplied us with a few notes which bring down the state of the colony to the latest accounts. He says that in 1807 the whole quantity of wool produced was 245 pounds;—that in 1814 Australia and its colonies were but as a speck in the commercial grandeur of England, importing British produce and manufactures to no greater extent in value than 6068*l.*;—whereas in 1839 the quantity of wool shipped for England was 10,128,774 pounds, equal to one-fifth of the whole consumption of Britain, making a return to British subjects of nearly 1,000,000*l.* sterling, which otherwise would have gone to the foreigner. Of the above quantity, it is stated that 65 per cent. is the produce of New South Wales alone.

From the same quarter we have been favoured with a few more recent documents, which we think of considerable interest, as showing at one view the important advantages which Great Britain derives from this colony:—

Imports.

Their value in 1826 from Great Britain was	. . .	£280,000
From British colonies	30,000
		<hr/>
		£310,000
		<hr/>
In 1839 advanced to	2,236,171
Deduct import and fisheries from New Zealand	257,721
		<hr/>
Remain	£1,978,450

Exports.

In 1826	£106,000
Had increased in 1839 to	948,776

The excess of imports over exports is accounted for by there being always at Sydney a large stock of goods on hand to supply the neighbouring colonies.

The following statement extracted from the Tables of Revenue, Population, and Commerce, for the year 1838, will show, in a clear and distinct manner, some of the various interests which are benefited by our commercial relations with the Australian colonies. It will be seen that the true scions of the parent stock, following our long-cherished habits, even in their love of good cheer, appear to expend annually in their markets about 200,000*l.* in payments for beef, hams, cheese and butter, beer and ale. In articles of raiment as well as food, they contribute largely to our clothing manufacturers, by receiving woollens, cottons, silks, linens, and haberdashery of all kinds, to an amount of more than 700,000*l.* annually.

annually. The artificers also in the various branches of steel and iron manufactures, as well as those in gold, silver, and others of every variety of calling, receive from these colonists not less than 356,721*l.* to administer to their conveniences of life. These and many other points were brought before a council held by the Governor, as arguments for the colonists to be relieved from the gaol and police expenses, which are stated to have amounted, from July 1835 to December 1840, to 597,000*l.* The question it appears was lost by the casting vote of the Governor, but most of the points were carried the following day, his Excellency having admitted that the government had made a *hard bargain* with the colony. Now for the statement of 1838:—

Hams, beef, beer and ale, butter and cheese . . .	£117,423
Salt, sugar, and a variety of other articles . . .	82,053
Cottons, leather, linens, silks, woollens, haberdashery, hosiery, &c.	754,225
Glass, earthenware, hardwares, cutlery, plate, soap and candles, stationery, saddlery, &c. &c.	356,721
Total	£1,310,422

To which may be added 26,278*l.* for the moral and intellectual refinements of life, in books, music, and musical instruments.

In 1839, the tonnage inwards was 135,474 tons, in 563 ships; the trade to Sydney alone employed 48,911 tons of British shipping, requiring 3000 seamen for their navigation. In the eleven years ending with 1839, it is stated that 46,000 persons emigrated from the United Kingdom to New South Wales. Nor were these individuals, on landing, left to provide themselves as best they could. 'They found all the elements of a social community—government, law, police, roads, bridges, wharfs, embankments, public buildings, the practical sciences, the arts of life, the schools of human and divine instruction.'

We certainly do think that this eldest-born of the Australian colonies is deserving of every encouragement which the government can consistently give to it.

The tide of transportation continued to flow in its usual stream till last year, when, in the month of August, at a time when it was gradually drawing to its natural close, it was precipitately stopped by an Order in Council. 'This, in many respects,' says Mr. Macarthur, 'happy termination of an expiring system would have been unfelt, had not the government at the same time rashly interposed a check to emigration, by the application to other purposes of funds fully sufficient to have supplied 25,000 men, women, and children.' There is no doubt plenty of good disposable

disposable land for the support of millions, but of what use is land without labour, and how is this to be had without capital?

'In 1840,' says Mr. Macarthur, 'the whole proceeds of the land sales having been exhausted on payments on account of immigration, and by the unjust charges for police and gaols, the home government put a stop to a great branch of emigration, which it had itself previously conducted. It was announced that there were no funds for such a purpose, because the colonists had declined to tax themselves to meet charges, which had been a main cause of the exhaustion of this fund.'

Tax themselves!

'How was that,' he asks, 'to be effected? There is no representative government in the colony. The government, consisting of a governor and council, all nominees of the Crown, although adequate to raising a revenue by means of an indirect tax, through import duties, could not control public opinion, more powerful than itself, by proceeding to levy a direct tax.'

And then a broad hint is given that it would be a revival of the evils in the time of Charles I., and of 'ship money.'

A representative government is just what the *emancipists* are aiming at—local government and local taxation; having, perhaps, in their eye that happy example of Newfoundland—and all this is natural;—but that the *millionaires*, the wealthy, with their 4000*l.* or 5000*l.* a-year, should countenance such a change, so fatal to themselves, we cannot understand. The time is not come even for discussing *this* question as to Australia. We are further persuaded that the time is not yet come when exportation of convicts, or immigration of labourers, can be discontinued with benefit to the colony; and, we should say, if the government be disposed to grant a boon, let it take off the colonial charge for gaols and police to the extent of 10,000*l.* for every 500 labourers the colonists shall import; or, as proposed by some of the Council, let each pay half;—or perhaps the Colonial Office might not object to the attorney-general's proposal of payment—one-third by the colony, one-third by the assignment of convicts, and one-third by the home government. If none of these be conceded, the remedy, in our opinion, is still within the colonists' own reach, and that without any assistance from government. Let them create a fund for emigration, by loan or subscription, and the proprietary class will experience no want of labour. The sense of evils, like that of death, is most in apprehension, and, if we are not mistaken, they will here in due time subside, and the colonists will receive, among other resources, a supply of pure and whitewashed recruits out of Capt. Maconochie's eighteen hundred disciples at Norfolk Island, whom we shall more particularly mention by and by.

We cordially agree with the opinion expressed in the House of Commons

Commons by Lord Mahon as to the *inexpediency* of putting an end to transportation—equally inexpedient both to the mother country and the colonies. We deem it also inexpedient to abolish the assignment system, the evils of which have been grossly exaggerated. If a master behaves ill, punish him by taking away from him every assigned convict, and never suffering him to have another. We happen to know a case of this kind, and the consequence was, that the proprietor was compelled to sell his property, to prevent it and all the stock upon it going to ruin. With regard to the increasing expense of the police and gaols—we *guess* they might contrive to diminish this, by making the former more efficient, and the latter less comfortable.

We had heard of Squatters in the district of Port Philip, but we had no idea of the spread of these pastoral people, till we saw the report of Sir George Gipps, of September, 1840. By this it appears that the *stations* of these people extend 300 miles behind Moreton Bay, and beyond the limits of location or boundary of the colony; that licences are now granted by a travelling commissioner at 10*l.* each annually; that these stations, as they are called, vary in extent from 5000 to 30,000 acres, and the number licensed is 694, producing therefore an annual rental of 6940*l.* There is besides an assessment on the stock depastured there, the quantity of which is quite astonishing. On the last day of December, 1839, it was levied on 7088 horses; 371,699 horned cattle; 1,334,593 sheep; and Sir George observes, that the real quantity probably exceeded that returned. The people who form these stations, he says, may be said to be in Australia (what the backwoodsmen are in America) the pioneers of civilisation.

Sir George Gipps, in a speech addressed in the council, says, that any attempt to prevent the dispersion of the people would be absurd. 'Every one,' he says, 'in New South Wales, must be aware that it were as easy to confine the Arabs of the desert within a circle drawn on their own sands as to confine the herds of New South Wales within any given limits: and if it were possible so to confine them there, the herds must starve and perish as surely as the Arabs. Not all the armies of England,—not a hundred thousand soldiers scattered through the bush,—could drive back our herds within the limits of our nineteen counties. The riches of the country depend on dispersion, and it would be preposterous to attempt to prevent people from dispersion.'

There are two points of grievance of which we think the colonists may well complain. Just at the moment when this dispersion is spreading to an unlimited degree, Lord John Russell, as we have seen, has not only put a stop to transportation, but has also stopped the beneficial system of assignment; thus cramping both the grazing
and

and agricultural interests. The second grievance is the check that has been thrown upon emigration by the diversion of the land fund; of which also we have already spoken. But the intention, which his lordship announced in the House of Commons, of shutting up all convicted felons in penitentiaries at home, did, we confess, greatly surprise us. In New South Wales every purpose has been answered that a humane and benevolent government anticipated in adopting the measure of transportation. It has added to the strength and commercial interests of the mother-country; it has mainly contributed to the prosperity of the colonies; it has brought many thousands from a state of misery and degradation into that of comparative happiness and affluence, and given them at the same time a station in society which obtains respect. Lord John Russell said something about the prison or convict *mark* still set upon them. Does he then think that the prison mark of New South Wales is more deeply indented than his penitentiary prison mark will be in England? If he does, we will take the liberty of informing him that he is egregiously mistaken, and that his pseudo-philanthropical friends have deceived him. In the former position he might witness thousands that have become wealthy and respectable citizens; in the latter, we fear, he would meet with few that had reformed their manners or lost their *mark*, even on issuing from a *social* penitentiary; from a *solitary* and *silent* one, he would find the greater number carry with them the mark of madness or idiotism.

We do not wish to dwell much on the enormous difference of expense between transportation and home confinement; but, under present circumstances, it behoves the Chancellor of the Exchequer to weigh this well. We ask therefore what, at the commencement of the present year, was the real state of the case? There were then 38,305 convicts in New South Wales whose respective periods of punishment were unexpired,—

Assigned	21,850
At large in the colony	8,728
Employed by government, or at Norfolk Island	7,727
<hr/>	
Total	38,305

The annual expense of each to the colony had fallen from 28*l.* 3*s.* 5*d.* in 1797, to 17*l.* 14*s.* 5*d.* in 1840; the entire expenditure, exclusive of 40,000*l.* for Norfolk Island, being 678,815*l.*; of which the colony defrayed more than one-half, namely, 397,900*l.*, including 50,063*l.* for Port Philip. By reference to public documents it appears that, from the establishment of the colony to 1840, more than 80,000 felons had been banished from the

the mother-country. It is matter of calculation what these would have cost the mother-country had they remained at home in hulks and penitentiaries. But an estimate has been made of the cost of keeping at home the 38,305 convicts now in New South Wales:—

Clothing, food, and contingent expenses, at 20l.	
each per annum	£766,100
Cost of fitting up and keeping 76 hulks at 7000l.	
each, 532,000l., on which interest at 4 per cent.	21,280
	<hr/>
	£787,380

And it has been estimated that if they were kept in penitentiaries, with interest for the cost of bedding, it could not be done for less than 1,679,000l. a-year. Now if we suppose only 13,000 to be annually convicted, the annual expense of these would be in the hulks 262,460l., and in the penitentiary 559,666l.—and how awfully would the accumulation swell every five or six years! From this frightful expenditure, and all the evils attending it, we are relieved by the system of transportation, which we trust no minister will be allowed to set aside so long as convicts can be so usefully disposed of to themselves and to the community against which they have offended.

Before we conclude our remarks on New South Wales it is right to notice two important and interesting papers in the despatch (No. 10 in our list) of Sir G. Gipps to Lord John Russell. The first is an account of a journey by Count Streleski from Yass Plains, by the Australian Alps, through Australia Felix, to Port Philip, in which the whole of that valuable country is surveyed and described, with its mineralogical products; including the discovery of large and valuable coal-fields close to the coast by Western Port—an acquisition of the first importance to the whole of the Australian colonies.

The second paper we shall notice is a Report of Mr. Perry of the examination, it may be called the discovery, of the Clarence River, which he ascended in the steamer King William, ninety miles from its mouth in Shoal Bay, lat. 29° 20', about 340 miles to the north of Sydney, and 90 miles to the south of Moreton Bay. The river is from three to five fathoms deep, its average width a quarter of a mile, with sufficient breadth to work a sailing-vessel up to Susan Island, sixty miles from Shoal Bay. Near this place an inhabitant was found building a vessel from 120 to 150 tons burthen. A single paragraph from the Report will suffice to show the nature of the country:—

‘For about fifteen miles,’ he says, ‘owing to the denseness of the brush

brush on the banks, no part of the country could be seen from the deck of the vessel, but was completely screened by a mass of most luxuriant vegetation; the stems of gigantic trees, covered with climbing plants of various descriptions, and which fell down in graceful festoons from the upper branches, produced an effect observable only in a region fresh from the hand of Nature.'

These noble trees are here called cedar; they are the *cedrilla*, the wood of which resembles the *poon* of India.

Australian Agricultural Company.—The territory granted to this company, in 1826, consists of one million of acres somewhere in the neighbourhood of Peel River, and they were allowed an assignment of four to five hundred convicts; since which they had a further grant of two thousand acres of a coal-field at Newcastle, with above a hundred additional convicts. This territory, we apprehend, will be included in Lord John Russell's '*Northern Division*' of New South Wales, whose boundaries have not yet been marked out; all his northern boundaries should, and one day will, be limited only by Torres' Strait. The company's establishment, by the returns, consisted of the following persons:—

	Free.	Tickets of leave.	Convicts.
In 1838 .	49	48	522
In 1839 .	79	52	495—

But the Directors report, that the Secretary of State has signified the intention of the government to discontinue, at no distant period, the system of assignment of convicts to private service; and therefore they have taken measures for partially supplying the place of convict labour on their estates by free emigrants, and have engaged fifty agricultural labourers to leave England forthwith. They had sent out last year upwards of 100 labourers, with thirty-seven colliers and a blacksmith, to work their collieries; and this was right; but once more, if the prosperous state of the colonies, owing chiefly to this description of persons, is not sufficient to induce a continuance of the practice, the enormous expense, the inconvenience, the danger of allowing a yearly accumulation of many thousand felons to be shut up, in any way, at home, ought to weigh with the government, before it finally decides this important question—much better left in its own hands than to Committees of the House of Commons.

The Company, however, like most of the colonists, depend more on their sheep than the cultivation of arable land. Of the latter they had only at the end of 1838, 793 acres; whereas their stock of sheep in 1837 was 76,003; lambs yeaned in 1838, 23,061; total, 99,064. At the end of 1838, sheep, 85,647; lambs in 1839, 26,617; total, 112,264. At the same period they had 528 horses; in December, 1839, 541 horses; in 1838, 4887 horned cattle;

cattle; in 1839, 5589 horned cattle. Their colliery at Newcastle produced in 1838, 17,220 tons; in 1839, 21,283 tons. They had purchased besides another coal-field on Hunter's River, and three steam-vessels were in preparation. In 1838 the valuation of their property was stated to be, independent of land and coal-mines, 238,279*l.*; in 1839 (including both), 763,328*l.* This Company therefore participates in the general prosperity of the colony.

Norfolk Island.—This small dependency of New South Wales, lying to the eastward of Sydney, and four or five days' sail from it, is a beautiful and most fertile island, about five miles from east to west, and three from north to south. The soil is so rich and deep that the finest crops are annually produced without manure; and the whole of its nine thousand acres may be laid under cultivation. When first visited by Captain Cook it was covered with trees, shrubs, and rampant herbaceous plants, among which was the *Phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax: and over the whole towered the *Norfolk Island pine*, one of the noblest trees in the universe. This little island has undergone so many changes, and the last and recent one may be productive of such important consequences to the Australian colonies, that we shall dwell at greater length on it than otherwise it might seem to require.

In the first year of landing at Botany Bay, Lieutenant King was despatched with a small party of marines and some convicts to the island to cultivate it, and chiefly, it would seem, to prepare the flax from the *phormium*. The lieutenant in his first report says he found the island an impenetrable wilderness, there not being open space enough to pitch a tent. A pine-tree lying on the ground measured 9 feet in diameter, another 182 feet in length. The party, however, shortly cleared and had sown 17 acres of land; the crops of grain promising, the gardens flourishing, vegetables and fish in abundance, the people all healthy. Three successful years followed, the crops excellent; the fourth failed; and supplies from the parent colony not arriving, they were only saved from perishing of famine, by fishing and by the myriads of black puffins which came every evening to nestle in the caverns of the rocks. In the sixth year of their location plenty again reigned in the island; crops of wheat were abundant, maize gave two crops in the year; the produce of wheat amounting to 1602 bushels, and of maize to 10,152 bushels, besides calavances and potatoes; no deaths. Next year the island spared 20,000 bushels of maize for Sydney, where it was much wanted.

Thus this little island went on, sometimes overflowing with produce and sometimes in a state of starvation, till 1803, when Lord Hobart informed Governor King that, in consequence of its great

great expense and disadvantages of communication, a part of the establishment was to be removed, together with a portion of the settlers and convicts, to Port Dalrymple, on the northern shore of Van Diemen's Land, stating how desirable it was that a settlement should be there formed.

Mr. Wyndham, in 1806, wrote to Governor Bligh, that, as the crops had almost entirely failed, measures must forthwith be taken for withdrawing the settlers, and all the inhabitants, with their live and dead stock, and everything belonging to government.

In 1807 Lord Castlereagh ordered Governor Bligh to send back the lieutenant-governor, and to increase the establishment to its former extent, observing that it seemed not advisable to relinquish an island so very fertile, and which had been so useful in affording supplies to the South-Sea whalers, and occasionally to Port Jackson itself; and recommending that the lieutenant-governor should attend particularly to the culture of the coffee-plant, which he understood was then beginning to bear.

In 1810 Governor Macquarrie reported that the island ought to be abandoned as soon as possible, 'being a place of no use whatever to the mother country or to the colony of New South Wales.' In 1811 Lord Liverpool approved of the evacuation, and desired that no time should be lost in carrying it into effect. To ensure obedience to this order, the Governor was told that the establishment of Norfolk Island had been wholly discontinued in the Parliamentary estimates for 1812. In 1814 it was entirely evacuated, and nothing more heard of it till 1825, when measures were taken for converting it into a penal settlement for secondary punishments.

Thus this beautiful and fertile island, abounding with wood and water, and surrounded by a sea swarming with fish, was abandoned, after the vacillating and contradictory opinions and orders of no less than five secretaries of state and the same number of governors of New South Wales. But its ups and downs did not end here, nor in 1825, when it became the gaol for twice and thrice-convicted felons. In November, 1839, the number of these had increased to 1250, under the government of Major Ryan, who reports to Sir George Gipps that the island, if managed by competent persons, would produce sufficient maize, wheat, and barley for five or six thousand prisoners. 'There are,' he says, 'at this moment growing in beautiful cultivation 1020 acres—553 of maize, 206 of wheat, 43 of rye, 79 of barley, 20 of peas, and the rest in different vegetables; about 4000 acres in pasture, supplying food for 396 horned cattle, 4310 sheep, 10 horses; besides 463 pigs, affording fresh meat three days in the week to the troops and civilians, men, women, and children, amounting to 230;' and in

two

two years, he adds, the increased stock would afford a supply of fresh meat also for the 1250 prisoners, three days in the week. Just at this time the Major was superseded, and we are informed by a gentleman present, that, on the occasion, he addressed his prisoners in the most affectionate terms, praising them for their good conduct, and giving them the most friendly advice to continue it under his successor for their own sakes; our informant adds that vast numbers of these unfortunate men were so affected as to burst into tears.

The island, among its other changes, was now destined to become the theatre of an experiment, under the superintendence of Captain Maconochie, whose system of convict-discipline had been so pressed upon the authorities both at home and in Australia, chiefly through means of the press, that Lord Normanby or Lord John Russell (we are not sure which) was persuaded to allow a practical trial of it on Norfolk Island.

Captain Maconochie appears to be a humane and benevolent gentleman, with a head rather too full of *crotchets*, and his scheme for converting the most hardened felons into honest, moral, and religious subjects and citizens; is, it must be admitted, a bold one. He does not flinch at trying his hand on the most desperate and determined; but the rescue of 'the most innocent' (he means the least criminal) among the convicts, is what he is most anxious about, as they suffer most from the almost universal degradation and demoralisation that are stated to prevail. 'Every feeling,' he observes, 'of self-respect is speedily lost, amidst the humiliations and inconveniences inflicted; and irritation, recklessness, insubordination, disgraceful punishment, furious resentment, drunkenness, theft, and prostitution complete the sacrifice of many a human being, born to better things, and whom misfortune and *imperfect political institutions (!!!)*, more than crime or original bad dispositions, have thus irrecoverably ruined.'

Captain Maconochie condemns the whole of the penal institutions of the colonies, and says that the bad state of society may be traced directly to their pervading and demoralising influence; he complains that *physical coercion* (by which he means flogging) is resorted to upon every little breach of regulation, &c. &c.; in short, he says, in so many words, that the settlers who have convicts assigned to them are slave-holders, and the assignees slaves. Now if this worthy gentleman had passed a little more of his time in travelling over the Australian colonies, and in inquiring what the real condition of things had been, instead of writing philosophical or even philanthropical essays, in Hobart Town, under Sir John Franklin's roof, to whom he was private secretary, he might have gleaned, even from Mr. Wentworth's book, much

more accurate information as to transported convicts than he appears to possess. He would there find* that, in 1821, this 'school of correction and reform,' which he condemns, had 'produced 3478 families of emancipated convicts, having 7212 children, in possession of 251,941 acres of land in pasture, 34,769 acres in cultivation, 2447 horses, 59,466 head of horned cattle, 168,960 sheep, 25,568 swine, 3778 houses, 15 decked vessels, 300,000*l.* vested in trade; the estimated value of their entire property being 1,562,201*l.* sterling,'—all this twenty years ago, and now at least trebled, the creation and fruit of the skill and industry of emancipated convicts. We wish we could add, to this increase of worldly wealth, an increase of religious and moral influence in their society. Such, however, being some of the results of the system, how can he pretend to say that *everything* is amiss? However, he has a cure for all existing evils,—

'every one of which would disappear under a system of moral influence. Liberality in arranging the details of this would, therefore, be true economy, not extravagance; and at all events, surely, where labour bears a high value, that of prisoners, *working emulatively to obtain indulgences*, would be worth, to its employers, at least their cost, besides a bare maintenance.'—*Thoughts on Convict Management*, p. 112.

The amiable Captain's plan is based on a kind of moral book-keeping. A register is kept, in which are daily inserted *marks* for good conduct, or the reverse; wages for labour, and fines for idleness. These marks will show the progress from *punishment* to *probation*, and from *probation* to an *entire release*. Thus, a seven-years' sentence is to be made commutable by the acquisition of 6000 marks, a ten-years' for 7000, and so on. Ten marks a-day or sixty a-week, for good conduct and ordinary labour, well and truly performed, are set down to a convict's credit. This would procure his release from the island in less than two years. But then every unfavourable *mark* is also reckoned—and the balance only is to count either way. The *good* marks are to go as money in the society, each mark equal to one penny. Tea, sugar, and tobacco to be purchased at the commissariat stores with these marks. *First half of probation*—fresh provisions allowed to be purchased, superior clothing, better accommodation; *the last half*—even *spirits* allowed, under suitable regulations. The convicts to work in associations of six men, responsible for each other, in passing into *probation*; 'the object being,' says Maconochie, 'a field of moral reform and preparation for an early return to society.' The grouping of six men, though chosen by themselves, we should think, would at least retard the period of probation, as one negative mark, if we

* Quarterly Review, vol. xxxii.

rightly apprehend the plan, will operate against the whole six. On the principle, he says, that man is a social being, classes are preferred to individuals. He reprobates, and so do we, the *silent* and *separate* systems, which appear to be recommended by the inspectors of prisons at home. The effects of both he thinks very bad—the latter especially debases both mind and body—equal moral and physical prostration taking place. ‘A man,’ says Maconochie, ‘issues from confinement like a child; and, like a child, is swayed, coaxed, cheated, and bullied, for a time, by all about him.’ It may indeed be punishment of the most severe and debasing kind, but we cannot think it likely to lead to reform.

It was only last year that Captain Maconochie received his appointment of superintendent on Norfolk Island. There were then residing there, as already mentioned, 1250 doubly and trebly-convicted felons; and immediately after his arrival there came in about 600 others fresh imported from England and Ireland. Why these were sent there to be at the expense of government we cannot comprehend, while there is such demand for labour in Australia. They were intended, however, to be separated, and kept on opposite sides of the island; but Maconochie took the whole under his surveillance and instruction. Finding the favourable effect produced on the minds of the most hardened, by the kindness and indulgence of Major Ryan, which accorded entirely with his own plan, and desirous of making a similar impression at the commencement, he took the occasion of her Majesty’s birthday to order fresh pork to be issued, instead of salt meat—rum and sugar to make punch—a play to be acted by the convicts (whether the ‘Beggars’ Opera,’ or ‘Jack Shepherd,’ is not said)—and fireworks to be let off at night. The day commenced by the whole 1850 men appearing on the cricket-ground, where that game and various other amusements were kept up, the Captain occasionally appearing among them. At dinner every man had a bumper of punch to drink the Queen’s health, after which the air was rent by three tremendous shouts—Maconochie standing by and seeing every glass served out. The men then resumed their sports, and, in due time, the play was acted in the large mess-room. At eight every man retired peaceably to the barracks. Not a single instance of tumult, disorder, or accident during the day—nor a single man in confinement that evening or the following day. It may be thought that Captain Maconochie had gone too far—that he was incurring a most tremendous risk, by letting loose 1850 felons in a small secluded island, with the very trifling means he possessed of resistance; but he had exacted from them, on the previous day, a pledge that decorum would be preserved, and that every man at eight o’clock, when the bugle sounded,

would retire to his quarters; he had told them solemnly that on their redeeming this pledge, his future confidence and their welfare would depend—and he had a full reliance that an indulgence, never before granted on the island, would not be abused. The event proved that he was not deceived.

It appears, however, that his conduct has incurred the displeasure of the governor and the people of Sydney, particularly with regard to the play and the punch. We cannot see it in that light, and as to the play, we can furnish him with something like a precedent. On the second birth-day of good old George III., 4th June, after the arrival of Governor Philip at Port Jackson, and when the rejoicings of the day had ended, 'some of the convicts,' says Captain Collins, 'were permitted to perform Farquhar's comedy of the Recruiting Officer. They professed no higher aim than *humbly to excite a smile*; and their efforts to please were not unattended with applause.' No mention is made of any punch: but as to both play and punch, moderately and judiciously administered as the reward and encouragement of good conduct, we venture to give Captain Maconochie our humble approbation.

He extends his benevolent views to the unfortunate females, who, he says it is admitted by all, are more unmanageable and less retrievable than the males. He very justly observes—

'I believe that in their descent from innocence to vice Englishwomen are, almost without exception, more sinned against than sinning;—their fall is, notwithstanding, greater than that of most men;—it is less easily retrieved;—they are easily made sensible of this;—they are thus easily made penitent;—but as their spirit alternately rises and falls under a sense of lost condition (though of injury *sustained* rather than *committed*), they are also easily led into fresh excesses, as either feeling predominates, or old temptations are again held out to them. Thus, however, they deserve *punishment* less,—and they require it less;—but they require *support* and *encouragement* more.'—*Thoughts on Convict Management*, p. 129.

He therefore proposes to extend his system to female convicts; that they should be classed in pairs or parties of three or four:—

'The superintendents should all be of their own sex;—their employments should be feminine; they should not be subjected to vulgar and unfeeling gaze;—and their affections should have a limited scope assigned to them by permitting the presence of pet animals and other living things, to nurse and take charge of. It is by attention to little matters like these that moral victories are gained. The work of destruction may be accomplished by hasty strides,—but of renewal, only by slow degrees. Even in the physical world the same remark is applicable.'—pp. 132, 133.

We can picture to ourselves the kind-hearted Maconochie at
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the head of his 1800 felons, in the prison of Norfolk Island, as another single-minded Vicar of Wakefield, when addressing his fellow-prisoners in the gaol, and the very words the vicar used would do for the Captain:—‘What signifies calling every moment upon the Devil, and waiting his friendship, since you find how scurvily he uses you? He has given you nothing here, you find, but a mouthful of oaths, and an empty belly; and by the last accounts I have of him, he will give you nothing that is good hereafter. Were it not worth your while, then, just to try how you may like the usage of another master, who gives you fair promises, at least, to come to him?’ The good Dr. Primrose, too, like Maconochie, had ingenious contrivances of fines and rewards—all was to be done smoothly and easily—no severity, &c. &c. We know how the vicar’s experiment ended. The gentleman, however, who was on the island with Captain Maconochie, has the highest opinion of his success. The new convicts, to the extent of six or seven hundred, were all delighted with their prospects; and the old doubly-convicted equally so. He describes also the beautiful state of cultivation into which the island had been brought, smiling with the finest crops of wheat and maize; everything seemed, in his opinion, to promise the triumph of the experiment; and we most cordially wish it may prove so, for the sake of the bold projector, the convicts, and the Australian colonies at large; but we should say the maximum time of undergoing the discipline should be two years, and we also think that, if one year does not produce visible reformation, it would be useless to prolong a man’s period.

Port Philip.—It is somewhat remarkable that this, the finest and most extensive harbour in all Australia, should have remained so long a time unnoticed, as if unknown; especially as it is so inviting a place of refuge and safety, with a fine country, equally interesting, round its shores. An attempt, it is true, was once made, so early as in the year 1803, to form a settlement on the southern coast of New Holland, under Colonel Collins. He established his little colony, in the first place, at Port Philip, but the country where he landed, on the eastern coast, appearing to be of an unpromising character, he abandoned it altogether, and proceeded to find out a more promising settlement in Van Diemen’s Land; and, having entered the river Derwent, established himself, as already stated, at the spot where Hobart Town now stands. Some of those men that abandoned Port Philip with Colonel Collins, or their descendants, have recently passed over, and formed the nucleus of the present establishment at that port.

In the year 1835, two families crossed over Bass’s Strait from the northern part of Van Diemen’s Land to Port Philip, and finding

finding the soil and surface of the country inviting, erected a tent, and returned to make preparations for bringing over their flocks and herds, and household goods, with the intention of settling there, having left a part of their families behind. In the course of their absence, there was brought to the tent, by a party of aborigines, a tall gaunt figure, dressed like themselves in a kangaroo skin, his face nearly covered with hair, but having the features of an European. They endeavoured to enter into conversation with him, but he could only answer in the language of the natives. However, after hearing and listening to the English language, he seemed to make great efforts on his memory, and at last brought out a word or two of English; and, after a few days' intercourse, he was able to recollect enough of it to make himself understood. It turned out that he was one of Colonel Collins's old original band, but had deserted from him, got into the woods, and had lived peaceably with the party of natives, who now came down with him, for more than thirty years. His name, he said, was Buckley; he had been tried and transported as one of the soldiers who conspired, at Gibraltar, to take away the life of the Duke of Kent.

The account this man gave of the inoffensive character of the natives removed all fears from the small party in the tent, with regard to their safety. The rest of their families returned from Van Diemen's Land; and, in the course of the next two years, an emigration took place of more than 200 persons from the same quarter to Port Philip, bringing with them upwards of 30,000 sheep, with horses and cattle in proportion, and formed a settlement of squatters in the vicinity of the port.

Such, and so recent, was the successful attempt to establish a colony at this noble harbour; since which time other parties have continued to cross over from Van Diemen's Land, with their stock and whole property; others followed the example from New South Wales, and a considerable number went out from England: so that, in a short time, a numerous community formed a new settlement in the neighbouring country: and the natives, so far from being troublesome, were ready to afford them every assistance in their power, by tending their flocks, bringing them fuel and water, and performing other menial offices.

As yet there is a great deficiency in statistical information regarding Port Philip. The emigration for the last two or three years has been extensive, but we do not find that any return has yet been made to parliament; we are able, however, to state that, in 1839, there arrived at Melbourne 195 vessels (45,607 tons), with merchandise of 204,000*l.* value; exported the same year, in 189 vessels, 40,352 tons goods, valued at 138,000*l.* The revenue amounted

amounted to 94,078*l.*, of which the land-fund was 78,065*l.*, and the customs and other dues 16,013*l.* We are inclined to think that this extensive and valuable district ought to have its own governor, and to be made only federatively dependent on New South Wales—neither side having any wish for the continuance of a stricter connexion—and we would strongly recommend that *its inexpressive name* should be exchanged for something more appropriate. The greater part of this new settlement includes the most promising territory that has yet been discovered in Australia; it embraces that tract of country which Colonel Mitchell has named *Australia Felix*, watered by the two finest streams, the Murrumbidgee and the Murray, with their numerous tributaries. It contains forests, grazing-plains, lakes, and mountains 6000 to 8000 feet high, which have been named the Australian Alps, and which in winter are capped with snow. But it contains also a large tract of that description of land which, through ignorance or indolence—perhaps rather we should say want of means—settlers have been generally induced to reject—*thickets, jungle, brush, or scrub*—the very land that an United States backwoodsman, or Canadian farmer, would be the first to perch upon. In this age, we may say *rage* for ‘Companies,’ let one be formed to clear this great tract of country, so as to get at the fine vegetable soil produced by its wood, and we have little doubt that Lord John Russell, alive as he appears to be to the importance of this subject, would at once confer it on such a Company, on the same or similar terms as were conceded to the ‘Australian Agricultural Company.’ The soil, the climate, and the facilities of communication with the first port in Australia, give it a preference over the territory acquired by the Company we have mentioned.

It will, in fact, be obvious to every one who may have considered the subject which we have already slightly glanced at, that the Australian colonies must, ere many years pass away, have recourse to the means of extending their agriculture; for such is the extraordinary increase in their flocks of sheep, that the market for their wool will be so glutted as not to afford them a remunerating price; even now the quantity and quality of the Saxon wools, imported into England, have reduced the price of Australian wool, and there is reason to apprehend that, in ten years hence, there will be no demand at home for one half the quantity produced there. If, however, the restrictions on emigration and transportation be continued, this evil will cure itself. Indeed we have seen it stated that the lambs, for want of keepers, are destroyed by their owners. This Southern division of New South Wales must at any rate be considered as the granary
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of the whole colony. Every part of this fine country, from the great river Murray to the sea-coast, from the Grampian-hills to Port Philip, is described by Colonel Mitchell as the best imaginable for the cultivation of grain. New South Wales is subject to long droughts, and a scarcity of grain has more than once occasioned considerable distress. Dr. Lang says, that during one of the years of drought, grain was imported from Van Diemen's Land and elsewhere, for the internal consumption of the colony, to the amount of not less than 50,000*l*.

Van Diemen's Land.—This dependency of New South Wales is separated from the continent of Australia by a strait of about 60 miles in width, called after the name of its discoverer, Mr. Bass; which strait, wide as it is, was passed by, without being observed by any of the early Dutch or Spanish navigators, or even by Captain Cook. The island is about the size of Ireland, and is situated between the parallels of 40° 45' and 43° 40'. In 1803 the government at home decided on colonizing Van Diemen's Land, and for this purpose Captain Bowen of the Navy was sent with a small detachment to form an establishment at Risdon Cove in the river Derwent, which was soon afterwards removed to a more convenient and beautiful situation higher up on the same river; thus, the island was occupied about the same time at its two extremities. The temperature of its climate, not unlike that of England, the general fertility of its soil, its rivers and numerous harbours, and its freedom from those frequent droughts which are so serious a drawback on the colony of New South Wales, make it a favourite settlement for the resort of emigrants. Dr. Lang takes for his *motto* Cicero's celebrated expression, 'Exilium non supplicium est, sed perfugium portusque supplicii;' and though the Roman senator thought very differently of the matter when banishment fell to his own lot, we do not question Dr. Lang's application of the dictum. As some proof that the early emigrants to Van Diemen's Land really considered it a place of refuge, it appears, from a return in the year 1818, that the number of free settlers exceeded the number of convicts, which was not the case in the opposite colony of New South Wales.

Free.—Men, women, and children . . . 1873

Convicts.—Men, women, and children . . . 1684

Up to this time the colony had been dreadfully infested by a gang of some thirty villains, known by the name of bush-rangers, under a most determined and abandoned ruffian, of the name of Howe, a man guilty of every species of cruelty and murder:—by degrees, however, he and his gang were all dispersed and destroyed, and the colony relieved from this scourge. Yet still the population increased but slowly, owing to the same ruinous system of conferring

conferring free grants of land—without stint, without conditions, and without payment—and, it may be added, on persons who had neither the means nor the intention to cultivate it. In this way a great deal of territory was distributed in the most lavish manner, but without any provision for an adequate, or indeed any, supply of labour. Much, in fact, was *bountifully* bestowed on obsequious officials and other favourites; and these only took what they got, in order to sell to real holders as soon as prices should have risen to their mark.

To supply this deficiency to a certain extent, the number of convicts was increased; but instead of being generally assigned to the landowners, they were employed on public works and buildings, and in beautifying the capital. Still, therefore, the deficiency of agricultural labour continued; and even the easy work of attending sheep could not find hands.

Into this colony, however, owing to the representations received at home of its fertility of soil and salubrity of climate, were emigrants induced to go out at their own expense; so that, what with an accession of free settlers, and convicts, the population had, by 1836, increased as under:—

Free settlers, males, 13,887; females, 9,428.

Convicts, males, 14,914; females, 2,054.

Total free, 23,315; convicts, 16,968.

Total population, 40,283.

The evidence in the papers laid before the House of Commons, 'On the Convict Discipline in Van Diemen's Land,' is by no means creditable to the management of that discipline, or to the moral character of the free settlers. At the end of 1835, it is stated, that among the 40,283 inhabitants, the convictions amounted to 381. The particular report, however, which bears the hardest upon the free class as well as the convicts, is drawn up by Captain Maconochie, and supported by another gentleman, Captain Cheyne, director of roads and bridges; both of whom, according to some able papers of Mr. Forster, chief police magistrate, had been apt to see everything with jaundiced eyes. Mr. Gregory, too, the treasurer, and a member of the council, says in his Minute—

'Upon the several extracts I have made from the reports of Captain Cheyne and Captain Maconochie, I beg permission to record my hope that, for the sake of the colony, for the sake of the character of the inhabitants, for the sake of common justice itself, his Majesty's government will at once refuse to credit these loose, unsparing, exaggerated, and unjust statements, as to the character of his Majesty's free subjects in this his island of Van Diemen's Land.

'That they are loose and random shots, fired by inexperienced hands,
there

there can be little or no doubt, when it is borne in mind that Captain Maconochie's experience is limited to four months, and that Captain Cheyne, though he has been here two years, has borrowed his ammunition from Captain Maconochie.'—*Convict Discipline*, p. 91.

Dr. Lang, in his 'History of New South Wales,' says, that 'the rise and influence of the emancipist body, as a separate class in the community, has hitherto been a fruitful source of perplexity to the governors, and of disunion in the colony;' and he observes:

'In the more recently established penal colony of Van Diemen's Land a better order of things has been happily realised. The emancipists of that colony are never heard of as a separate and influential body. Why? Not, certainly, because there are no such persons, or because they are subject to political disabilities unknown in New South Wales; but simply because there has been a greater influx of free emigrants into that colony, in proportion to its size, than into New South Wales; and because the great majority of these emigrants arrived at a much earlier period in its history as a colony than the corresponding era of free emigration to New South Wales; and last, though not least, because there was no Governor Macquarrie to disturb the natural order of things that ensued, by casting his military sword and belt into the emancipist scale.'—vol. i. pp. 201, 202.

Mr. Forster, the police magistrate, says:—'Transportation must always be extremely unequal in its effects under any system of assignment; for whilst a bad man may be assigned to an easy master, a better-conducted man may be sent to the service of a hard taskmaster, and both be equally subjected to the various infirmities of temper which must naturally be met with.' He adds, however, that 'the mode of governing convicts in this colony has always been as much through the hope of reward as by the fear of punishment.' We hope and believe this is true—but as to *assignment*, we must once more repeat that we very much doubt if our colony-doctors could point out any other system of punishment at once so lenient to the culprit and so useful to the community. No *system* of punishment can be without its disadvantages. Inequalities in the temper of masters and in the conduct of convicts are inevitable; but it is the object of laws and the duty of government to reduce such anomalies into average limits.

With regard to the aborigines, as we observed of those near Port Philip, they voluntarily offered their services to the first settlers, and were kindly treated, as they deserved to be. Indeed they are favourably spoken of in every part of Australia. 'The aborigines of Australia,' says Mr. Ogle, 'have been represented as so degraded as scarce to deserve to be classed among the human species; and that has been given as a reason for their indiscriminate extermination. The charge is false: they are not known

known to be cannibals: they neither scalp, nor roast, nor torture their captives.' But whatever may have been the conduct of those unfortunates in Van Diemen's Land, however humane the intentions of the settlers generally towards them, the government has, in regard to these poor people, brought upon itself a stigma, not easily to be removed. On a plea that they were untameable and incorrigible, Van Diemen's Land has been cleared of the last of the aborigines. The last small remnant of them, only 130, were hunted down, caught, and transported to Flinders' Island, in the year 1835. The ostensible, and we believe the real, reason was, that these unhappy beings were of a fiercer disposition than those of New South Wales, and were not only in constant conflicts among themselves, but with the bush-rangers and convict shepherds, who destroyed the kangaroos, almost the only species of animal food within the reach of the natives. The remains of them were therefore, at the suggestion of Colonel Arthur, sent to the above-mentioned island, under the superintendence of a young man, to instruct them in the principles of religion and morals. What his success has been we have not heard.*

Van Diemen's Land appears to have kept pace with New South Wales in most respects. Its population in 1838 consisted of—males, 30,591; females, 13,591. Total, 44,182. Of these there were—free males, 14,766; ditto females, 11,527. Total free, 26,293. Convicts, males, 15,825; ditto females, 2,064. Total convicts, 17,889. These, with the military and their families, made the total population of the colony 45,758.

The disproportion of the male to the female part of the convict population here is not quite so great as in New South Wales, but it is eight men to one woman: and of the free, about seven males

* In a late number of an able contemporary journal an accusation of a most atrocious nature is thus put forth:—'*Very recently* in Van Diemen's Land' [certainly not within the last six years] 'a small body of aborigines were hemmed in, and shot down in cold blood, by a few Europeans; and, when the government took some steps to bring the monsters who perpetrated it to justice, the press raised an outcry against punishing men for shooting "monkeys;" and an intimation was held out, that if this course were persevered in, it would be necessary to find some more secure mode of getting rid of the "vermin." The mode recommended was to dose wheaten bread or cakes, of which the natives are very fond, with arsenic; and we learn from a letter from a private friend that the method in question is actually adopted around Port Philip. He says—"Some of the white people here treat them [the natives] most shamefully; for the slightest offence they kill them and drop their bodies in some creek, and some have been known to leave about *dampers*, a species of bread baked in the bush, in which arsenic has been previously put, for the very purpose of destroying the blacks.'"—*Westminster Review* for January, 1841, p. 175.

We are astonished that such a charge should have been promulgated on such authority as that of an anonymous 'private friend;' but we must say it is so very serious that we think the government, which is responsible not only for the conduct but the reputation of the colonial functionaries, is bound to bring the matter to the test of public investigation.

to five females; and, taking the whole population, it is about seven men to three women, or a little more than two to one.

The state of their trade, as compared with that of New South Wales, is in proportion to the rates of population. The amount of their imports in 1838 was 702,956*l.*, exports 581,475*l.* And the same with regard to their shipping. Their fishery of the black whale was better; the value of the black oil in Van Diemen's Land being 75,910*l.*, of bone 20,150*l.*, and of sperm 1020*l.*

The quantity of land granted is stated to be about 2½ millions of acres. The return says that there remained about 12 millions not yet disposed of: we suspect not yet surveyed—at least nearly one half of the island, on the western side, appears on the last charts as a blank.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—This, the youngest of the Australian colonies, is founded on a different principle from those of New South Wales and its dependencies, being what its promoters call a self-supporting colony, and of which the management is committed to certain land and emigration commissioners at home, and another on the spot, both acting in great measure independently of the colonial secretary of state, and carrying on their correspondence with each other and occasionally with the colonial governor. The system is supposed to be modelled on that adopted in several of the United States' colonies, when they belonged to England. In the origin, the land was given to certain parties—was sold by them at a very low rate, and the proceeds applied to the conveyance of labourers to cultivate it. To enable the South Australian company to carry out this principle, an act of parliament was obtained, and certain regulations established; one of which was, that free labourers so conveyed should, as far as possible, be adults of both sexes, in equal proportions, and not exceeding the age of thirty years,—a condition, however, not likely to be kept. No transported convict was to be allowed to set foot in the colony; the poor in-offensive natives were to be protected against personal outrage and violence, and to be left undisturbed in their right to the possession of the soil, wheresoever such right should be found to exist; when lands are *ceded* (occupied), permanent subsistence shall be supplied to them from some other source; the kangaroos and other animals, on which they mostly subsist, shall not be shot or destroyed; and there are many other directions showing humane consideration for the condition of these almost helpless beings:—

“Thus conducted,” (observe the commissioners, after describing their wise and benevolent intentions,) “the colonization of Southern Australia will be an advent of mercy to the native tribes. They are now exposed to every species of outrage, and treated like cattle of the field: they will, in future, be placed under the protection of British laws, and invested with the rights of British subjects. They are now
standing

standing on the verge of famine; they will obtain a constant and an ample supply of subsistence. They are not attached to the soil as cultivators; they do not occupy the natural pastures, even as wandering shepherds; they are without the implements of the chase which belong to hunting tribes; and, with respect to industry and the possession of property, they do not appear to manifest the instinctive apprehensions of some of the inferior animals. They will now be lifted up from this degradation; they will be gradually reconciled to labour for the sake of its certain reward; they will be instructed in the several branches of useful industry, and they will possess in their reserves property increasing in value as the colony expands. Colonization thus extended to South Australia, though it should do nothing for the colonists, and nothing for the mother country, would yet deserve, in its influence upon the aborigines, Lord Bacon's character of a *blessed work*."—*South Australia*, pp. 70, 71.

This is all very just and exceedingly gratifying, and the more so, as Mr. Stephens informs us, they have already begun to adopt the civilised usages of the new comers, wearing clothing, building huts in humble imitation of the wooden cottages of the colonists, and showing a readiness for industrious labour.

The colony was only established in the year 1836, and its progress was rapid and apparently prosperous. It joins upon Port Philip to the east, and on Western Australia on the west, extending from 130° to 141° of east longitude, and, including the adjacent islands on the south coast, may be reckoned to comprise about 300,000 square miles, or 192,000,000 of acres; affording an abundant scope for exertion. In the early part of the year 1837 we received an account of this incipient colony from the late Sir John Jeffcott, the chief justice, in which he says:—

'On my arrival here, I found the governor, his Excellency Captain Hindmarsh, R.N., Knight of the Hanoverian Order, &c. &c., in a mud hut—God save the mark!—which consisted of only two rooms, in which were stowed, besides himself, Mrs. Hindmarsh and her three daughters, young Hindmarsh and a maid-servant. How they found room passes my feeble comprehension. In the hut I dined with his excellency, in company with Captain Crozier, commander of H. M. S. Victor. We passed a very merry day, and had the pleasure of hearing the young ladies sing and accompany themselves on the guitar in the evening.

'The site of this incipient city [Adelaide], where I now write—in a tent, be it said—is most beautiful, and looks quite like an English park. Nothing can be finer than the rich pastures spread over the land in all directions. There are now located here between twelve and fifteen hundred people, who are scattered over the plain of Adelaide, in tents, huts, and wooden houses; I assure you a very picturesque group. The avidity with which all the land in [for] the town, consisting of 1000 acres, in lots of one acre each, was bought up at auction in two days, every

every acre fetching from 7*l.* to 10*l.*, satisfies me of the eventual success of the colony.'

Two years after this, we are told by Mr. Stephens, these town-lots had risen from 50*l.* to 150*l.* each—average 100*l.*

The city of Adelaide is divided into two portions by the river Torrens (a series of muddy and stagnant pools), and it appears in 1838 to have numbered from four to five thousand inhabitants. It is laid out with perfect regularity, the main streets being straight and parallel, and the cross ones equally so. Between every two of the latter crossing the former, the intermediate space is divided into blocks of six or eight double sections, abutting on each other, and each section consists of an acre, a perfect square, of course about seventy yards a side. In the centre of the city are reserved 200 acres for a park, and all round the city, a width of 500 yards, to form a beautiful drive, of about seven miles, like the Boulevards of Paris.

The testimonies to the salubrity of the climate, the productiveness of the soil, and the comfort of the settlers, are numerous, unanimous, and zealous even to exaggeration. 'Oh,' says one of them, as he was sitting down to a leg of mutton and an apricot pie,—'Oh! that our English friends could see the *hardships* we endure, and such cherry-cheeked, healthy children as we have around us; we never had such in England; all the poor sickly-looking children improve directly in this climate.' The apricot pie sounds very grand, but is about equivalent to the West Indian negro eating *pine-apples*, and the populace of Egypt starving upon *melons*. As to the notion that 'the poor sickly-looking children of England' would improve in those *climates* into cherry-cheeked cherubs, it is absurd. The writer may have had children sickly from specific circumstances—for example, want of sufficient food or air and exercise, and such causes may not operate in their new position; but we do not believe that, as far as mere climate is concerned, there is any region of the world more healthy for men, women, and children than *Old England*.

"The natural fertility," says another, "of the soil may be imagined when I state the fact, that now, at the moment I am writing, in the depth of our Australian winter, there is on the plain of which Adelaide is the centre, plentiful food for fifty thousand head of cattle, and ten times that number of sheep. The grass, indeed, burnt by the natives to the ground a few months ago, is already ankle-deep,—close and rich, not rank. Our oxen and horses, hard worked and hard ridden as they necessarily are, grow fatter and fatter every day; and the sheep, whose bones, when landed, seemed only to be held in their places by the skin, have never required more than a few weeks to get them into excellent condition. I have seen mutton at the butcher's which would not have disgraced Leadenhall market. Pigs and poultry thrive as well as in the richest districts of

of Yorkshire or Westphalia, and require very little feeding.”—*South Australia*, p. 54.

We will add a settler's description of his garden :—

‘ My garden is really becoming valuable. We have had in the following succession,—radishes, mustard and cress, cabbages, peas, and potatoes, in small quantities, from it already; besides which, it contains lettuces, beets, spinach, red cabbages, cauliflowers, turnips, broad beans, parsley, onions, love apples, &c., in small quantities, with a tolerable quantity of Indian corn just coming up, and more than an eighth of an acre of potatoes in capital condition. Add to these, nine apple-trees, and a seedling from our own garden, two cherries, two almonds, six gooseberries, six currants, three or four dozen seedling almonds, and as many vines from dried fruit we accumulated during the voyage, with plenty of vegetable marrow, gourds, cucumbers, melons, and water-melons, &c. &c. Nor are we without European flowers to vie with the beauty and exquisite variety of the native ones. Pink, blue, and yellow lupins, hyacinths, narcissi, friend B.'s anemones, mignonette, and chrysanthemums, have already blossomed; and sweet peas, laburnums, Virginian stocks, convolvulus, candy tuft, mallows, nasturtium, &c. &c., are in progress of growth. Altogether I have about half an acre under cultivation.’—*Ib.*, p. 55.

In the session of 1839, Mr. Hutt, one of the leading men in the association, thus delivered himself in the House of Commons :—

‘ The most recent accounts represent South Australia as exhibiting every economical evidence of a thriving, vigorous, and virtuous community. From all the neighbouring colonies settlers are arriving to fix themselves in the new province. Ships are almost daily entering Port Adelaide, not from England only, but from India, from Sydney, Launceston, and Hobart Town. All the necessaries of life—a vital question in infant settlements—are nearly as cheap in the city of Adelaide as in any one of the Australian colonies; and nothing can exceed the terms of satisfaction in which labouring emigrants, sent out by the commissioners, speak of their present situation and their future prospects. Yet the noble lord says that South Australia must not be quoted as a proof of the success of a self-supporting colony. It certainly is a colony which has never drawn upon the public purse to secure the happy state of things I have described; for while more than forty colonies are dependent on British funds for the maintenance of their institutions, *South Australia alone defrays all its own cost.*’—*Ib.*, p. 209.

With all these fair prospects, however, so temptingly set forth, the ‘public purse’ has not escaped drafts upon it, and to a pretty considerable extent. One would suppose indeed the settlers were left to govern themselves, for dissensions early commenced among the highest authorities. Even on the outward voyage, Captain Hindmarsh, the governor, and Mr. Fisher, the treasurer, quarrelled, and they carried their disputes with them into the colony. The colonial secretary quarrelled with the colonial treasurer; the governor opposed the council, and superseded the advocate-general.

Captain

Captain Hindmarsh was forthwith recalled, and Colonel Gawler appointed to succeed him. Under his government, matters rapidly grew worse; the expenditure became enormous; the emigration fund, which originally was intended to be applied wholly to give free passages to emigrants, was appropriated to the payment of the expenses of the colony; and thus the progress of an immigration, which had brought a population from England and from the older colonies of from ten to fifteen thousand settlers, was suddenly suspended. Colonel Gawler's bills were dishonoured—he was recalled—and a total derangement took place in all the money transactions of the colony, 'which alone defrays all its own cost.'

'In 1839,' says Lord John Russell—the very year in which Mr. Hutt made his oration!—In 1839, 'the financial difficulties became extreme; it was found that the expenditure amounted in the last quarter to 34,000*l.*; and that the average expenditure of the year was not less than 140,000*l.*, while the real *bonâ fide* revenue did not exceed 20,000*l.*' The result must be obvious. The stoppage put to emigration was a complete check to the purchase of land, and the land fund consequently disappeared. The land commissioners were authorised by act of parliament to raise money by loans; these with the interest tended only to increase the debt. That debt, brought up to June, 1841, is stated by Mr. Parker, one of the lords of the Treasury, who was commissioned to draw up a report, to amount to 402,067*l.*

There never was anything more ridiculous than the pompous and extravagant plan of Adelaide, equalled only by the wasteful expenditure on what are called 'special surveys.' Captain Grey, very properly, before he accepted the government, required an explanation on this subject of 'peculiar importance.' A special survey, he tells us, means that when any man, or body of men, will purchase at once 4000 acres, great and extraordinary advantages are connected with the purchase. The parties select a tract of 15,000 acres, all of which are ordered to be surveyed; from the lands so surveyed they select 4000 acres, with the choicest soil, of course, and in the best situations; but then at any time, within fourteen days, they are at liberty to select any further quantity of land, in addition to the 4000 acres, for which they are to pay 1*l.* for every acre so selected; and he adds, this is often done in such a manner as to render the 11,000 acres, for which they do *not* pay, inaccessible to future purchasers, and worthless to the government; in other words, the purchaser obtains a whole territory of 11,000 acres *gratis*.

This gross jobbing of land—jobbed in London—is not the worst. It is stated there were forty contracts of this kind; and as it is supposed twenty of them yet require to be surveyed, the amount

amount thus disposed of will be 300,000 acres, and the cost of the survey will amount, it is said, to 80,000*l.*! but at the most reasonable rate, the least charge will be from 52,000*l.* to 53,000*l.* Captain Grey very properly asks Lord John Russell, 'Is this system of special surveys to be discontinued for the future?' His lordship answers, 'Yes, they are.' Not only this vast business, but all the financial concerns of the colony, had been placed, by act of parliament, under the control of certain land and emigration commissioners sitting in London, and a brother commissioner in the colony, carrying on the business, be it observed, and issuing their orders to their brother commissioner, and even to the governor, without any correspondence with the Secretary of State, and without any control of the Treasury. Well might Lord John say he could see nothing but mischief in this anomalous kind of government; in which, although the crown has an apparent discretion, everything is left to the commissioners. Having experienced the mischief, he has now very prudently combined the double office of governor and commissioner in the person of Captain Grey; and, as far as we can judge, he would do well to abolish altogether the office of commissioners in London, and conduct the business, where it ought to be (as that of the old colonies is), by the under-secretaries and clerks of the Colonial Office, and with an additional under-secretary, and an increased number of clerks, if found (as no doubt it would be) necessary for proper management of the new department which has thus grown upon us. But the salaried commissioners and officers in London should be abolished, with the single exception of one, perhaps, as *Agent* to manage the business of emigration. Mr. Hutt, a great advocate for the self-supporting system and the sacred character of the 'public purse,' said, 'The colony went on prosperously until the first commissioners were replaced by *salaried* officers; from that moment the affairs of the colony went back, and so continued until the present difficulties.' What is the inference?—that they laboured hard to lay a ground for *salaries*, and, having got them, ceased to labour. Lord John Russell would therefore do well to bring back all these duties to the office of the colonial secretary, where, constitutionally, they ought to be, under the immediate control of the responsible minister.

Lord Stanley observed, in his speech, on the expensive manner in which the colony had been conducted, and showed clearly that the object was to create a false appearance of prosperity, until at last the thing was overdone, and the bubble burst. Their extravagance was shown in expending 140,000*l.* a-year, when the revenue did not exceed 20,000*l.* a-year. There was laid out 24,000*l.* for a *government-house*!!! and 92,000*l.* in making a road through a mount to a harbour, the worst that could be chosen. Land in

Adelaide was sold at prices not to be obtained in Liverpool. They had three banks issuing their own paper; labour was 8s., 10s., and 12s. a-day in this wilderness; and there was a police establishment highly paid, the gentry composing the which complained of the grievous hardship of having to clean their own clothes and white gloves. 'In short,' said his lordship, 'this wilderness at the antipodes is stated to possess every luxury that could be enjoyed anywhere, and this at a time that there were not above two hundred acres of land actually in cultivation.'

But of the numerous branches of the civil establishment of South Australia, the most extravagant was that of the survey department, with its surveyor-general, two deputies, fourteen surveyors, four draftsmen, a commissary, &c.—its amount was 24,813*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* This was Colonel Gawler's surveying staff; it appears that the London commissioners afterwards appointed a Lieutenant Frome, with a very reduced staff, the annual expense being about 5000*l.*; both of them, however, were employed in the quarter ending 1839. We are much mistaken if some dozen land-stewards or bailiffs, with twice the number of farmers, would not make surveys of this wilderness, with sufficient accuracy for all practical purposes, at one-tenth part of the expense.

We trust, however, that the cloud which now hangs over South Australia will ere long be dispersed. Captain Grey is gone out with new instructions, which direct him to correspond with the Colonial Office and the Treasury, and *not* with the commissioners; and the proposition of Lord John Russell to authorise a loan of 210,000*l.* under the guarantee of government may, we think, relieve the colony from its present embarrassments, and enable it gradually to throw off all its incumbrances—except the greatest of all, which we conscientiously believe is that of being left at all in the hands of *London Commissioners*.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA, or SWAN RIVER.—Ten years ago we took a favourable view in this journal of the prospects of the Swan River colony, just then established, and foretold what, by proper management, it might in time become; but it languished for five or six years, barely prolonging a feeble existence. Now, however, we are glad to find that our first anticipations are in fair progress of accomplishment. In its early stage, it was, in fact, conducted without adequate attention to any one sound leading principle, except the excellent one—in so far as *morality* is concerned—of not suffering a single convict to be landed in any part of the territory. The grand error consisted in the profuse manner in which land was given away to any extent, and in any location, without payment and without regard to the capability of the party on whom it was bestowed, or what means he possessed to supply

supply labour for its cultivation. No land-fund nor any other was established for sending out emigrant labourers. Hence the slow progress made, which was further retarded by the dispersion of the few inhabitants, in consequence of the enormous grants, wholly unoccupied, chiefly along the sea-coast.

The first of these grants consisted of the monstrous quantity of 500,000 acres, given to Mr. Peel, marked out on a chart in England, round about the port and landing-place of Swan River. The governor took another 100,000 acres; a third had 80,000 acres. Other grants were bestowed on various officers of the navy, and other gentlemen in England, who never were nor intended to be in Swan River district. Mr. Peel's case, however, was different; he carried out altogether about 300 persons, men, women, and children; sixty of whom were able labouring men: but it is stated, in evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, that 'in six months after his arrival, he had nobody left even to make his bed for him, or to fetch him water from the river; that he was obliged literally to make his own bed, and to fetch water for himself, and to light his own fire. All the labourers had left him.' Some, it appears, went farther from the coast, and became cottiers on the waste lands; but this soon failed for want of funds, and most of them set off for Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales.

This lowering cloud, however, has passed away. These unoccupied masses of land, we have adverted to, have lapsed to the crown, and, since 1834-5, have been disposed of in the same manner as in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land; and highly respectable settlers have gradually been pouring in. The society is now said to be on an excellent footing. The higher order consists of families well born and well educated, and among them are many officers of the army and navy. They have established libraries and scientific institutions of various kinds; and great attention is paid to female education—even in its most elegant branches. 'All writers agree,' says Mr. Ogle, 'in their account of the moral courage and un murmuring perseverance, under great privations, of the women who encountered the difficulties entailed on the early settlers; and all equally agree on the great influence their noble and endearing conduct has, and must continue to have, on the community at large.'

Sir James Stirling reports that, up to August 1, 1838, from the first foundation of the colony, the government has not found occasion to execute sentence of death upon a single individual; but a small number of offences had been committed, and these chiefly by immigrants from the neighbouring penal settlements.

The population of this small but flourishing colony was—of males, 1344; females, 688; total, 2032—a little more than

one female to two males. Sir James Stirling estimates the aggregate value of their property at \$60,000*l.*, producing, after all demands, a clear annual accumulation of capital to the extent of 72,000*l.* We know that, until the end of 1834, this little colony just kept its head above water. In that year the number of sheep was 3545; in 1839, 21,038: horned cattle, 1834, 500; in 1839, 1308: swine, 1834, 374; in 1839, 1235: and so of all other animals. The prospects of the colony continued so flattering up to last year, that a company of gentlemen, at the head of whom was W. Hutt, Esq., M.P., decided on forming a settlement, in which the same principles of colonization should be adopted which were supposed to have had such eminent success in South Australia. We have seen the upshot *there*; but *here*, it is to be observed, there is none of that divided authority which was the chief cause of casting a cloud over that colony; no commissioners to interfere with the colonial government. Here there has been none of that intemperate and thoughtless haste—none of that jobbing in land—no banks without funds—no building of splendid cities without the means of paying for them; the motto has been *festina lentè*. This new company consists of men of property; their plan is the investment of capital in the acquirement of land, and the application of the produce of its sale to the conveyance of settlers and labouring emigrants. With this view they began by purchasing extensive tracts of land near Leschenault, on the southern extremity. One of these, containing more than 100,000 acres, is beautifully situated on the shores of the lake or inlet, formed by the embouchure of four rivers, and having at its mouth one of the best ports on this part of the coast of New Holland. Here the chief town of the settlement, *viz.*, Australind, was to be established. A number of settlers applied immediately for lots of land, and paid down their money; a surveyor was sent out; and the first ship was ready to depart, when intelligence arrived of Governor Hutt having published a notice in the Perth Gazette, that, as the period allowed for occupancy of lands, by persons absent from the colony, had expired, their immediate resumption must take place; and among these lands were enumerated 112,000 acres at Leschenault.

When this information reached England, in October, 1840, the chairman waited on Lord John Russell, to lay before him the position in which the company was placed, and requested that Port Grey might be granted, in lieu of 170,000 acres, which had been consigned to them at Port Leschenault, of which 50,500 had been disposed of in England to intended emigrants, 500 being appropriated for Australind.

It was represented that Port Grey, three degrees nearer the tropic than Leschenault, being in lat. $28^{\circ} 50'$, is more salubrious, from the great height of the land, than the former place,—that it is more conveniently situated with regard to India; and that it offered other advantages that Leschenault did not. To this exchange Lord John, therefore, assented, and the chief superintendent in Western Australia, with certain settlers, proceeded some months ago to take possession of Grey's Harbour and the adjoining country, in the occupation of which we most heartily wish them all success. They have now a line of coast from Gantheaume Bay, in $27^{\circ} 30' N.$, to Arrowsmith's River, in $29^{\circ} 30' N.$, and their New *Australind* will be on the shore of Grey's Harbour, in $29^{\circ} N.$ Along the whole of this coast are numerous rivers and rills descending from a parallel range of hills, to which has been given the name of Victoria; and Captain Grey speaks in strong terms of the beauty and fertility of the intermediate country.

We are not aware that the harbour has been surveyed, at least that any plan of it has been published, but a fine river runs into it, and it is said to be well sheltered, and the surrounding country highly favourable for colonization. Further to the northward, Hutt River, of very considerable dimensions, flows into a large sheet of water, or lagoon, communicating with the sea; here, too, the country is described as fine, the foundation limestone, well clothed with grass—dews falling at night almost like rain; and, in short, there is every reason to believe that the change of situation has been a fortunate one. We understand that a number of emigrants have enrolled their names, and are ready to proceed without waiting for a survey of the lands reaching England.

PORT ESSINGTON, *on the Northern Coast*.—We are not sorry that the colonisation of Australia is creeping northerly; nor are we without hope that it may, ere long, be extended to the north-west angle, and beyond it, where there are fine harbours, with rivers flowing into them—as that of Prince Regent, which runs through a fine valley into Hanover Bay; Fitzroy River, opening into King George's Sound; and various other harbours and rivers along the whole of the northern coast. The climate is represented by Captain Grey to be temperate; and the soil adapted for raising all the valuable products of the Indian archipelago, the Dutch islands of Java and Sumatra, the Malay islands of Macassar, Celebes, &c.; such as sugar, rice, indigo, cotton, pepper and other spices, with the choicest fruits of the East: with all these islands, and with India and China, the northern ports of Australia would have an easy and ready access. We think, then, that we ought not to stop until a ring-fence has been drawn round

round the great continent of Australia, and a stake driven into every part of the fence to keep out intruders.

It was with the double view of establishing a commercial mart, similar to that of Singapore, and a colony on the northern coast, that, in 1825, Lord Bathurst went into the plans proposed by a body of London merchants. Captain (now Sir Gordon) Bremer was sent out for this purpose; and erected a small fort, to which he gave the name of Cockburn. One great object was to encourage the Macassar Malays, who yearly visit the coast to fish for trepang, to open a trade with us for English manufactures. It was soon found, however, that their fishing-ground lay considerably to the eastward, so the station was removed to Raffles' Bay in 1828. The Malays expressed their desire for trade, and promised to bring articles of barter the following year. Unfortunately for this new settlement, the military officer left in command of the party was utterly unfit for such a service, became melancholy, felt his position to be that of banishment, and made such complaints of sickness and other grievances, that the establishment was broken up. The Malays, however, kept their promise; and, as appears by a report of Captain Laws, R.N., the spot had scarcely been abandoned, when there arrived more than 34 proas, manned with 1056 persons, most grievously disappointed as to the failure of the expected trade.

In 1839, Lord Glenelg was prevailed on to re-establish an entrepôt on this coast, and Sir Gordon Bremer was again sent to carry it into effect. He selected Port Essington, close to Raffles' Bay, for this purpose. The establishment was flourishing rapidly; a church was carried out from Sydney, and a village erected; a large garden was planted; and everything appeared to prosper, when the state of things in China rendered it expedient that Sir Gordon Bremer should proceed to that quarter, leaving the command with Commander Stanley of Her Majesty's Ship *Britomart*.

On the eve of his departure Sir Gordon writes thus:—

'I feel that I am abundantly warranted in congratulating the British government on their having caused the occupation of this noble harbour, and on the acquisition to the country of a colony, which must answer all the purposes contemplated by Her Majesty's government in its formation: nor can I entertain a doubt but that, with the due encouragement *it will receive from home*, its admirable geographical position will excite attention, its capabilities for mercantile purposes be appreciated, and its soil, which evidently will produce the most valuable articles, be speedily and successfully cultivated.'

We have some doubts, however, as to the 'due encouragement;' in a subsequent letter which we have seen Sir Gordon Bremer

Bremer speaks of a clause in his instructions, which forbade him to permit any proprietary right to the land to be acquired by Her Majesty's subjects, until further orders: and this is the more to be regretted, as numerous individuals at Sydney were desirous of establishing themselves there, to carry on their commercial speculations. Whether orders have gone out to remove this restriction, we are not aware; but sure we are, that such restrictions, at this time, are most impolitic and inexpedient. There does not appear to be the slightest objection to people every part of this northern coast, where there is plenty of fresh water and good soil. Much has been said in parliament of the inadequacy of our colonies to produce a sufficient quantity of sugar for home consumption. If so, why neglect so favourable an opportunity of increasing the quantity by grants of land in Northern Australia? What is the object in refusing them? Any number of labouring Chinese or of Malays would easily be procured, and at a cheap rate. In short, we cannot help thinking that, in a national point of view, such a colony would prove of more permanent importance than the one we are about to mention, notwithstanding the phrenzy which appears to be hurrying away thousands towards that quarter.

NEW ZEALAND.—If we were desired to point out the spot on the earth's circumference on which Nature had bestowed her bounties in the most lavish manner, and where man, on his part, had done the least—literally nothing—we should at once name the northern island of New Zealand. A great number of excellent harbours, noble navigable rivers flowing into them, beautiful valleys through which they meander, hills clothed with forests of the finest timber, a soil fertile with natural productions, without the labour of the spade or plough and without manure—a climate mild and salubrious,—these are its general characteristics. That such a country, in such a period as this, should be grasped at, both by projectors on the great scale, and by humbler persons who really find it expedient to try their fortunes in foreign lands, is not in the least surprising. But it is already peopled—thinly, it is true, according to our notions and scale of things—by a brave, athletic, and warlike race, who are divided into tribes, governed, under their respective chiefs, by certain regulations, and having each their separate territories, well defined, often attacked indeed, but stoutly maintained and defended.*

The naturalist of the New Zealand Company says—

'The unhappy lot prepared by Europeans for the inhabitants of many of their colonies forms a mournful page in the history of the human

* See an article on *Earle's 'Account of New Zealand'* in *Quarterly Review*, vol. xlviii. p. 135, &c.

species. It is the first duty of the right-minded colonist to occupy himself strenuously, above all other local considerations, with the destiny of the aborigines. To become acquainted with the real state of things in New Zealand is not an easy matter. This people, small in number, thinly scattered over a large surface, divided into many tribes, inheriting from their ancestors mutual envy and hatred, and now everywhere brought into contact with other nations, of superior activity and advanced civilisation, are ready to receive the intruders with open arms, yet, though endowed with high capabilities, are still in all respects the untutored children of nature.'—*Supplementary Information*, p. 101.

He says the children of Europeans by natives are a beautiful race—light-brown, like the French of the south; not, however, sallow in complexion, but with a healthy red on the cheeks, in features like the mother, with beautiful black eyes and hair. No doubt, therefore, our countrymen will readily amalgamate with the New Zealanders; and as we are already become one people, the sooner the better; for New Zealand, we are assured, is now part and parcel of Great Britain. How this has been brought about we shall presently see.

New Zealand, Mr. Secretary Ward tells us, has been made by the founders of the new colony 'the theatre of a great experiment in the art of self-supporting colonization.'

We will not here discuss Mr. Ward's assertion that 'the Queen of England has, by the law of nations, an indisputable title to the sovereignty of New Zealand, founded upon the possession taken in the name of George III. by the discoverer of those islands, in 1769.' We know very well what has been the general doctrine and *practice*; though it might certainly be a puzzling question whether, in strict justice, either 'discovery' or 'possession' give any title to the sovereignty of an island peopled by aborigines, and not a mere derelict; but moreover, even if the doctrine be correct, we still are not quite satisfied as to *our* claim, on these grounds, to the New Zealand islands. We neither discovered them, nor are we aware that we ever had legal possession of them. The only possession, till very recently, was that of certain missionaries, who had established themselves comfortably in different parts; and that of a set of ruffians, runaway sailors, convicts from the Australian colonies, and so forth, who had squatted about the 'Bay of Islands,' and rendered it an almost unequalled sink of iniquity.

Any measure to extirpate these vagabonds would be of the greatest benefit to the natives, as well as to any new settlers that may locate themselves in that neighbourhood; and we understand that swarms of settlers have been pouring in since the despatch of the Marquis of Normanby of August, 1839, to Captain Hobson,

Hobson, by which he was instructed to procure the recognition of the sovereign authority of the Queen over these islands, and to induce the chiefs, if possible, to contract with him as representing Her Majesty. This despatch further lays down that henceforth no lands shall be ceded, either gratuitously or otherwise, except to the crown of Great Britain; and that Captain Hobson shall announce, by proclamation, that Her Majesty will not acknowledge, as valid, any title to land which either has been, or shall hereafter be, acquired in that country, otherwise than by grant, original or confirmatory, in Her Majesty's name, and on her behalf. It informs him that the new colony is to be under the governor of the colony of New South Wales; and

'The Governor will, with the advice of the Legislative Council, be instructed to appoint a Legislative Commission, to investigate and ascertain what are the lands in New Zealand held by British subjects under grants from the natives; how far such grants were lawfully acquired and ought to be respected; and what may have been the price or other valuable consideration given for them. The Commissioners will make their report to the Governor; and it will then be decided by him how far the claimants, or any of them, may be entitled to confirmatory grants from the Crown, and on what conditions such confirmation ought to be made.'

Moreover, an instruction provides that, in order to obviate the danger of the acquisition of large tracts of country by mere land-jobbers, all contracts with the natives are to be made by the Lieutenant-Governor himself, 'through the intervention of an officer expressly appointed to watch over the interests of the aborigines as their protector.' And it is further justly and humanely provided, that one of the first duties of this official protector is to take care 'that the acquisition of land by the crown, for the future settlement of British subjects, must be confined to such districts as the natives can alienate *without distress or serious inconvenience to themselves*.'

So then the die is cast. Lieutenant-Governor Hobson has got a certain number of chiefs to sign, seal, and deliver over their country to the sovereignty of the Queen of Great Britain.

'Dandeson Coates, Esq.,' lay secretary to the Church Missionary Society, in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, energetically protests against this summary assumption of sovereign power: he is strongly for the preservation of the native sovereignty and independence, observing that 'no measures can be equitably adopted or produce salutary results which are not founded in justice, or, in other words, the recognised principles of international law.' He also condemns *in toto* the contracts made with the natives for the purchase of their lands,

it

it being avowed that those contracts were to carry along with them the cession of the sovereignty of the tribes, so selling land, to the British government. 'He holds it to be utterly impossible that a set of barbarians like the natives of New Zealand can, by any explanation, however honestly given, be made to comprehend the ultimate consequences of the transaction, and that therefore such an arrangement is essentially inequitable, and such as the British government could not with propriety make themselves parties to.' Mr. Dandeson Coates might have been asked by what explanation then did his own dear missionaries make these barbarians 'comprehend the consequences' of the cessions of the fine estates they are said to have procured? But the question is not to be settled by such an *argumentum ad hominem*.

We very much fear that Lord Normanby, and Lord John Russell also, have rather hastily made themselves parties to the views of a company, who are endeavouring to swallow up the whole territory of New Zealand. We are sure, however, that neither of these noble lords are parties to certain audacious practices of the chief agent of the association, who calls himself *Colonel Wakefield*—a sort of personage with whom, we must say, we do not like to see the government in any way or degree whatever connected. His first purchase, he says, will consist of 110,000 acres of selected country lands. The site of the town will consist of 1100 acres, exclusive of portions marked out for general use, such as quays, squares, and public gardens. And, with an extraordinary effort of generosity, he proposes to reserve *one-tenth* part to be distributed *as private property* among the chief families of the tribe by which the lands have been sold:—

'These doubly-selected lands will be divided into 1100 sections, each section comprising one town-acre and 100 country-acres: 110 sections will be reserved by the company, who intend to distribute the same as private property amongst the chief families of the tribe from which the lands shall have been originally purchased. The remainder, being 990 sections, of 101 acres each, are now offered for sale in sections, at the price of 101*l.* for each section, or 1*l.* per acre.'—*Ward*, pp. 127, 128.

The Colonel goes on to say,—

'Of the 99,990*l.* to be paid to the company by purchasers, 25 per cent. only, or 24,997*l.* 10*s.*, will be reserved to meet the expenses of the company. The remainder, being 75 per cent., or 74,992*l.* 10*s.*, will be laid out by the company for the exclusive benefit of the purchasers, in giving value to the land sold, by defraying the cost of emigration to this first and principal settlement.'—*Ib.*, p. 128.

But this is a mere trifle in the dealings of this active agent. He goes into Cook's Strait; gets on board his ship, which is immediately crowded with a whole concourse of chiefs and their rabble

rabble followers; his decks thronged with natives, male and female. The goods for merchandise are got up and placed on deck; the shop is opened; a bale of clothing is given to enable the chiefs to go on board the emigrant ships there present, in a decent costume; then are brought forward a display of presents of blankets, soap, and dresses for the women—and these, he says, had the effect of putting down the clamour made for arms. A dozen fowling-pieces were distributed among the leaders, and those who were to sign ‘the deed of conveyance;’ but some squabble took place, and the negotiation abruptly terminated. ‘Then arose among these lawless and headless savages mutual reproaches and recriminations.’ The next day, however, after a good deal of bullying and blustering, matters were amicably settled, and these ‘lawless and headless savages’ signed the deed! Such was the prelude to the following honest bargain:—

‘They then executed the deed, and taking their double-barrelled guns, said they would send the other chiefs to sign when the remainder of the goods should be delivered, and went on shore.

‘On looking at the accompanying map of those parts of the two islands bordering on Cook’s Strait, in which I have thus acquired possessions for the Company, and extending from the 38th to the 43rd degree of latitude on the western coast, and from the 41st to the 43rd on the eastern, you will readily conceive that I have not obtained a title to all the land included within those parallels. It is necessary, in order properly to appreciate the extent and value of the purchase, to know the different possessors and claimants of the above territory.’—*Supplementary Information*, p. 126.

This is doing business with a high hand. Five hundred miles of sea-coast (including the northern and southern shores of Cook’s Strait) is pretty well to begin with; and a few more blankets, lumps of soap, and muskets, will procure the rest, from the different possessors and claimants, ‘at the cost, perhaps’ of not more than half-a-crown a mile. ‘To distinguish the possessions of the Company, which so greatly predominate in this extensive territory, I have called it,’ says the Colonel, ‘*North and South Durham*; and I hope that the day will come when a British population, availing itself of the natural advantages of these two provinces, will render them worthy of their name:’—this name being of course selected as a mark of veneration for the memory of the late Earl of Durham!

A second Committee of the House of Commons, in July, 1840, more searching and business-like than the former, has drawn from the evidence of Mr. Ward, the Company’s Secretary, more precise information than either the Colonel or the Company had thought it expedient to make public. He states that their possessions in this quarter amount to 20,000,000 acres—twenty millions!—and on being pressed as to the *price*, said it might be

be about *one halfpenny* an acre ! and that they re-sold this land at 20s. an acre !—a concern not unworthy the attention of the purest Durhamites !—a profit of just *thirty-nine shillings and elevenpence* upon every *penny* of capital embarked ! Here is abundant scope for a searching inquiry. Colonel Wakefield talks indignantly of land-jobbers and land-sharks ; we trust it may be shown that *he* does not fall under his own anathema.

May we not ask, how do all these proceedings square with the declared 'sovereignty of the British crown,' and the 'proclamation' of Captain Hobson ? Will her Majesty's government sanction such *purchases* and such *sales*, or, will it demand immediate restitution ? Where was Captain Hobson, consul and lieutenant-governor, while they were in progress ? His name is not even once mentioned. It is true he had not *then* received Lord Normanby's instructions of August, 1839, which require that 'no lands shall henceforward be ceded, either gratuitously or otherwise, except to the crown of Great Britain.' If, however, these enormous *purchases* have escaped the vigilance of the lieutenant-governor, it is to be hoped a 'legislative commission' from England, and not from Sydney, will rigidly 'investigate and ascertain how far such grants were lawfully acquired, and ought to be respected ; and *what may have been the price*, or other valuable consideration, given for them.' This, if honestly performed, will open a curious scene. We shall see what the schedule contains of the Monmouth Street rags, slops, ruffles and gowns for the ladies, and secondhand coats for the gentlemen, and the muskets and fowling-pieces for the warriors.

Acknowledging, as we very willingly do, Lord John Russell's able general management of the colonies in this part of the world, we are anxious he should tread on sure ground with regard to New Zealand. We cannot doubt he acts on the advice of the Queen's Advocate and with the concurrence of the Cabinet ; but there is a fearful responsibility attached to the colonization of these islands, both as regards the aborigines and the settlers. Collisions must be expected to take place with the fierce and barbarous natives ; in all which great prudence and forbearance will be required. We have heard that Colonel Wakefield's proceedings have already alarmed them ; they begin to reflect on the folly of giving up their land for a few trumpery and perishable articles, and particularly dislike the *decimation* scheme. This feeling is not calculated to put the Durhamites at their ease ; especially as these people are in possession of fire-arms, and have been instructed in the use of them. When the newcomers proceed to occupy the sea-coasts from which the natives have always been used to draw a great part of their subsistence, there is every reason to anticipate formidable demonstrations.

That

That the aborigines are to be managed and are capable of improvement, the missionaries have clearly shown. These persons, by their mild and persuasive behaviour, have secured for themselves a safe and friendly reception, and established themselves peaceably among the natives in various parts of the Northern Island. They have given instruction in the evenings, and brought numbers to attend divine service on Sundays. But the missionaries, amidst all these labours, have by no means neglected their own worldly concerns; they have obtained portions of land to as great an extent as they could with decency hold, and as their catechists and dependents can cultivate; and all agree that the missionary farms are to appearance so many Goshens.

Mr. Coates gives in evidence that the Church Missionary Establishment consists of 5 ordained missionaries, 20 catechists, 1 farmer, 1 surgeon, 1 superintendent of the press, 1 printer, 1 wheelwright, 1 stonemason, 2 assistant teachers, and 2 female teachers, making in all 35, exclusive of temporary agents. There are five of these establishments in the northern district and five in the southern. In 1838 there were in the northern district 37 schools, 936 scholars, boys and girls, and of this number 94 youths and adults, 1630 congregations, and 176 communicants:—in the southern district, 17 schools, 495 boys and girls, 846 congregations. Under such circumstances, it is not in the least surprising that these worthy pastors should view with an eye of jealousy the inroads that are now making, and which must in some degree interfere with their hitherto almost exclusive establishments; in fact, they lay claim to some portion of Col. Wakefield's *purchases*: and these matters will partly explain the eagerness of their lay Secretary before the Committee of the House of Commons, already alluded to, in condemning the present proceedings. Indeed one would doubt, from the tenor of the papers of various missionaries, prepared apparently for the purpose of being laid before the committee, whether any one of them had been read, consisting, as they do, of some ninety or a hundred interminable pages of one of the blue books: at least though we have what is called a Report, there is *none* from the Commons, and the Lords (before whom evidence was taken) are satisfied by passing the following resolution:—

‘That the extension of the colonial possessions of the Crown is a question of public policy which belongs to the decision of her Majesty’s government; but that it appears to this committee that support, in whatever way it may be deemed most expedient to afford it, of the exertions which have already most beneficially effected the rapid advancement of the religious and social condition of the aborigines of New Zealand, affords the best present hopes of their future progress in civilization.’

We

We need not dwell on the bad part of the character of the New Zealanders. Their violent, ferocious, and revengeful disposition is well known, and has led them to the commission of the most atrocious acts, revolting to humanity; but they have many redeeming qualities, and late inquiries have gone far to exonerate them from the sweeping charge of cannibalism—to which many shrewd voyagers and visitors never attached any credit at all. The settlers, though liable, from the rising discontent and probable distress of the natives, to be attacked, and perhaps slaughtered, need not, we venture to say, be under any very serious apprehension of being *eaten*. Still we think they must feel uncomfortable. When the whole coasts are colonized, the *pressure from without* will be felt by the natives, and produce resistance from within. The agriculturists, even if let alone, will find serious difficulty in clearing the ground, covered as it is densely with ferns of deep taproots, with thick brushwood and forest-trees; a task requiring labour which many may not possess the means of commanding. By the last accounts wages of labour were 10s. a day, but no money to pay them—provisions high, and no money to purchase them—all dissatisfied, and numbers deserting the island. In the mean time, however, the Durhamites, as in all new colonies, have opened a bank—and established a newspaper, under an editor in selecting whom they have been deservedly happy. In one of his first leading-articles, he tells the settlers they 'must and will have a representative government,' and that nothing short of 'universal *suffrage*' will satisfy them; he is also highly indignant that *their* colony should be an appendage to the *penal* colony of New South Wales. All this is *selon les règles*—but we must hasten to another subject, which, however, is in some degree connected with New Zealand.

THE WHALE FISHERIES.—This is a sore subject, not only for those who have long and successfully been concerned in that trade, but for the whole kingdom, as the failure of the fisheries involves the loss of one of the best nurseries for our seamen. That this object of great national importance is rapidly advancing to a crisis, a few facts will but too clearly show. They are stated by Mr. Enderby, who has had the best opportunities of being conversant with all the details of the subject.* The state of the Greenland whale-fishery is as under:—

In 1821	.	.	158 ships	.	.	7,900 men
In 1840	.	.	31	.	.	1,550 "
			<hr/>		<hr/>	
Diminution	.		127	.		6,350 "

* See our article on 'Beale's Whale-fishery,' Quart. Rev., vol. lxiii., p. 341, for some account of Mr. Enderby.

That of the South Sea fishery from England—

In 1821, Spermaceti	. 95 ships	. 3,040 men
Common oil	. 33 „	. 1,056 „
Seal skin	. 36 „	. 792 „
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	164 „	4,888 „
In 1840 104 „	. 2,358 „
Decrease 60 „	. 2,530 „

Various causes have been assigned for this falling off of the fisheries; for instance, the great increase of American and French ships on the southern fishery, the former having no less than 553 ships, whose average tonnage is 329; and the French, 60; while ours amount only to 128. The Americans imported—

	Spermaceti.	Whale oil.
In 1830	. 106,829 barrels	. 86,274 barrels
In 1839	. 141,556 „	. 223,513 „
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Increase	. 34,727 „	. 137,239 „

The greater part of this spermaceti is understood to be transhipped at Boston for the British and German markets—the consumption, by certain of the English manufacturers, for use in their machinery being very great. Mr. Enderby, in his evidence before the Commons' committee, stated that, in the cotton and flax-spinning, and the finer descriptions of machinery, when lubricated with spermaceti, 500 revolutions more upon 4,000 can be obtained than with common oil. Then comes the introduction of vegetable oils with reduced duties, while the high ones on sperm and common oil remain; the former is at 6*l.* a-tun, the latter at 4*l.*, while the duty on olive-oil is only 4*l.* 4*s.* a-tun, on palm-oil 1*l.* 5*s.*, and on rape-oil only 12*s.* a-tun. This last, we believe, is so preferable, even to sperm, in certain delicate machinery, that, since, through the influence of the *millocrats* among liberal members, these modern Herods procured this enormous reduction, the quantity thrown into the English market from Germany is immense, and the culture of it in England has ceased; as, of course, under like circumstances, the cultivation of wheat is expected to do by the same patriotic personages.

Mr. Enderby states that the importation, in 1821, of olive-oil was 1900 tuns—but is now 7000 tuns; of palm-oil 3200 tuns, now 17,200; of rape-seed 800 tuns, now 10,500; making an increase on these oils of 30,000 tuns. He further states, that the *indirect* duties levied on oil of the British fishery, in the shape of duties on Baltic staves for casks, on foreign provisions, and many other articles, amount to from 600*l.* to 1,000*l.* upon each whaling ship that goes to the southward—equal to a duty of 6*l.* a-tun on sperm

sperm and 4*l.* on whale-oil. He estimates that an American ship can make a South Sea whaling voyage of 2 or 2½ years' duration, at two-thirds of the expense of an English ship of equal tonnage—that is to say, if the outlay of the American be 8000*l.*, the English ship will cost 12,000*l.* Such are the blessed effects of the *free-trade* system.

New Zealand, of all other places, is the most favourable, and has long been the most frequently resorted to, for the convenience of its position, and the superior advantages of its numerous harbours. A considerable boat fishery is carried on for the black whale along the coasts of the islands, in which the natives are very much employed, and are represented to be expert. It will be well that, in making regulations by act of parliament, or otherwise, for the government of this colony, as it must now be so considered, provision be made for securing to British subjects all the advantages it affords for the encouragement of the fisheries. The Australian colonies have made some progress, but Mr. Enderby, in his evidence, seems to think those of Sydney, in particular, are falling off; we think not, as far as the strict Colonial fishery is concerned. In point of fact, the staple of those colonies being wool, and the returns most profitable, the moneyed settlers look mostly to that concern;—but New Zealand settlers, we apprehend, will have little temptation to be drawn aside by any speculation in that article, and will most probably turn their attention to the fisheries. It appears to us they cannot do better either for themselves or the mother country, and it is to be hoped that, in a concern of such great national importance, the Colonial Office and the Board of Trade will take the whole subject under their joint consideration, and devise some means, if possible, to re-establish them in their former vigour; bearing in mind that, while our seamen in the northern fisheries have declined from 8,000 men to 1,500, and in the South Sea fisheries from 5,000 nearly to 2,500, the Americans in the latter alone have advanced to 10,000 men, being four times the number of ours employed in the same seas.

FALKLAND ISLANDS.—A word on these long-neglected islands, which, after a lapse of nearly seventy years, are, as we understand, about to be colonized. They too afford a most favourable station for prosecuting the common whale and the sperm fisheries. The Americans have discovered this, and are sealing and whaling on their coasts, and in their numerous sounds and harbours.

As a position of refuge and refreshment for the great and vastly-increasing number of wool-ships from the Australian colonies, and of the South Sea whalers—all of the former, and most of the latter, making their home passage round Cape Horn—these islands would be most valuable; the more so, as those richly-laden ships have

no other place to relax and refresh at but Rio de Janeiro, which occasions both expense and delay.

As a territorial appendage to the British empire, these islands are capable of supporting many thousand families. Situated in the same parallel of latitude as the southern parts of England, their climate is far more equable. The goodness of the soil may be inferred from the single circumstance of there being from forty to fifty thousand head of horned cattle, running wild, the produce of some three or four left on *one* island when we first possessed it, besides vast quantities of horses, wild hogs, and rabbits. The few sheep introduced have thriven as remarkably. The bays swarm with fish, seals, and sea-elephants. There is plenty of fine peat for fuel. In short, the Falkland Islands may be called the key to the Pacific. The expense of the establishment would be trifling : a sloop-of-war with a small cutter, in the first instance, would be sufficient to supply all the requisites for conducting the government.

We, in the outset, professed our intention to abstain, on this occasion, from anything like an essay on colonial policy. Our opinions on some important points of it have been incidentally indicated—but we wished to reserve the subject as a whole ; our main object being to state the progress and actual condition of our Australian settlements. In the mean time we have said or quoted enough to excite curiosity and to guide inquiry, and we have indicated various sources from which more detailed information may be drawn.

ART. V.—*The Courts of Europe at the Close of the Last Century.* By the late Henry Swinburne, Esq., Author of 'Travels in Spain, Italy, &c.' Edited by Charles White, Esq., Author of 'The Belgic Revolution.' 2 vols. London. 1841.

THIS light, and in every sense of the word *trivial*, book requires nevertheless serious animadversion ; for it is an instance of a discreditable style of publication, with which we have had too many occasions to reproach the modern Parisian press, and which we regret to find now gaining ground in England. We therefore feel it to be our duty to enter our earnest protest against it. Mr. Swinburne was known in the literary world as the author of '*Travels through Spain and Part of France*,' in 2 vols. 8vo., and of '*Travels through the Two Sicilies*,' in 4 vols. ; all published about sixty years ago, and respectable (though somewhat dull) publications of their time and class. On the faith of the

title-page we expected to find that this was a posthumous work of Mr. Swinburne's, giving a *professed* and *specific* account of 'THE COURTS OF EUROPE at the Close of the Last Century,' which—from our previous acquaintance with the author—we thought might supply a chapter that is really wanting in the history of Europe. Our readers will partake our surprise and disappointment at finding that it is *nothing of the kind*; that it is not, nor even pretends—beyond the title-page—to be any account of the *Courts of Europe*; that, in fact, it is no *work* of Mr. Swinburne's at all, but a jumbled collection of scattered fragments or extracts of some gossiping letters, written by that gentleman, through a series of near thirty years, to various members of his own family, from various places—at home as well as abroad—a portion of them (nearly the whole first volume) during the travels that he afterwards published—and chiefly employed in details personal to himself, and with no more specific relation to the '*Courts of Europe*' than we might expect to find in the memoranda of any English gentleman in those days when it was the fashion for travellers—fewer in number, and somewhat higher in qualifications than the swarm of more modern tourists—to be presented at the several Courts they happened to visit. We believe that if, out of 800 pages of which the work consists, all the scattered fragments of chit-chat that specially relate to the '*Courts of Europe*' were to be brought together, they would not exceed fifty or sixty pages.

The system of *puffing* in the newspapers, which has so long disgraced literature, though now practised with more impudence than ever, can only, we hope, deceive those whom no strictures of ours could undeceive; but the impudence of transferring this species of deception to the *title-page* and body of the book itself is so recent, as well as so heinous, that we indulge a hope that our animadversions may not be without effect on those—whether authors or publishers—who are solicitous about the respectability of their characters or the credit of their trade. We are here making no objection to the publication of the work itself; it is, as our readers will by and by see, very flimsy, but it is sprightly, and sometimes amusing, and a very legitimate publication for the circulating libraries at this season of the year: our present complaint is, that it hoists false colours, and attempts to pass itself off for a very different thing from what it really is.

But this title-page exhibits also an example of another abuse, of recent introduction amongst us—that is, of conferring on the most trumpery publications of the hour, the disproportionate honour of a *PROFESSED EDITOR*; which is about as ridiculous as if a poor author, inhabiting a small lodging, should call his *footboy*
—groom

—*groom of the chambers*. But it is frequently worse than ridiculous. Sometimes a person who has written a scandalous book, and is afraid to publish it under his or *her* own name, puts forward as *editor* some poor devil who never saw it—nay, who may have been dead for years! Sometimes a writer, doubtful of the success of his work, puts his vanity under shelter by appearing only as the *editor* of the hazardous adventure. Sometimes an author without a name—or rather his publisher for him—gives another author who is lucky enough to have a name, ten or twenty pounds—or, if it be a *titled* name, forty or fifty—for the loan of the said *name* as *editor*, in the hope that the pseudo-editor may be suspected of being the real author of the work of which he has not even read a page: and sometimes (as we suppose is the present case) an *editor* appears to be announced for the purpose of giving an air of dignity and importance to a trifle which the publisher chooses to produce in a more substantial form and to sell at a higher rate than its intrinsic character would justify—as those who hire out glass-coaches venture to charge a few shillings more when they furnish the coachman with the additional dignity of livery and a laced hat. Such, we believe, is the secret history of the appearance on so many modern title-pages of the names of *editors* 'who have no business there.'

But whatever may have been the motive of this ostentatious announcement of Charles White, Esquire, as *editor* of Mr. Swinburne's correspondence, assuredly a more unfortunate appointment never was made. In all the possible defects and absurdities of which an editor can be guilty—in not telling what ought to be told—in telling what need not be told—and in telling whatever is told ridiculously wrong—Mr. White seems to us to be *facillimè princeps*. On an ordinary occasion we should not waste time and paper in exposing such nonsense; but, as a sample of this new *editorial system*, we think it worth while to give our readers some specimens, which we think will equally amuse and astonish them.

Of the first class of defects—the not telling what ought to be told—it is hard to give examples, as it would be to prove a negative;—they are to be found in almost every page; but we may say, generally, that, although here and there some scanty information is given, there are numerous chasms and obscurities which might have been cleared up by reference to Mr. Swinburne's published travels, and that there are a crowd of little personal circumstances referred to in the correspondence which are partially or wholly unintelligible, and denuded of whatever interest they might possess, for the want of explanation of who were the persons, or what the occurrences, to which Mr. Swinburne alludes.

But of the more tangible error of telling, *en revanche*, what
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need

need not have been told, we are bewildered with the choice of instances—half-a-dozen, however, will suffice.

Mr. Swinburne has occasion to mention '*John Duke of Bedford, Regent of France.*'* There have been so many Dukes of Bedford Regents of France, that the *editor* carefully adds a note, in a learned formula, to say

'* John Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, *temp. Hen. VI.*'—vol. i. p. 5.

Mr. Swinburne tells us that *La Source* (which the *editor* carefully prints *La Sourée*) was '*the residence of Lord Bolingbroke during his exile.*'* There have been so many Lords Bolingbroke exiled, that, for fear of mistake, the *editor* thinks it right to ascertain beyond all doubt which of them was meant:—

'* Henry, first Viscount Bolingbroke, Secretary of State to Queen Anne. He was attainted in 1714.'—[which he was not.] vol. i. p. 27.

Mr. Swinburne visits '*Poictiers,*' and states that '*the battle fought in 1356* was within a stone's throw of the town:*'—the *editor* thinks it necessary to subjoin a note to say

'* This was the celebrated battle of Poictiers, won by the Black Prince.'—vol. i. p. 44.

Mr. Swinburne alludes to Mrs. Macaulay, and mentions, as a pleasant caricature of her anti-monarchical prejudices, that she would not write the word *king*, but would put asterisks (****) when obliged to allude to one '*in her history.*'* On which the *editor* sapiently adds—

'* A history of England.'—vol. i. p. 357.

Mr. Swinburne says, '*some people were in raptures at Miss Farren's performance of Lady Teazle.*'* The *editor* clears up any obscurity as to the person meant by adding—

'* *Miss Farren, who married Lord Derby.*'—vol. i. p. 391.

These, no doubt, are all recondite passages which required the careful comments of an accomplished *editor*.

Belonging to the same class of over-liberal explanation, though of a different species, is the *editor's* ready liberality, whenever Mr. Swinburne happens to light upon a joke—as he does on a great many dull and stale ones—in quoting one duller and staler, with—'*this reminds me of the answer of a wit*'—or '*a similar mistake once occurred*'—or '*a similar anecdote is related*'—there seldom being any similarity in the cases; and sometimes the interloped anecdotes are of worse than doubtful authority—even when the *editor* appears to vouch them on his own personal knowledge. For instance—Mr. Swinburne tells an anecdote of Lady Mary Duncan:—

' She

'She was an heiress, and Sir William Duncan was her physician during a severe illness. One day she told him she had made up her mind to marry; and upon his asking the name of the fortunate chosen one, she bid him go home and open the Bible—giving him chapter and verse—and he would find out. He did so, and thus he read: "Nathan said to David, *Thou art the man.*"'—vol. i. p. 385.

Swinburne (as we shall see more fully by and by) seldom tells his stories right any more than his editor; for Lady Mary was not an heiress; that the editor does not discover, but tells us what he thinks a parallel story, which happened, he says, 'to a friend of his own;' to wit—that a pretty French widow, Madame Esther de —, asked Mr. White's friend if he could guess

'which of all the kings in the Old Testament she and all discreet women should prefer as a lover?'—"No," replied he. "I will tell you," answered she. "*C'est Assuerus!*" "Comment?" exclaimed he: "*Mais,*" rejoined the fair widow with a very significant smile, "*c'est parce qu'il savait aimer Esther*" (*et se taire*). My friend took the hint, threw himself at her feet, and was accepted.'—vol. i. p. 385.

This, with all its 'replied he's' and 'answered she's,' and 'exclaimed he's,' is, it must be confessed, beautifully told; but we suspect that Mr. White's friend was imposing on his credulity, for the same very bad joke was made long ago, and is to be found—almost as clumsily told—in the old French jest-books: '*Un grand partizan de Racine disait qu'au spectacle il fallait voir Esther (et se taire).*'

Our readers, we suppose, are satisfied with these specimens of superfluous annotation—they will be astonished at the class of blunders.

We shall begin with one which it is a duty to set right, for there may be persons living to feel the undeserved scandal the editor has cast on a lady of rank. Swinburne mentions early in his travels the notorious *Nancy Parsons*, long before immortalised by Junius as 'the faded mistress of the Duke of Grafton.' Being at Naples some years after, he says, '*We have many English here—the prettiest is Lady Smith,* daughter of Tom Delaval.*' To which the editor adds a note, referring back to the former passage, and saying

'* Lady Smith was the *Miss Parsons* before alluded to.'—vol. i. p. 204. Without stopping for a moment to inquire how *Miss Delaval* could have also been *Miss Parsons*, or how the beauty, faded so early as 1769, should have been revived ten years later! we need hardly say that the editor has made an egregious blunder, and that *Lady Smith* was NOT *Nancy Parsons*.

Swinburne says that Madame Dubarry on the death of Louis
XV.

XV. was exiled to *Dauphiné* (which was not the fact). Mr. White had discovered that Madame Dubarry possessed a country-house called *Luciennes*, and he therefore boldly subjoins a note to inform us that

'she was the proprietor of the splendid château of *Lucienne*, in *Dauphiné*, the furniture and decorations of which are said to have cost six millions of francs.'—vol. i. p. 19.

Luciennes happens to be near Paris, between three and four hundred miles from *Dauphiny*!

When Mr. Swinburne, writing from Naples in July, 1777, celebrates 'the refreshing breeze that allays the *fury of the Lion*,' most readers would imagine that he merely alluded to the zodiacal sign of the *Lion* which presides over the month of July: the learned editor has another version, and tells us

'*The Lion, or Sol-leone—the name given to the Dog-days*.'—vol. i. p. 155.

When Swinburne mentions the celebrated '*Madame de Prié*,'—whom with his wonted accuracy the editor calls Madame de *Prié*,—he adds,

'Mistress to the Duke of Bourbon, *Regent* after the death of the Duke of Orleans.'—vol. i. p. 216.

The regency having, as every one else knows, expired before the death of the Duke of Orleans.

Swinburne happens to state that Philip Duke of Burgundy married Margaret of Flanders. The editor thinks it necessary to authenticate this by particular dates—

'Philip of Burgundy, called the Bold, married at Ghent, in 1639, Margaret, daughter to Louis de Male, Count of Flanders. She had been previously *married*' [betrothed] 'to Philip de Rouvre, Duke of Burgundy, in 1534—he being seven, and she only four years old.'—vol. i. p. 283.

By which accurate reckoning it appears that, if Margaret was married over young to her first husband, she amply made up for it by being 105 years old when she married her second; and, what is still more surprising, she *died* in 1405—that is, about 130 years before, according to the accurate editor, she was born! We should have attributed such errors as these, gross as they are, to mere haste and negligence, if the editor had not given us so many and such wonderful proofs of indisputable ignorance.

Mr. Swinburne, under the date 19th January, 1787, relates that he was '*that day presented to the Duchesse de la Vallière, aged 79. She was a famous beauty, and has yet wonderful eyes, &c.*' (vol. ii. p. 43.) This lady, who was not, we believe, quite so old as Swinburne says—(Grimm makes her age 50 in 1771; but

but she was probably some years more than that,)—was *Anne Julie de Crussol*, wife of the Duke de la Vallière, so well known to the whole literary world (except our editor) as the possessor of one of the finest private libraries in the world. But Mr. White, not suspecting that the human race could have produced two *Duchesses de la Vallière*, boldly decides that the *Julie de Crussol* seen by Swinburne in 1787 was *Louise de la Baume*, the celebrated mistress of Louis XIV., who retired from the world in 1674, only 113 years before! And this incredible blunder the editor enlarges on and elaborates in one of the longest notes which he contributes to the *elucidation* of these volumes.

After this nothing can surprise; but we shall add, to complete the series, one or two blunders of a more recent date.

Mrs. Swinburne, writing to her husband from Versailles, in 1789, mentions the *Assembly of the 'Etats Généraux in the Salle des Menus Plaisirs'*; on which the editor adds,—

'The *Salle des Menus Plaisirs* is one of the apartments in the building of that name in the *Fauxbourg [sic] Poissonnière*.'—vol. ii. p. 80.

The *Faubourg Poissonnière—in Paris!* The editor of the '*Courts of Europe at the Close of the Last Century*' does not know, it seems, that the *Etats Généraux* met in the *Salle des Menus* at *Versailles*, and has never heard of the important and bloody struggle which ended in their being transferred to Paris about six months after. The superb *Salle des Menus* at *Versailles*, where the Assembly met, has long since vanished, and the site is occupied by barracks.

When Swinburne mentions the publication, in 1797, of the trial of Louis XVI., the editor takes notice of a work, which Mr. Swinburne had also bought in Paris, called *Liste des Condamnés*, and as that makes mention of the *guillotine*, he adds,—

'It may not be irrelevant to mention that this instrument of death was *invented before the Revolution by a Dr. Guillotin*, with the philanthropic intention of shortening the sufferings of criminals: *the projector went mad when he discovered the horrible purposes to which his invention was applied*.'—vol. ii. p. 189.

Now, whether the introduction of the history of the guillotine was *relevant* on this occasion or not we will not decide, but it so happens that every item of the history given is erroneous. It was not invented by Dr. Guillotin before the Revolution—it was not invented by Dr. Guillotin at all—though by a combination of circumstances it came to be eventually called by *his name*—it was first called *la Louison*, from Louis, an eminent surgeon and secretary to the College of Surgeons, in Paris, who, in March, 1792, improved the mechanism and recommended the adoption of an old instrument of the same kind. Nor did Dr. Guillotin '*go mad at discovering the horrible purposes to which it was applied*.'

He

He was, no doubt, surprised, not at the *purposes*, but at the *extent*, to which it was applied, and very much annoyed at finding his name attached to this instrument of murder, but he lived to the Restoration in extensive professional practice and still much respected, in spite of the afflicting associations of his name.

Under the date of 15th November, 1796, Mr. Swinburne, then residing in Paris as Commissary for the exchange of prisoners of war, mentions the negotiations *then going on* between Lord Malmesbury and *La Croix*, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. On which the editor records that this was

'J. P. de la Croix, born in 1754, and originally bred to the bar. He was a man of undoubted abilities. Having embraced the popular cause, he rose from place to place to be Minister for Foreign Affairs. He was one of the most hostile to the royal family, voted the king's death, and in his turn was guillotined with Danton 8th April, 1794.'—vol. ii. p. 127.

The text states that the man was alive and well and negotiating with Lord Malmesbury, while the editor says that he had been *guillotined two years and a half before*—imagining, from our own late political experience, that it was easier for a man to be minister two years after he had lost his head than that there should have been two citizens of the name of La Croix.

We would take no notice of mere typographical errors, but there are several mistakes of that nature which render the context unintelligible, and can have only been caused or permitted by sheer ignorance;—such as, a certain '*Lady Susan*,' who took a lead in English society at Naples (vol. i. p. 237). After puzzling ourselves in vain to discover who this *Lady Susan* could have been, we at last are reduced to guess that *Lady Lucan* was meant. The Ostend packet was like to be lost, but was saved 'by the help of some *Tuscan* mariners who happened to be passengers on board,' and who were, it seems, better acquainted with the coast of Holland than the crew of the packet. *Tuscan* mariners! very odd! But, after some pondering, we see reason to suspect that *Tuscan* is a misprint for *Dutch*. Mr. Swinburne talks of 'the beauty of the sequestered valley of *La Costello*,' in Poitou (vol. i. p. 44)—so sequestered that it would be hard to find it; but the post-book would have informed the editor that *La Crou-telle* was meant. '*Pruffee* is an ugly town, which belongs to M. de Broglie, a tyrannical master.' (vol. i. p. 44.) The place is no doubt *Ruffec*. Even English names are equally mangled. In this work on the *Courts of Europe* we have some account of Mr. Swinburne's travels in his native land. He visits Devonshire, where he crosses the river *Lavy*, and embarks for Mount Edg-cumbe at *Multon* Cove (vol. i. p. 292). We are startled to meet 'a prince of *Patagonia*' in Sicily (vol. i. p. 186), and to hear of a
bas

bas relief at Rome, representing 'Caspar and Alcyone!' (vol. i. p. 383.)

We believe that our readers are by this time—perhaps superabundantly—satisfied both as to the merits of the individual editor and of the new system of which he affords so remarkable an example. We have dwelt upon it at some length in hopes of checking a practice, not very creditable in itself, and which cannot fail to be injurious to that humble and useful style of editorship so necessary, within its proper scope, to wholesome literature.

We now proceed to give some account of the body of the work, a considerable portion of which goes, as we have already hinted, over the same ground which Mr. Swinburne had already treated of in his *Travels*; and we find in the prefaces to those old books some indications which induce us to doubt whether he would himself have approved the publication now made of these fragments of his familiar correspondence.

In the preface to the Spanish tour he says—

'Many things in my *private letters*, of which the following sheets are almost exact copies, were *not deemed proper for public inspection*; there are many *trifling occurrences* that *fill up a letter very agreeably*, but when printed become ridiculous.'—*Preface*, Ed. 1787.

This is very true—and offers by anticipation a very just criticism on a large portion of the present work. In the preface to the Italian tour he also uses some remarkable expressions:—

'The same principle [that guided him in the Spanish tour] shall direct my pen in this work. According to my plan the effusions of imagination are debarred all share in the composition. I deny myself the usual privilege of *working up a trivial event* into a sentimental or laughable adventure: the *lively dialogue of persons who honoured me with their confidence is excluded*; nor do I allow myself to *dress up the trite stories of an old book of jests*, and pass it off as the *scandalous chronicle of the day*.'—*Preface*, Ed. 1783.

This statement of the kind of loose gossip which he says he carefully *excluded* from his book is a very accurate description of a great portion of these letters, and we therefore doubt a little whether Mr. Swinburne's surviving friends have shown a due respect to his memory in thus publishing the private chit-chat which he himself seems to have deliberately rejected.

Keeping, however, in mind the candid hints which Mr. Swinburne himself has thus given us, that we must not rely on the accuracy or fitness for publication of private letters written to amuse distant friends, we see no great reason to complain of the publication, and on the contrary we confess that, bating some '*trifling occurrences*' not worth telling, many '*trite stories from old jest-books*' frequently mistold, and not a few very apocryphal
extracts

extracts from '*the scandalous chronicle of the day*,' we prefer the vivacity and *commerage* of these original letters to the more serious and measured, but rather heavy, style of his published epistles; and we have only to regret that the former has not found a more intelligent and discriminating *editor*.

It is, however, our duty to say and to show that Mr. Swinburne's modest condemnation of some passages of his private letters is by no means too severe, and that, in his endeavour to amuse his friends, he certainly was not always punctiliously scrupulous as to the authenticity of his reports, and sometimes falls into inaccuracies which lead us to suspect that his acquaintance with the eminent persons he happens to mention was not always as intimate as it seems and as indeed might be expected from a gentleman of his station in life and long intercourse with continental manners.

Mr. Swinburne was of an ancient and respectable Roman Catholic family in Northumberland,—baronets as early as 1660. He himself had been educated in a Roman Catholic seminary in France, and he had married an English lady of the same persuasion who had been educated in a French convent. He was also connected with the Dillons by the marriage of his brother, Sir Edward, with Miss Dillon,* whose younger sister married Monsieur d'Osmond. These circumstances might be expected to make foreign life more agreeable, and foreign society more accessible, to Mr. and Mrs. Swinburne than to ordinary English travellers; yet we do not see in the book itself much evidence of such a result. They appear to have received attentions from the Queen of Naples, whose sympathy towards them was peculiarly excited by their having lost a daughter † just at the same time (1779) the queen had lost a son. Her majesty recommended them to the notice of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette of France; and their son Henry was just before the Revolution appointed one of her pages, and was even wounded as her partisan in an affray between the royalists and Jacobins in one of the theatres of Paris. This youth afterwards entered the English army, and was lost with General Knox in the *Babet*. But with these opportunities—which induced us to expect some information from a work of his announced as the '*COURTS OF EUROPE*'—it seems wonderful that his private letters should not tell much more than they do of the interior of foreign society, and

* The editor calls her *Mademoiselle de Dillon*; but he does not tell us the degree of her relationship either to Lord Dillon or to the French Dillons.

† The editor says confidently, '*a fine boy*, who fell a victim to *malaria*,' vol. i. p. 226; but it seems (unless, which we do not believe, he lost *two* children about the same time) that it was a *daughter*.

that what he does tell is so frequently inaccurate. ' 'Tis not every man,' said Johnson, 'who can carry a joke,' and certainly Mr. Swinburne had that talent in so slight a degree that these letters lead us to suspect him of having been a much duller man than we had previously supposed. We select two or three instances:—

' *M. de Carondelet*, who has married Miss Plunket, daughter of Lord Dunsany, is fifty-four; she twenty-four. He is the most passionate lover ever seen, and cannot bear to be absent from her a moment: he even sits by her at table. He calls her "*Mimie*," and says he has forgotten all music except two notes, "*mimi, là*," laying his hand upon his heart. Some one said, "*Quand il mourra, on mettra sur sa tombe, Mimi là, mi là*." He fell in love with her at Spa, by being sent, *à dessein*, to prevail upon her to join a party of pleasure, which she had refused. He stole upon her unawares, and found her reading his travels: *inde amor et connubium*. Madame de Sillery [*Genlis*] contributed to the success of the artifice."—vol. ii. p. 40.

Now, as Mr. Swinburne must, we suppose, have been acquainted with the lady, and as he certainly was intimate in the society of Madame de Genlis, of which the gentleman was an *habitué*, it is surprising that he should have so blundered the story. In the first place, we know not how he comes to call the husband *M. de Carondelet*. He was, in fact, the Marquis of *Chastellux*, a gentleman well known in the literary as well as the fashionable circles of Paris. (See '*Mémoires de Bachaumont*,' vol. xxxvi. p. 242; and '*Mémoires de Genlis*,' vol. iii. p. 212, &c.) Then the anecdote of '*Mimi*,' &c., does not belong to M. and Madame de Chastellux; and is moreover egregiously blundered. Some of our readers may not remember that the notes in music called by us *A, B, C*, &c., are called on the Continent *re, mi, fa, sol, la*, &c.; and when some dandy of the day was supposed to have fallen a sacrifice to his ardour for a celebrated opera nymph, *Mlle. Miré*, the wits imagined an epitaph for him, formed out of the names of the musical notes *mi-ré, la, mi, là*.

The merit of the joke, such as it is, is the triple allusion to the name and profession of the nymph and the death of the gallant; which could in no wise apply to M. or Madame de Chastellux.

Of the same kind is the following:—

' *Monsieur de Crosne*, the lieutenant de police, is not very bright, and is easily imposed upon; or, in other words, he is quite a blockhead. Somebody informed him that there was in a certain house "*une secte d'Anabaptistes, qui faisait beaucoup de bruit dans le quartier*." He went thither, and began taking his information by asking whom the house belonged to. "*A Batiste*," was the reply. "*Et qui sont ceux qui s'y assemblent, et qui font tant de bruit?*" "*Les Anabaptistes*." *Comment*

ment donc," said he, "des ânes? Envoyez les donc paître dans les prairies."—vol. ii. pp. 47, 48.

This is indeed, to use Mr. Swinburne's own words, 'a trite story from an old jest-book,' much older than the days of M. de Crosne, who was a grave, sensible, honest, and well-informed man, and certainly not 'quite so great a blockhead' as he who has made such laborious nonsense out of what was, even as originally told, but a silly conundrum.

Again,—

'When the King of Sweden was at Paris, the courtiers turned him into ridicule, as they do everybody. "*Enfin*," said Monsieur de C., "*c'est un roi*"—"crowned," interrupted a cautious friend, in order to put a stop to his invectives.'—vol. ii. pp. 65, 66.

Does the reader see here any pleasantry—any meaning? What 'caution' was there in adding the epithet *couronné* to the word *roi*? Mr. Swinburne really seems to have been *un peu bête*. The true story, however, is rather a good one. The late king of Sweden, Gustavus, was, as is well known, even in youth, *flighty*: some one in society in Paris was talking rather freely about him, even in the presence of the Swedish minister; '*Enfin*,' said the assailant, '*c'est une tete*'—"crowned," interrupted the minister, with equal presence of mind and good taste! Mr. Swinburne's version has ingeniously contrived to miss every point of the anecdote.

The following mistake is, from collateral circumstances, of more importance.

Under the date of the 4th March, 1788, in the dawn of the Revolution, we find this memorandum:—

'Versailles.—Supped at Madame de Polignac's. The queen played at billiards all the evening. There are various reports concerning the true cause of the exile of the Duc d'Orleans [Egalité]. Some say he wanted to raise money himself, therefore did what he could to discredit the king's loan; others, that he had cheated the Prince of Wales, and that the King of England has complained of it. When he appeared at court here on his return from England, Louis XVI. asked him what he had been about there. "*J'y ai appris à penser*," he replied, fancying he had said something very sagacious. "*Oui, à panser les chevaux*," answered the king.'—vol. ii. pp. 48, 49.

Subsequent events have rendered every detail of the intercourse of the elder branch with the Duke of Orleans and the causes of their mutual enmity, subjects of peculiar interest. Now here is Mr. Swinburne—supping at *Madame de Polignac's* apartments in the palace of *Versailles*, where the *Queen* comes in to play at billiards—who gives us a very recent, curious, and lively image of the *aigreur* already existing between the king and the

Duke

Duke of Orleans. Who could doubt the authenticity of an anecdote so dated, and so told? Yet it is *utterly false*—it does not belong to Louis XVI., nor the Duke of Orleans, nor even to Mr. Swinburne's day. It will be found, *totidem verbis*, in the 'Mémoires de Bachaumont' (vol. iii. p. 34), *under the date 30th May, 1766*, and truly told of *Louis XV.* and the celebrated *Comte de Lauragais*.

These are only 'the trite stories of old jest-books'—but of a much more serious character are his credulous and calumnious extracts from 'the scandalous chronicle of the day,' which receive a new importance when repeated in this chit-chat style by a person in Mr. Swinburne's station—who it would naturally be supposed would be a most reluctant witness against persons who appear to have been his acquaintance, his friends, or his benefactors.

'8th. At Versailles, to the Duchesse de Polignac's. *Thé* with Mrs. S. and F., where there was dancing. The queen very gracious; she danced with Lord Strathaven.*

'The Princesse de Lamballe is ill from a bruise in her head, which she got at *Raincy*, by a fall in *romping* with the little Comte de Beaujolois. She is said to be quite a *Messalina*.'—vol. ii. p. 42.

That a man thus mixing in the queen's society should have written such imputations on her majesty's dearest and most devoted friend is really very surprising, and would tend to give (with those who are not better informed) colour and consistency to the atrocious calumnies of which those two princesses were the victims. Of the *romping* scene—which, in the way in which Mr. Swinburne thinks proper to record it, seems to imply a blameable levity of character, it is very improbable that any of the details should have survived; but we happen, oddly enough, to know the real history of the accident, which does credit to the domestic virtues and amiability of Madame de Lamballe. The Duke of Orleans (Egalité) was exiled from court to one of his country-seats—not *Le Raincy*, but Villers Cotterets—and was accompanied by his wife (M. de Lamballe's sister) and children. Madame de Lamballe, extremely attached to her sister, though partaking the general dislike to the Duke of Orleans, left court to pay her a long visit in her solitude, and there, playing one day in the garden with her youngest nephew, the Comte de Beaujolois, then *seven years old*, her foot tripped, and she fell with her head against the stump of a tree, which occasioned a severe and even dangerous wound. An aunt, of the age of forty, playing in a garden with a nephew of

* It is singular that Lord Strathaven, afterwards Earl of Aboyne, and more recently Marquis of Huntly, who danced with Marie Antoinette in 1789, may have also danced with Queen Victoria. We have, we think, seen his Lordship bear his part in a quadrille at court in her present Majesty's reign. *The ruling passion strong in—life!*

seven years old, can hardly be said to have been romping. As to the atrocious imputation of her being 'quite a Messalina,' it is true that such things were said in those disgusting libels that preceded and prepared the Revolution, and repeated by credulity and malevolence; but Mr. Swinburne ought to have known better. Madame de Lamballe was a model of every class of female virtue; married, in 1767, at the age of eighteen, to a dissipated youth, who left her, in little more than a year, a childless widow, she continued so to her death—twenty-five years later—dedicating herself chiefly to the society of her amiable, virtuous, and pious father-in-law, the Duke de Penthièvre—to whom she was more than a daughter, and who died of a broken heart at her death. When Marie Antoinette married the Dauphin, a natural friendship grew up between the princesses; on the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne, Madame de Lamballe was invested with the first rank in the queen's household; and when the precursors of the Jacobins began—as the English *Roundheads* had done—to sap the throne by decrying the queen, Madame de Lamballe, as having at that period the greatest share of her favour and confidence, became enveloped in the same calumnies—which, however, no one but the most ignorant could have believed. At the time that the king and queen made their fruitless flight to Varennes, Madame de Lamballe was so fortunate as to escape to England, but was too devoted and too generous a friend to abandon them in danger; she accordingly returned to share their fate, and was murdered in the September massacres, with circumstances of horror and brutality which cannot be written. But it is very remarkable that the calumnies to which Mr. Swinburne lent so ready an ear, and which this publication has thus revived, had been dissipated even before the Revolution; in fact, they died away when Madame de Lamballe was in some degree superseded in the queen's favour by Madame de Polignac, to whom the libellists immediately transferred their rancour, and the groundless slanders against the first favourite were soon forgotten in the equally groundless slanders against the second. We have under our eyes one of these libels, entitled '*Essai Historique sur la Vie de Marie Antoinette*,' purporting to be confessions, written by herself, of every species of crime and horror of which human nature could be guilty, and in which her friends are all designated as her accomplices. Even in this abominable book, in which every other person, without exception, is charged with every species of vice, all that is said of Madame de Lamballe is, 'the *prude* Lamballe, disgusted with the consequences of her unhappy (*funeste*) marriage, began to hoist at this time [the queen's accession] signals of devotion' (p. 15). So that her crimes, in the opinion

nion of the libellist, were only *prudery* and *piety*. Hear, also, what even the *Conventionalist* Mercier says of her:—‘The sincere attachment of Madame de Lamballe to the queen was her *only crime*. In our troublesome times she had played no part—she was under *no popular disfavour*, for she was known to the people only by her *frequent acts of charity and benevolence*—the most ferocious libellists, the most violent haranguers, had *never made any attack on her*.’ To which we may add that Madame de Genlis, who ridicules her manners and depreciates her *understanding*, and who, *pour cause*, confesses that she did not like her, never breathes a suspicion of her *morals*. And in the ‘*Biographie Moderne*,’ a candid and respectable work, we read, ‘Madame de Lamballe was handsome, gentle, obliging, and modest, even in the height of court favour. Her name, *without a spot*, was respected even by the libels of revolutionists: they murdered her—but they have not ventured to slander her memory’ (*flétrir sa mémoire*). This was reserved for the posthumous work of Mr. Swinburne. We trust our readers will excuse our having dwelt a little on this case, both because it tends to do justice to an injured woman and is moreover an instance of the strange and culpable *gobe-mouche* of Mr. Swinburne. Of the same character is the following passage:—

‘The anti-court people say of the queen, that the difference between her and Madame du Barri is, that the latter “*quitta le public pour le roi, et la reine quitte le roi pour le public*.” Very spiteful.’—vol. ii. p. 51.

To which the editor very properly subjoins, ‘Mr. Swinburne ought rather to have said *most calumnious*.’ He certainly ought; and if the *editor* had been equally vigilant (for we do not doubt his candour) on other occasions, we should have forgiven the parade of the title-page.

We honestly confess that we do not know what to make of Mr. Swinburne:—he was certainly an accomplished man—this volume contains specimens, not below mediocrity, of his poetry in three languages, Latin, French, and English—he was a skilful draftsman,* and had a love, if not a taste, for all the fine arts; yet his ‘*Travels*’ are dull and meagre; and *these* letters exhibit strong evidence of a trifling, credulous, gossiping turn of mind, deficient in the powers of combination and judgment—we had almost said of comprehension. Something of all this may be accounted for by the fact that the volumes are, as we have already said, composed of scraps of diaries and unconnected fragments of correspondence, having neither order nor object, and never intended to see the

* We take this on his own word, for the prints from his drawings given in his ‘*Travels*’ are contemptible.

light—or, at most, being the loose notes from which he might have had the design of composing some future work; but even with that allowance, we cannot quite explain to ourselves how a well-informed and sensible man could have recorded such idle stories, believed such vulgar calumnies, and made such superficial and trivial notes of scenes and circumstances so interesting and important as it was his fortune to witness. There is, however, in his gossip a good deal to amuse those who read as a mere pastime, and a few remarkable anecdotes, some of which—after this general warning as to the character of the narrator—we shall present to our readers. We shall take them chronologically. In 1779 he visits Florence:—

‘We went to the opera, where, for the first time, I beheld the poor unhappy representative of the Stuart race in the Comte d’Albanie. He goes regularly to the theatre, and always falls asleep in a corner of his box, at the end of the first act, being generally intoxicated. His face is red, and his eyes are fiery, otherwise he is not an ill-looking man. The countess is not handsome, being black and sallow, with a pug nose. She always wears a hat. Alfieri, the Piémontese, is a constant attendant in her box, with her *dame de compagnie*, Madame Malgan.’—vol. i. p. 253.

‘A quack doctor was called to attend a friend of Lorenzi’s [a diplomatist celebrated for his *naïvetés*] who was dangerously ill, and ordered him to take forty of his pills. “*Il est mort au quatrième*,” said Lorenzi, in a rage, as he told the story; “*jugez, s’il les eut toutes prises!*”’—vol. i. p. 256.

At Parma, under date of 22nd [March?] 1780, Mr. Swinburne treats us with one of his apocryphal anecdotes:—

‘I learnt here the manner of the death of the late Infant Don Philip, who fell from his horse, and was devoured by his own hounds. It was given out that he was taken ill at Alessandria, where he had been to see a favourite lady whom he wished to marry.’—vol. i. p. 305.

The editor adds—

‘The Infanta Don Philip of Parma is said by his biographers to have died of small-pox in 1759.’—*ibid*.

We believe that since Actæon no man has been, otherwise than metaphorically, devoured by his own hounds, and we do not see why the tradition of a cloister should countervail the general opinion of Europe in a matter which could be no secret: Don Philip’s wife and her father both happened to die of small-pox, and why not he? Mr. Swinburne’s anecdote can only be taken as another instance of his *gobe-moucherie*.

When Mr. Swinburne visited Vienna in the autumn of 1780, he was introduced at Court and to Prince Kaunitz by the British Minister; his account of the prince affords a good example of his style and a good measure of his intellect:—

‘We went afterwards, in Sir Robert Keith’s carriage, to dine with
Prince

Prince Kaunitz. . . . After dinner the prince treated us with the cleaning of his gums; one of the most nauseous operations I ever witnessed, and it lasted a prodigious long time, accompanied with all manner of noises. He carries a hundred implements in his pocket for this purpose—such as glasses of all sorts for seeing before and behind his teeth, a whetting steel for his knife, pincers to hold the steel with, knives and scissors without number, and cottons and lawns for wiping his eyes. His whims are innumerable. Nothing allusive to the mortality of human nature must ever be rung in his ears. To mention the small-pox is enough to knock him up for the day. I saw an instance of this; for Burghausen, having been long absent, came out with it, and the prince looked as black as could be all the rest of the day. To derange the train of his ideas puts him sadly out of sorts. The other day he sent a favourite dish of meat as a present to an aunt of his, four years after her decease, and would not have known it but for a blundering servant, who blabbed it to him.

‘He is full of childish vanities, and wishes to be thought to excel in everything. He used to have a spiral glass for mixing the oil and vinegar for salads, which he shook every day with great parade and affectation. At last the bottle broke in his hands, and covered him and his two neighbouring ladies with its contents. A gentleman not opening a bottle of champagne to his mind, he called for one to give the company a lesson in uncorking and frothing the liquor: unluckily he missed the calculation of his parabola, and poured out the wine into his uplifted sleeve, as well as into his waistcoat, &c.’—vol. i. p. 334.

With a great deal more of such stuff. To be sure he adds—

‘He studied at Leipsic with great reputation, and is an excellent Latin scholar, but no Grecian; he understands English, French, and Italian, very perfectly, and reads a great deal, or rather a great deal is read to him. He has good taste, and has raised the arts from barbarism to great perfection at Vienna. In business he is intelligent, and far above any mean subterfuges or falsehoods.’—vol. i. p. 336.

But Swinburne's genius was rather for anecdotes of the vinegar-cruet and the corkscrew; and in his subsequent intercourse with Prince Kaunitz, he contrives to give us a very unfavourable picture of his own good manners:—

‘Kaunitz is the greatest tyrant and bashaw I ever knew; he has always some dishes and cakes (peculiar dainties) reserved for himself, which nobody dares to touch. *As he mostly makes me sit near him, Madame de Thun warned me not to transgress, which perhaps put it into my head to do so, for I did not care a halfpenny about him. Accordingly I took an opportunity, and, notwithstanding all the signs and distressed looks of my wife opposite, I succeeded in carrying off some of his favourite gauffres and sweetmeats.* He looked very awkward, grew quite reserved, and *me bouda* for several days. I took no notice of his pettishness, which amused me extremely, and in about a week he came round of himself.’—vol. i. p. 360.

Now, here was a stranger admitted to the table of a prince—prime minister of a great empire—a person of the highest consideration in Europe, and old enough to be Mr. Swinburne's grandfather, and on whose hospitality the guest had no other claim than the official introduction of the British minister; yet he has the extraordinary (we hope we may call it) impertinence and vulgarity to offend *prepensely* his kind and venerable host, in a way that a person of really gentlemanlike feeling would never have treated an inferior. A *bagman*, nowadays, would not be so rude to the hostess of an ordinary. He says soon after that he met three Americans at dinner in London:—

'The behaviour of the latter at table was truly ridiculous; it is not possible to conceive anything more vulgar and contrary to the manners of polished countries. A low farmer in England would not do so many awkward and improper things, because he would feel more shamefacedness.'—vol. i. pp. 393, 394.

'Awkward and improper' things may be 'ridiculous;' but ridicule is a far lighter feeling than what Swinburne's own proceeding excites. We do not believe that these Americans could have in any respect behaved as ill as he, without any 'shamefacedness,' describes himself to have done at Prince Kaunitz's table.

In 1786 he visited Paris, and, taking a house near St. Germain, lived there for a couple of years, pushing himself as it seems into society, and swallowing, as we have seen, as gospel the gossip of the hour; but it is really surprising, considering his opportunities and the interest of the time, how very little he tells us:—

'Dined at Mr. Eden's [the British Minister], and went to the court theatre, where the admission is gratis. All foreigners are seated sideways, on benches behind the orchestra, on account of the king's chair, which is placed in the middle of the pit, and nobody must turn their back to it. Before us sat the ambassadors, and a bench is left for princes of the blood. Opposite to us sat, on similar forms, *the ladies of easy virtue of Paris!* When there is an abundance of foreigners, one is forced to push and run for places, in a very disagreeable manner, as there are, in fact, only sixteen places.

'The introducteur came to the *salle des ambassadeurs*, where we were all assembled, and ushered the foreigners to their seats some time before the play began; he then fetched the *corps diplomatique*.'—vol. ii. pp. 8, 9.

Our readers will see here the contradictions of a heedless storyteller: he in one paragraph says the foreigners scrambled for places—in the next line he states they were formally ushered to their seats by the proper officer; and then he would have us believe that there were in the king's private theatre, and in a prominent part of the theatre, in his own presence and that of the queen, seats reserved for the *ladies of easy virtue of Paris!*—

'The

'The Marquis de la Fayette has signed a remonstrance, and delivered it to the bureau for the king, setting forth the alarms of the public at his majesty's supplying the stockjobbers with money to support their gambling; also at the extravagant prices paid for L'Orient and Sancerres, and the absurdity of the king's buying estates at a time when he proposed to sell the domain. It is a bold letter, and forcible, but not well written.

'There have been strange doings in the Sancerres business; a job by which the Baron d'Espagnac, the proprietor, gained prodigiously. The *contrôleur-général* had five hundred thousand francs, Madame de Polignac three hundred thousand, and so forth.'—vol. ii. p. 20.

To the *bureau*. What bureau? Neither Mr. Swinburne nor his editor deigns to tell us. Those who happen to have the events of that day fresh in their recollection know that he alludes to one of the bureaux into which the Assembly *des Notables* was divided; but how should an ordinary reader understand what is meant? As to La Fayette's denunciation, it came, like all the rest of that vapid mountebank's sayings and doings, to nothing; and as to Mr. Swinburne's absurd *apostille* that M. de Calonne had 500,000 francs (20,000*l.*), and Madame de Polignac 300,000 (12,000*l.*), for this job, it is like many others of his stories, utterly false:—it was so said, we have no doubt, in the Palais Royal; but neither of them had one penny; and the bargain for the sale of Sancerre, though officially concluded in M. de Calonne's administration, had been transacted by his two predecessors, who left him nothing to do but the formal ratification.

The following is the style in which Mr. Swinburne notices the first events of the Revolution:—

'July 6th.—Dined at Le Val [a villa of the Prince de Beauveau's, near St. Germain's]; Mesdames de Boisgelin et d'Usson, the Princesses de Poix, &c. All at court are in a bustle, because the parliament of Paris will not hear of new taxes till the king lays before them a state of his debts and expenses, that they may be convinced of the necessity of fresh impositions. Calonne, who has fled to Rotterdam, has written to the king that he is gone off to have liberty to prepare for his defence, as the Archbishop of Toulouse is doing all he can to deprive him of the means of justifying himself.'—vol. ii. p. 23.

This is really the slip-slop of history. But he states, about the same date, three curious circumstances; one of which professes to be a prophecy, and the other two have turned out to be prophecies still more extraordinary:—

'It is a curious thing, that, by a very lucky hit, Matthieu Lansberg, the conjurer, almanac-maker of Liege, foretold Madame du Barri's fate, under the month of May, 1774. He said, *une grande favorite jouera son dernier rôle*. The almanac at the preceding Christmas was denied a licence on that account, and was obliged to be altered before its sale

was authorised at Paris. Louis Quinze died May 10, and Madame du Barri was sent about her business.'—vol. ii. p. 23.

'I learn from Monsieur d'Entraigue that the Comte d'Artois [Charles X.] had a warm conference with the king, on the dismissal of the Archévêque de Sens. The king asked him why he was so violent against that minister, and so anxious that he should be turned out. He replied, "*Parceque je n'ai pas envie d'aller mendier mon pain dans les pays étrangers!*"'—*Ib.*, p. 51.

'6th June, 1788.—Met Monsieur Le Maître, who was ten years in the Bastille for having published, in a periodical paper called "*L'Espion Turc*," the following story or prophecy:—"Catherine de Medicis was always surrounded by astrologers, one of whom, by her desire, composed a magic mirror, wherein she might see what would occur in the future. She beheld each of her sons on the throne; then her mortal enemy, Henry of Bourbon, his son, and grandson, the crown held up by the Jesuits. *When it came to Louis XVI. she saw nothing but mist, no king, and a set of cats and rats devouring each other.* On seeing this she fainted away. On her recovery, all was clear, and a *prince of the name of CHARLES was seated on the throne.*"'—*Ib.*, p. 60.

This is certainly very extraordinary to have been written by Swinburne in June, 1788, as we suppose it was; for, much as we complain of the editor's negligence, we have certainly no sort of right to suspect him of any interpolation.

In June, 1788, Mr. and Mrs. Swinburne returned to England but Mrs. Swinburne returned to Paris with her son Henry early in 1789, and remained there till after the fatal 5th and 6th of October. It seems that Mrs. Swinburne, by means of the introduction of the Queen of Naples (and probably by her connexion with the Dillons), had obtained the good-will of Marie Antoinette, and Henry had been, in May, 1788, received as one of her majesty's pages. On which occasion she writes to her husband:—

'The queen is very low-spirited and uneasy about her son [the first Dauphin, who died soon after], who, by all accounts, lies dangerously ill, and is not likely to recover. She inquired kindly after all our family, and assured me she should consider Harry as under her care, and also spoke of our business, which Madame Campan had told her was my reason for now returning to France. . . .

'The whole tenor of her conversation was melancholy, but she said little about public affairs; her child's illness seemed uppermost in her mind. The tears, which I with difficulty restrained in her presence, gushed from me as soon as I had quitted the room. She told me she should like to see me again soon. Poor thing! her kindness and sorrowful manner made me more interested and enthusiastic about her than ever.'—vol. ii. p. 79.

Two or three subsequent letters of Mrs. Swinburne's are, we think, the most interesting portion of the volumes:—

' July

' July 1.—The fermentation seems to be strangely increased ; and if it were not for Harry's being here, I would return directly to England ; but I confess I am unwilling to leave him behind till I know all is settled and quiet. Yet I am assured there can be no danger for us, and that the unpopularity of the court will not affect private individuals.

' The death of the dauphin prevented my seeing the queen again. It has been a bitter stroke for her, though she must have expected it. She mourns much, and receives no one without absolute necessity. I understand she considers *Monsieur* [Louis XVIII.] as a great cause of the evils now occurring, as it was he who proposed and insisted upon the number of the Tiers Etats representatives being double that of the other orders, on the plea of its being a larger body. He made a fine flummery speech to the king about the justice of its being so.

' The Tiers Etats have now established themselves apart as an *assemblée nationale*, with M. Bailly, their president, who convoked them in a tennis-court, where they have sworn to resist the clergy and the nobles. The Duke of Orleans attends this new assembly, and the Evêque d'Autun [Talleyrand] makes himself very conspicuous.'—vol. ii. p. 84.

' July 16.—Necker is dismissed, and banished from France, and the Baron de Breteuil is come in. This has been the Comte d'Artois' doing. The departure of Necker was the signal of explosion. His bust and that of the Duke of Orleans were paraded round the town, and they were called "*les défenseurs de la patrie* !" All the theatres were closed, soldiers and populace filled the streets, fire was set to the barriers, cannons were fired, the tocsin sounded, and all was sedition.

' The Prince de Lambesc, with his regiment, appeared on the Place Louis XV., but the troops had no orders to act ; therefore, although they drove away some of the assailants, the latter very soon armed themselves *en masse*, and in less than a day they amounted to a corps of six thousand men, with M. de la Salle for their commandant. They have taken the colours of the Duke of Orleans' livery—blue, red, and white—for their cockade [a noble origin for the glorious tri-color]. They seized the arms at l'Hôtel des Invalides. The Gardes Françaises joined them, and the day before yesterday they attacked the Bastille, which they took without trouble. Poor M. de Launay, the governor, and some other officers, were massacred.

' They have insisted on the king's ordering the Maréchal de Broglie and his troops to withdraw, and he has, I fear, consented. The Duc de Liancourt has joined the rebel party.'—vol. ii. p. 80.

We interrupt Mrs. Swinburne for a moment to observe that this same Duke of Liancourt was one of the Girouettes who hastened to Dover in 1814 to pay homage to Louis XVIII. ; but the king received him very coldly ; and when his majesty was asked in which of the vessels assembled for the transport of himself and his attendants he wished the duke to be accommodated, he said,

' Anywhere

' Anywhere you please, except—with me.' The Duke of Liancourt, of course, became again a great liberal:—

' The king has been to the Assemblée Nationale with Monsieur and the Comte d'Artois. The recall of Necker was insisted upon, and the king has sent for him. It is said the reason of his thus acquiescing in everything that is asked him is, that he makes a point of acting quite contrary to Charles I. in his dissensions with his people, and he is constantly studying his history. He has ordered the Comte d'Artois and his family to leave France, as well as the other princes of the blood; but Monsieur has refused to go. The Polignacs also, who are the objects of the detestation of the populace, are ordered away for their safety; and Madame de Tourzel is to be "surintendante des enfans." There were only three prisoners found in the Bastille.'—vol. ii. p. 84.

' October 4.—The Duke of Orleans is becoming popular: they call him "le père du peuple!"

' The day before yesterday a troop of *poissardes* went about Paris, calling for bread! Hordes of *brigands* and women, with pikes and sabres, came on to Versailles. They say l'Abbé Gregoire led them on. The gardes-du-corps, under the command of the Duc de Guiche, defended the entrance of the palace, at the hall called l'Œil de Bœuf. [This is a strange blunder of the localities.] The mob begged to be heard, and the king allowed one of the women to enter. He gave an order to the directors of the royal granaries for bread to be distributed among them.

' The Comte d'Estaing behaved in a very cowardly manner, and deserted his post.'—*Id.*, p. 87.

M. d'Estaing was commandant of Versailles, and behaved infamously; but we now know that it was not cowardice, or at least not cowardice alone, that actuated his conduct. He had an old grudge against the king, and particularly against the queen, for having been refused a personal favour which he did not deserve and which it would have been gross injustice to grant. His known enmity to the court was, we believe, the cause of his being elected to the command of the National Guard at Versailles, in which he behaved with the signal disloyalty noticed by Mrs. Swinburne. He was afterwards summoned as a witness against the queen, but his deposition, though mean, ungenerous, and cowardly, had nothing to criminate her, and failed to save himself; and he was sent to the guillotine a few months after. Such were the patriots of the day, and such their reward. Mrs. Swinburne writes a few days after—

' October 9.—We have had dreadful doings. On the 6th, at night, a set of wretches forced themselves into the château, screaming, "*La tête de la reine! à bas la reine! Louis ne sera plus roi,—il nous faut le Duc d'Orleans—il nous donnera du pain celui-là!*"

' Monsieur Durepaire, one of the gardes-du-corps, defended the queen's door, and was killed. Others took his place, and were thrown down.

"Sauvez

"Sauvez la reine!" was the cry of the gardes-du-corps. Madame Thibaud awoke the queen, who threw a coverlid of the bed over her, and ran into the king's room, and, soon after she was gone, her door was burst open. The king ran and fetched his son, and all together they waited the event.'—vol. ii. p. 89.

Here is another instance of the inaccuracy with which even eye-witnesses will state the most notorious facts. Mrs. Swinburne was living at Versailles, perhaps in the palace itself—her son was the queen's page—she herself was personally admitted to see her majesty in these disastrous times—yet she writes, three days after the event and when all the facts might have been well known, that *one* only of the gardes-du-corps was murdered, and that one M. Du Repaire; whereas M. Du Repaire was not killed, and MM. Deshuttés and de Varicourt were.

Mrs. Swinburne now found it was high time to escape from this scene of horrors, and we shall give large extracts from the interesting letter which on her arrival in London she addressed to her husband in the north of England, because it gives us an authentic sketch of the situation and feelings of the unfortunate queen under these calamities, which, extreme as they then seemed, were but the prelude to greater sufferings:—

‘London, Dec. 1, 1789.

‘I am just arrived, and so fatigued that it is impossible for me to set out for the north for several days. It will take me that time to recover. But, though weak in body, I am happy in mind to be again in England, and so soon to see you all. One sad drawback is my having left Henry; but he is well and safe, receiving an excellent education, much loved by his master, and under the special care of Madame de Talaru and Monsieur de Beauveau, who, on the very first appearance of danger, will send him directly to England. But all is quiet now, and I hope will remain so. The people are in high good humour since the royal family came to the Tuileries. It was, perhaps, natural that the Parisians should be jealous of the predilection of their sovereigns for Versailles....

‘When I had obtained my passports for myself and maid, I asked to take leave of the queen, and the interview was granted, which is a great favour, for she sees no one. She received me graciously, even kindly, and the manner in which she spoke of my son was calculated to set my heart at ease concerning him. She wished me every happiness. “*Vous allez dans votre heureuse famille,*” said she, “*dans un pays tranquille, où la calomnie et la cruauté ne vous poursuivront pas! Je dois vous porter envie.*”

‘I ventured a few words of consolation, hinting that times were now improving, and that her popularity and happiness would be restored. She shook her head. We were alone. I know not how I was worked up to it, or had courage to make the proposal; but I did so—that, if she thought herself in danger, my services were at her command, and that she could come with me to England in the disguise of my maid, whom I could

I could easily dispose of, by sending her under some pretext to her friends at St. Germain. She thanked me, and smiled faintly, but said nothing would induce her to leave her family. She added that she had refused other offers of the same sort. "Besides," and she looked round—" *si je voulais, cela ne se pourrait pas ; il y a trop d'espions.*"

'I took leave of her with regret and affection.

'I am sorry to say I have been informed by one of the queen's friends that there is some doubt of the perfect fidelity of Madame Campan.

'As it happened, it is lucky my offer was not accepted ; for on my arrival at Boulogne the carriage was assailed by a horde of poissardes, who accused me of being the mistress of the Duke of Orleans, going after him to England. They declared I should not leave France.

'Imagine my terror. I put my head out of the window to address them. "*Ecoutez, écoutez,*" said one or two of them. "*Mesdames,*" said I, as politely as my fear would let me, "*ayez la bonté de me regarder. Je ne suis ni jeune ni jolie ; Monsieur le Duc d'Orleans, aurait-il si mauvais goût ?*"

'This made the creatures laugh, and some said, "*Pas si mal—pas si mal.*" Never did beauty long to be admired more than I did to be thought ugly. At last Mrs. Knowles, from the inn, came to my assistance, and vouched for my being otherwise than what they thought. But I never got rid of my terror till I found myself safely on board.

'I had a dreadful passage, but the storm of the elements alarmed me less than the torrent of human violence which I had just escaped. Adieu, for I am sleepy, and can write no more.'

After this, Mr. and Mrs. Swinburne seem to have settled themselves for several years at Hamsterley, their residence in Durham, and the '*Courts of Europe at the Close of the Last Century*' is occupied for several pages by fragments of commonplace letters written by him to her during occasional visits which he made to his country neighbours, and once or twice to London, between 1790 and 1796, from all which we can pick out but one paragraph. Madame de Genlis, with Mademoiselle d'Orleans and Pamela, were at this time in England, and Swinburne, in return for her civilities in Paris, not only did them the honours of London, but visited them in the retreat which they had selected at Bury in Suffolk, and writes thus under date 10th June, 1792:—

'I have been staying at Bury with Madame Brulart [De Genlis]. . . . They say Sheridan is in love with, *and wanting to marry, Pamela* ; but whether his red face will charm her is, I think, doubtful, notwithstanding his wit.'—vol. ii. p. 111, 112.

It is well known that Sheridan admired, not improbable that he flirted with, Pamela ; and in the short interval between the death of his wife and the marriage of Pamela with Lord Edward Fitzgerald he may have had some thoughts of proposing for her, but
at

at the date of Swinburne's letter the first Mrs. Sheridan was still living, and therefore his *on dit* that Sheridan was then wanting to marry Pamela is only a fresh instance of his habitual inaccuracy.

In 1797, when Lord Malmsbury was sent to Paris to negotiate for a peace, Mr. Swinburne was also sent to arrange a cartel for the exchange of prisoners of war, and during his residence in France, from Nov. 1796 to Nov. 1797, he wrote a series of letters to his wife, chiefly about his private society and affairs, which occupy two-thirds of the second volume of the '*Courts of Europe at the Close of the Last Century*.' These letters give us little detail as to how he managed or mismanaged his public negotiations; they afford slender evidence of his capacity for business, and show him to have been good-natured and well-principled, but a vain, shallow, silly fellow. He seems to have done nothing, and, indeed, to have failed in all his objects. In April, 1797, he was ordered by the Directory to Fontainebleau, where he remained in a kind of sequestration till recalled by his own government in November. It was impossible that any man who had known Paris and moved in good society previous to the Revolution, could have revisited it under the grotesque *régime* of the Directory without having curious scenes and interesting contrasts to relate; and though Mr. Swinburne has made as little of his materials as well could be—indeed, he modestly calls his letters journals *de bêtises*, and a *farrago of nonsense* (which they very often are)—there are still some striking views of persons and manners:—

'Nov. 11, 1796.

'I have been walking about as freely as in London. Paris in this quarter [Rue Vivienne] is crowded more than ever, but both men and women are sad frights. The women dress shockingly, with immense bushy periwigs, quite discordant with their complexions and eyebrows; forming either a large *chignon*, or a great horse-tail behind, and brought very long over their faces in the front, only a little parted in the middle of the forehead, just like the men in Charles II.'s days; owls in ivy-bushes. They wear upon this, large flapping caps or mobs, and over all a chip hat, like an umbrella, squeezed down at the sides, and staring up in front, lined with yellow, scarlet, or some such glaring colour. Shawls and blankets, projecting necks, black and gray stockings, and no heels.'—vol. ii. p. 122.

'The women here in the morning all wear dark-purple or gray stockings, with orange clocks; large coloured shawls over their shoulders, wigs and loose caps, with immense flapping wings to them;—such figures! You would be amused to see them tripping along the dirty streets, pulling their petticoats round them, and showing their legs up to the knees. The men all look like cut-throats, with their long hair falling over their faces, their coloured neck-handkerchiefs, strange cut coats, pantaloons, immense sticks, and fierce cocked hats.'—*Ib.*, p. 159.

'The

'The company [at a morning concert] assembled at two. The men were clean, many in English dresses, but there were also a good many *extravagants*, or *incroyables*, *en oreilles de chien*; that is, with their hair plaited and done up very tight behind, like an old-fashioned chignon, and in front two curls or tresses a foot long, just parted in the middle of the forehead, and hanging down the cheeks upon the waistcoat. Two of them I remarked as being particularly ridiculous; one side only was in curls hanging down, the other drawn back with the hair behind.

'The women were all in wigs, generally as different as possible from the true colour of their hair; their faces almost totally obscured. Their caps and hats had much gold and velvet, and very small feathers; their waists immoderately short, their faces daubed, their necks covered, their gowns muslin, with a great profusion of gold spangles and gold fringe.'—vol. ii. p. 181.

'Madame de Poix had a ball the other night, but I was lazy, and did not go. How comically I should have been accoutred, in worsted stockings and half-boots, with a red handkerchief round my neck! Such is the ball costume at present.'—vol. ii. p. 177.

So much for the fashions. Now for the appearance of the town:—

'How dull—how gloomy Paris is! All its hurry and crowds seem concentrated round the focus of this neighbourhood [Rue St. Honoré]. The rest of the town is deserted. The Fauxbourg St. Germain can never recover.

'I had been told by English republicans and Americans that wonderful things had been done and magnificent works undertaken. I see many things pulled down, but, except a repair in the roof of the Luxembourg, the alteration of the Palais Bourbon, and the finishing of the bridge, I have not seen one new stone put upon another.

'There are wood and plaster statues where brass and marble stood, dead poplar-trees of liberty, and the words "*propriété nationale*" upon more than half the houses. These are the present ornaments of Paris.

'The Hôtel du Parc Royal is now a printing-house; l'Hôtel de l'Université an office for the artillery. The Fauxbourg St. Germain is quite depopulated; its hotels almost all seized by government, and the streets near the Boulevard are choked with weeds. There is little bustle, except about the Palais de l'Egalité, which is a complete receptacle of filth. The buildings about it are ruinous.

'I have been at the site of the Bastille, now a timber-yard. As there have been fifty-seven new prisons instituted in Paris, I think I may say that the Parisians have uselessly destroyed an ornament of their town.'—vol. ii. p. 130.

'I went yesterday to see the Muséum or Galerie du Louvre. The dimensions are wonderful, and contain crowds of *chef-d'œuvres*, mixed with bad French pictures. Robert, the painter, attends us, to show what is intended to be done. The length is prodigious, but the colour gray, and unfavourable for pictures. Robert wishes the Directory to make skylights, but they have no money. It will be very fine when the statues

statues come into it; but there is hardly any light, and nowhere a good one, for the windows are all near the ground, and much too low for the purpose of lighting up paintings.'—*Ib.* p. 150.

We make this extract to remind our readers that it was not Buonaparte who appropriated the gallery of the Louvre to a *musée* of art. But the truth is that the design belongs neither to Buonaparte nor to the *Directory*, but to the times of poor Louis XVI., though the execution was suspended by the derangement of the finances and the troubles of the Revolution:—

'18th Oct., 1775.—Il est sérieusement question d'exécuter le projet de convertir en un *vaste et magnifique Musée* l'immense galerie du château de Tuileries regnant le long de la rivière—on y exposera principalement un multitude des *tableaux du Roi*.'—*Mém. de Bachaumont*, vol. xxxii. p. 317.

And we find, in the exhibition of pictures of the year 1779, a portrait of M. d'Angivillers, then Directeur des Bâtimens—

'unrolling a plan of the gallery of the Louvre; that superb Museum which is to collect all the talents and exhibit all the schools of art, which will be itself a great school for future artists, and which will immortalise the administration of M. d'Angivillers.'—*Lettre sur le Salon*, 28th Sept. 1779.

Voilà une belle immortalité! Who of the millions that pace that noble gallery ever think of any founder but Buonaparte?—who added, indeed, many plundered pictures and statues for its embellishment, but had nothing whatsoever to do either with the original design or execution.

As this subject is thus presented to us, we will add the same irrefragable evidence that two other important improvements of Paris, commonly attributed to Buonaparte, had been designed under the sanction of the unhappy king, though suspended by the same causes as the *Galerie du Musée*. Under the date of the 23rd Oct., 1778, we find, accurately detailed, the plan of opening what are now called the Rues de la Paix, de Castiglione, and de Rivoli; certainly the most striking and useful improvement ever made in Paris (*Mém. de Bachaumont*, vol. ii. p. 140); and under the date of 10th Dec., 1787 (vol. xxxvi. p. 227), we find—

'Le Roi a accordé des lettres patentes pour faire construire un pont de fer en face de l'Arsenal et du Jardin du Roi, avec le droit de lever un droit de péage sur ce pont.'

the exact description of the Pont d'Austerlitz—*sic vos non vobis*.

We return to Mr. Swinburne.

'Paris, without police, is full of robbers and murderers. Last night at seven o'clock a woman was assassinated in her own room, nor far from us. There is a great want of money; so much so as to make it necessary

necessary for government to seize upon the *recette* at the opera.'—vol. ii. p. 150.

'Murders are numerous. The police knows who the assassins are, but is not strong enough to put a stop to them. The depravity of all ranks (if one can talk of ranks) is past belief. Every one plunges into the mud-pool of vice, as soon as he or she is strong enough to paddle in it, without fear of parental or political control. Nothing can be more disastrous than the situation of a virtuous parent who has a son or daughter of an age to marry or to choose a profession.'—*Ib.* p. 157.

'The other night, *Madame de Valence* [daughter of *Madame de Genlis*] gave a ball, *chez ma tante* [*Madame de Montesson*], to a vast number of *ci-devants*, who ate and drank, laughed and danced, as if they had not a friend absent, or one murdered,—when, behold! in comes *Madame Tallien*, and all the women went away. Can you imagine such folly, in their circumstances and misfortunes? I will venture to say there was scarcely one but had directly or indirectly asked, or will soon ask, a favour of that woman, whose greatest crimes, perhaps, are her beauty and her riches.'—*Ib.* p. 183.

Mr. Swinburne is not very consistent in his alternate complaints of too much laxity and too much prudery, and it was not, as we shall see in the next extract, the *ci-devants* only who shunned *Madame Cabarrus Tallien*:—

'I went last night to the *bal abonné* at l'Hôtel de Richelieu; it was very much crowded, but, as you may suppose, with few of my acquaintance except those I went with. *Madame Campan's* sister, *Madame Rousseau*, was there with a stout unmarried daughter, and a still stouter married one, dancing away all three. I saw many men and women kicking their heels about, whose age would have condemned them to the benches in former days.

'*Madame Tallien* was almost the only tolerable face, though haggard with hard duty and some thinking. She wore a black wig, *en tête de mouton*, sticking up behind, and interwoven with pearls and diamonds. Her dress had much gold and *ponceau*. She made a great display. Her shoulders are broad, and her figure robust. She dances well, has fine eyes, rather an Irish nose—I mean turned up at the end only. I do not know whether you understand me, but *Burke's* is so. She is exposed to hear many disagreeable speeches and scenes, at which I do not wonder. She looks sometimes dejected. *The women of character, though belonging to the republic, do not associate with her.* She had only a companion, or toadeater.

'*General Hoche* was one of the company, a tolerable-looking young man, with nothing at all martial in his countenance; grave and quiet, not "*en vainqueur d'Irlande*."

'When you consider how completely this nation has been demoralised, and the kind of persons who are to compose the rising generation, without control, education, or example before them, you will not wonder at my being incredulous as to the prompt return of *Astrea*.'—vol. ii. p. 197.

'I am

'I am told there are weekly balls, *par abonnement* of thirty-six francs, for the winter, where the ladies appear in fancy dresses, chiefly as nymphs with flesh-coloured clothing. The complexion of the women seems to me to be much improved, and there is not such a quantity of rouge used as formerly.'—vol. ii. p. 131.

'Yesterday Madame de Gontaut gave as fine a ball as ever was given in days of yore: three hundred of the company had lost near relations by the guillotine! Some of the men there danced with their hats on, and with red heels. Two of the ministers (I do not mean foreign ones) were present.'—vol. ii. p. 188.

'There is a "bal abonné," with Robert Dillon at the head, called "*Les restes de la Guillotine*." None are admitted but *femmes présentées*, and *fils de pendus*.'—p. 206.

On this last extract the editor remarks—

'*Femmes présentées*—those who had been presented at court prior to the Revolution; *fils de pendus*—sons of those who had perished by the lantern, guillotine, &c. A more painful instance of *French levity* can scarcely be adduced.'—p. 206.

French levity no doubt it was; but the editor might have observed that there was an Englishman 'at the head' of it.

We select some notices of remarkable men:—

'I dined to-day at Monsieur Formalague's, once a clerk to Boyd, with some noted people, viz., Mathieu Languinai [meaning, Mathieu—and Lanjuinais]; Roederer, late a Counsellor of Metz, editor of *l'Historien*; Bourgoign, author of the *Essay on Spain*, &c. They talked away as Frenchmen always did; morals, philosophy, &c.—then mirth and wit—then dispute and argument. They are all violently in opposition to the Directory—at least to outward appearance. They are concerned with the press, and profess anti-Jacobinism.'—vol. ii. p. 129.

'At a dinner I was at at Formalague's, Roederer and Lagrange got into an argument, and grew loud. The former at last *pulled out pistols*, and laid them at each side of him at the table.'—*Ib.*, p. 217.

This Roederer—the *Judas Iscariot** of the 10th of August—was not quite so ready with his pistols in that day of trial: he was afterwards one of Buonaparte's counts, and most obsequious tools. What an indication of the deserved tortures that conscience inflicted on this fellow is this habitual wearing of pistols!—

* Nec hos evasisse putes quos diri conscia facti
Mens habet attonitos et surdo verberare cædit,
Occultum quatiente animo torture flagellum.'

Against that assailant his pistols were no protection!

'I am just come from the petit Luxembourg, and from seeing Reubel receive petitions in his costume de directeur. Lynch† was with me.

* See *Quart. Rev.*, vol. lv. p. 324.

† 'The same who was mayor of Bordeaux in 1814, and was amongst the first functionaries that recognised the Bourbons.'—*Ed.* This is another of the editor's blunders; they were different persons.

No one asked us any questions, as we handed in Mesdames d'Arenberg and Brancas, who wanted to see Barras. We went upstairs through a great crowd, and through halls full of dragoons and grenadiers. The audience-room is a large salon, where *Monsieur* formerly received his company. A bar across the middle divides the simply curious from those who have petitions to present, who are admitted within the bars by two sentinels. Those who were merely spectators, like myself, remained without the rails.

'The room was filled with tagrag and bobtail; a crowd of women presenting memorials, lame soldiers, &c., whilst aides-de-camp, secretaries, and well-dressed fellows, stood about the fireplace.

'The Directeur had a blackguard clerk, in a shabby greatcoat (forming a contrast with his gewgaws), sitting near him at a table. Reubel attended by rotation for an hour. He was very elegantly clad, his hair well dressed, his waistcoat and pantaloons of white satin, with a blue belt and blue ribbons in his shoes, and a Roman sword hanging to a gold chain. Over all this a scarlet surtout or tabard, lined with white, faced and caped with white, and embroidered with gold. The cape wide and lying on the shoulders—the sleeves at the wrist turned back, and a Vandeyk ruff. It is by no means a dignified habiliment; it wants amplitude and simplicity for a *toga*, and tightness as well as simplicity for a *paludamentum*. His hat with feathers lay on the table, near which he stood all the time.

'The petitioners gave their memorial to the director; he stood between two soldiers with bayonets, who could read the papers over his shoulder. He perused them, and gave some answer or other. Behind him were huissiers, dressed in short black cloaks, with red caps and feathers, very like Crispin's habit in the play, and quite as ludicrous. Some of the ministers stood round the fire.

'This puppet-show work cannot expedite business, but it amuses the people, and those who were accustomed to solicit and plead. The populace, easily fascinated by any humbug, went away satisfied that they had seen their chief take their memorials with his own hands, and *gratis*, although probably he never thought any more of half of them. At one the great man bowed, and went into the inner room.'—vol. ii. p. 154.

'I dined yesterday en grande compagnie, at a dinner given to me by Perignon, avocat de la marine. His wife is handsome; she was the only lady there; an American consul and myself the only foreigners. We sat down thirty-two. The principal personages were Isnard, Muraire, Portalis, Cambacères, Jubries, (?) Augustin Moneron, Vance, Janet, &c. Isnard was very noisy and drank hard. He gave us an account of his hiding during Robespierre's reign. He was locked up four months in Dauphiny, at a friend's house, lay in bed all day, and was in the garden all night. He laughed much at Louis XVIII. offering to pardon the Regicides, which he said was an unnatural thing for him to do; and he said, if ever the French people took it into their heads to recall Louis, he for one *would slip out of some corner of the realm*, as the king stepped into the other.'—*Ib.*, p. 20.

Our readers recollect this Isnard's *fanfaron* speech, as President of the Convention, to the seditious petition of the commune of Paris, on the 25th of May, 1793, 'that, if they violated the national representation, Paris would be annihilated, and that posterity would seek on the banks of the Seine the spot where she had stood.'* This speech accelerated the ruin of his party, and six days after, the bold Isnard basely abdicated his seat at the mandate of the populace he had roused:—we are amused to see the same noisy and cowardly character showing itself even at a dinner-table.

'Cambacères is a *deep, black, silent lawyer, very like a king's judge*; Portalis a pleasant, unaffected juriconsult. There was a fine set-out. It being the day when Brottier's conspiracy had been discovered, that subject afforded conversation.'—vol. ii. p. 203.

'I dined yesterday with Perregaux, whose cordial kindness to me I am apt to acknowledge in every letter, and met there Talleyrand, bishop of Autun, lately returned from America. We renewed acquaintance very well. He is a very pleasant man, though a *diable boiteux*. He is moving heaven and earth to get employed by the Directory. We had also my old friend St. Foix, who is now a great crony of Talleyrand's.'—*Ib.*, p. 194.

'I have been dining at Perregaux's with St. Foix, Talleyrand, Roederer, and Beaumarchais; the latter is quite deaf, but still clever and sprightly. Yesterday I dined at Madame Charles de Damas', with all the Laborde family, and spent the evening with Madame d'Houdetot, once the wit and life of the court, and connected with the Marquis de St. Lambert, author of "*Les Saisons*." He is now old and infirm, but came to supper, and was very merry. We had also the Duc de Rohan, Madame de Beauveau's brother. It was of Madame d'Houdetot that Rousseau was enamoured.'—*Ib.*, p. 213.

These are interesting names to any one acquainted with French literature and society under the old *régime*, but the following extract will be more so to the generality of readers:—

'Dr. Gem was imprisoned four months. The Doctor is eighty-two, and very stout. He was a violent democrat, but I fancy his prison, and the strange work he has been witness to, have cooled his ardour for the extremes of liberty. He is great-uncle to Mr. Huskisson, and a very good physician. His nephew was bred by him a surgeon, and was then as revolutionary as himself. He was made secretary of the club des Feuillans,† and when Lord Gower [the late Duke of Sutherland—our ambassador to Paris in 1790] came to be in want of a secretary, this young man was recommended to him, as being the son of a Trentham tenant. This brought him to England, and his cleverness and knowledge of French recommended him to Dundas, who probably is ignorant of that language.'—vol. ii. pp. 158, 159.

* Quarterly Review, vol. liv. p. 556.

† The Club of Feuillans, established by Mirabeau, in the building of the old convent of that name, which then occupied a portion of the Rue Castiglione.—Ed.

We have often heard Mr. Huskisson reproached with having been a member of the *Club of the Jacobins*—but if Mr. Swinburne be correct, and that it was to the Club of the *Feuillans* that he belonged, it would be quite another thing—for the *Feuillant* Club was composed of constitutional royalists, and was instituted (not by Mirabeau, as the editor absurdly states, but) to oppose the growing democracy of the Jacobins. We doubt, however, whether Mr. Huskisson belonged to either club. The *Feuillans*, we believe, were scarcely formed when he became attached to the British embassy, and *we think* we have heard him deny that he had ever belonged to the Jacobins. We have, moreover, now before us an official list of the Jacobin Club on the 21st December, 1790, signed '*Mirabeau, président*,' in which Mr. Huskisson's name does not appear—which seems to us decisive of the question.

Here we close our extracts; but we shall bring Mr. Swinburne's personal history to its conclusion. He returned to England from his fruitless mission in the winter of 1797. In the winter of 1800 his eldest son was lost in the *Babet*, an affliction which he felt deeply, and which was prolonged and aggravated by the doubt which for some months hung over the fate of that vessel. In Nov. 1801 he accepted the place of Vendue-Master at Trinidad, which he probably owed to the good offices of his friend Lord Pelham. Here, after a few months' residence, he wrote (on the 31st of March, 1803) to his family the following account of his situation and prospects:—

'My house at St. Juan's is almost finished. I have made it very convenient, and it would hold you all very well, if you liked to come; but I have not here *des objets majeurs* to justify the expense of bringing you, or endangering all your healths. To me, Trinidad is a delightful climate, and I can ride in its sun or sit on its waves with the same unconcern that I did near dear Istria and Capri;—but that is no reason why it should be so for others.'—vol. ii. p. 377.
Next day he died!

We cannot on the whole express a favourable opinion of the book which has been thus published under Mr. Swinburne's name, but for which his literary character cannot be held responsible. He himself never contemplated, and would, as it appears, have highly disapproved, such a publication; yet, if his correspondence had been limited to one half its present bulk, and judiciously edited, it would have afforded—not indeed what its present title promises, but—a collection of amusing, though slight and desultory, sketches of men and manners at the interesting period which divides the ancient from the modern régime of European society.

ART. VI.—1. *History of the Inductive Sciences from the Earliest to the Present Times.* By the Rev. William Whewell, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, President of the Geological Society of London. 3 vols. 8vo. 1837.

2. *The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences founded upon their History.* By the Rev. William Whewell, B.D., Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1840.

IF the moral and intellectual relations of Man have ever been justly regarded as transcending in importance all other subjects of human interest, the necessary dependence of his duties and responsibilities on his natural faculties must render it impossible to appreciate or define the one without entering into a close investigation and analysis of the other. And if, in the course of this inquiry, it appear, by reference to history and experience, that there exist in the intellectual constitution of our species springs of power and capacities of intelligence which have been but rarely drawn upon, and which have lain, as it were, torpid and dormant during long portions of history and among vast masses of population, it will become not less our interest than our duty to study with the most earnest solicitude the conditions under which the vigorous development and worthy employment of that power and those capacities can subsist.

That man is a speculative as well as a sentient being, searching in everything for connexion and harmony, the perception of which mixes itself with his choicest pleasures, is what we need not to be reminded of. To call up their images, even transiently, in his mind, the powers of his imagination and fancy are continually tasked, while to trace them through the realities of universal nature constitutes at once the noblest and most delightful, but, at the same time, the most arduous exercise of his reason. Chained, however, to the ground by his material wants, and solicited unceasingly by his passions, which tax to the utmost all his faculties for their gratification, man has been found in every age but too ready to forget this lofty privilege, and, degrading reason from its highest office, to employ it, now as the laborious drudge of his appetites, and now as the subservient instrument of his designs. The experience of all history has shown that the gratification arising from the exercise of the purely intellectual faculties is especially apt to be postponed to almost every other, and in its higher degrees to have been as unduly appreciated by the many, as it has been rarely enjoyed by the few who are susceptible of them. The mass of mankind, too happy in a respite from severe

toil and bitter contention, are well content with easy pleasures which cost them little exertion to procure and none to enjoy. To the poor and overwrought, a mere oblivion of care and pain; to the rich and refined, luxurious ease and pleasing objects and emotions presented in rapid succession, and received and enjoyed without effort—offer a paradise beyond which their wishes hardly care to roam. The most robust and vigorous constitutions only, whether of mind or body, find a charm in the ardour of pursuit, and feel that inward prompting which excites them to follow out great or distant objects in defiance of difficulties. Even these, for the most part, require the stimulus of external sympathy and applause to cheer them on their career; and great indeed, and nobly self-dependent, must that mind be, which, unrepressed by difficulty, unbroken by labour, and unexcited by applause, can find in the working out of a useful purpose, or in the prosecution of an arduous research, attractions which will lead him to face, endure, and overcome the one, and to dispense with or despise the other. The sympathies of mankind, however, have rarely been accorded to purely intellectual struggles. Men seldom applaud what they do not in some considerable degree comprehend. The deductions of reason require for the most part no small contention of mind to be understood when first propounded, and if their objects lie remote from vulgar apprehension, and their bearing on immediate interests be but slender, the probability is equally so that they will experience any other reception than neglect. And thus it has happened that, in so many cases, the impulse of intellectual activity, even when given, has failed of propagation. The ball has not been caught up at the rebound and urged forward by emulous hands. The march of progress, in place of quickening to a race, has halted in tardy and intermitted steps, and soon ceased altogether.

The consequence of these and similar hinderances—which have operated at every period of history, and in every state of humanity, against the effective exercise of our reason in its pure and proper field, and on those high objects with which it has been found competent to grapple—will appear, if we look for its results among the more ancient monuments of human thought and action. As a conquering, contriving, adorning, and imaginative being, the vestiges left by man are innumerable and imperishable; but, as a reflective and reasoning one, how few do we find which will bear examination, and justify his claim! How few are the conclusions drawn from the combined experience and thought of so many generations which are worth treasuring as truths of extensive application and utility! How rarely do we find in the writings of antiquity or of the middle ages any general and serviceable

viceable conclusion respecting things that be—any philosophical deduction from experience beyond the most obvious and superficial on the one hand, or the most vague, loose, and infertile on the other—any result fairly reasoned out, or any intelligible law established from data afforded by observation of phenomena; whether material, having reference to the organization of the system around us, or psychological, bearing on the inward nature of man!

But from the epoch, comparatively so recent, when Man began to consider himself not merely as the denizen, but as the interpreter of Nature, and, warmed and inspired by the noble prospects opening on him from this exalted point of view, to speculate on her laws, less in the spirit of an interested occupant than of an admitted and privileged spectator, humbly but diligently seeking to unravel some of the lowest of her mysteries, and catch thereby a glimpse, however dim and distant, of the designs of her glorious Author—since this inspiring note has been sounded in our ears, and found its responsive chord in innumerable bosoms, how different is the scene which has opened! Instead of barren and effete generalities—of vague and verbal classifications—of propositions promising everything to the ear, but performing nothing to the sense—of maxims grounded on pure assumption, and argument dogmatically taking its stand on the appeal to our irremediable ignorance, we find that it has been practicable for human faculties to attain a knowledge of truths based on a foundation co-extensive with the universe, yet applicable to the closest realities. And while thus exercising our faculties in these their primary essays within the narrower and safer circuit of material laws, (which yet, opening out in vista after vista, seem to lead onwards to the point where the material blends with, and is lost in, the spiritual and intellectual,) may we not look forward with no presumptuous hope to the attainment of a position from which—with an eye schooled and disciplined by such experience, and with a mind thoroughly familiarized with the characters of truth as it presents itself to us in these passionless researches—we may follow out its traces and recognize its features through the mist of interest or in the storm of emotion, when engaged in those far more difficult subjects of inquiry which the social and intellectual world afford? It is a hope long deferred and often damped, but never utterly extinguished; springing afresh in youthful and ardent bosoms in perpetual aspiration; and which finally to dismiss would be to deprive philosophy of its most sacred object, and of its only abiding charm.

With the indulgence of such hopes, and with the steadily increasing conviction of the possibility of their ultimate realization,

which every fresh advance in science affords, arises a necessity of occasionally, and indeed frequently, passing in review both the assemblage of the results obtained, and the mode in which they have been obtained; with a view not only to the duly estimating the real value of our actual acquirements, and the direction in which further progress appears most immediately practicable, but to the deducing from our experience of the progress already made, maxims and principles available in our future career. Science itself thus comes to be considered as an object not simply of philosophical interest, but of inductive inquiry. If we cannot succeed in laying down rules which shall conduct us infallibly to the discovery of unknown truths, we may at least expect to ascertain, by thus passing in review the history of science, what have been the stages and conditions of society in which its greatest acquisitions have been made; what symptoms have been their usual precursors; what tendencies have arrested them in their development; what is that attitude of mind which affords the most favourable condition for the occurrence of discovery to individuals, and that state of public feeling and general occupation and interest which contributes to make one age or one nation more distinguished than another for their magnitude and frequency. Grave questions these, since, as we have already remarked, there are duties and responsibilities, individual and social, attached to their discussion.

But not only has the philosophy of science this practical object—it has its speculations as well as its applications, its theories as well as its maxims, which constitute it a *philosophy*; and these, it must be confessed, lie among very thorny, difficult, and abstruse considerations, which is no wonder, seeing that it is occupied with the grounds of human belief, the reality of human knowledge, nay, the very nature of truth itself, and the competency of the human faculties to its perception; all subjects of the utmost obscurity, and which involve us, at its very outset, in the most intricate and puzzling discussions of metaphysics. What is the nature of general and of universal propositions? Are all true universal propositions *necessary* truths, or is any truth, or all truth, necessary? What is the act, or series of acts, of the mind in constructing general propositions—and when constructed, in what manner do we rest in them as expressive of truth? Is it that we simply admit them as results of experience, until habitual acquiescence and unbroken verification render dissent first difficult, next impracticable, and finally, inconceivable? Or do we recognize in them but the echo of a voice within our own bosoms, which for the first time we have learned to interpret, and whose announcements we receive as revelations? In other words, whether any, and what portion of our knowledge be innate, or whether the whole

whole be a mere collection of deductions from experience—systematized by the act of the mind, continually reviewing and arranging its acquisitions, and moulding them into forms of its own, whether merely adapted for ready use and recollection, or as essential to their recognition as parts of a whole, or as subject-matter for high and abstract meditation. Do we apply to the objects of our reasoning, ideas of which we have a perception, and propositions of which we have a conviction antecedent to experience—(and which may therefore be regarded as impressed on our intellectual nature by the Author of our being)—linking them together by their appropriateness to form subjects of these innate propositions in the way of special application, and by the conformity of the perceptions connected with them to these innate fundamental ideas? Or do we simply distribute all the phenomena of the world around us, and of our own minds, into groups, according to the analogies of the impressions they make on our perceptive faculties, whether bodily or mental—(the perception of such analogies being itself one of the primordial faculties of our minds;)—and do we then, by a peculiar and irresistible impulse of our intellectual nature, which we term generalization, attribute to all the members of such group—not only those with which we have become familiar, but also all those which we do or can conceive in our minds as appertaining to it—the same attributes, properties, and relations, according to their special natures, which we have observed to belong to any one of them, and especially that which has served as the ground of analogy and the motive for so connecting them?

These at first sight appear widely different, and indeed almost diametrically opposite views of the Philosophy of Knowledge; and we are thus, at the very outset of the subject, presented with two Schools of such Philosophy—that which refers all our knowledge to *experience*, reserving to the mind only a high degree of activity and excursiveness in collecting, grouping, and systematizing its suggestions—and that which assumes the presence of *innate conceptions* and truths antecedent to experience, intertwined and ingrained in the very staple and essence of our intellectual being, and commanding, as with a divine voice, universal assent as soon as understood. The author of the very striking, profound, and in many important respects, original works of which we have undertaken to give some account, belongs to the latter of these Schools; and, indeed, appears disposed to press its doctrines and assumptions to a very far greater extent, and to place them in an infinitely bolder prominence, than we have been at all aware of having been before done, except perhaps in the writings of some of the later German metaphysicians. We confess in ourselves a leaning, though

though we trust not a bigoted one, to the other side. And this it is as well to notice at the outset, as it will occasionally tend to place us involuntarily in the apparent position of objectors to the form in which the matter of these works is propounded and treated; while yet we are impressed with a most hearty conviction of their substantive value and importance, and a most genuine admiration of the extraordinary talent and boundless command of resources displayed in their conduct. And after all, it seems far from certain that this opposition of views is anything more than apparent; for among the infinite analogies which may exist among natural things, it may very well be admitted that those only are designed, in the original constitution of our minds, to strike us with permanent force, to embody around them the greatest masses of thought and interest, to become elaborated into general propositions, and finally to work their way to universal reception, and attain to all the recognizable characters of truth, which are really dependent on the intimate nature of things as that nature is known to their Creator, and which have relation to their essential qualities and conditions as impressed on them by Him; so that the power bestowed on the mind of seizing on those primordial analogies, and its impulse to generalize the propositions which their consideration suggests, on the one view of the subject—are equivalent to its endowment with a direct recognition of fundamental ideas and relations not derived from experience, and the evolution from those ideas of necessary truths equally independent of experience, in the other. And, perhaps, with this explanation both parties ought to rest content—satisfied that, on either view of the subject, the mind of man is represented as in harmony with universal nature; that we are consequently capable of attaining to real knowledge; and that the design and intelligence which we trace throughout creation is no visionary conception, but a truth as certain as the existence of that creation itself.

We must, however, proceed to our analysis of the works before us, which, though separated by a considerable interval in the times of their publication, stand nevertheless to each other so essentially in the relation of parts of one continuous whole, that they cannot be rightly appreciated otherwise than in connexion—the first of them, or the ‘History,’ being so constructed, while passing in chronological review the several steps of progress in each department of physical science, as to bring forward in especial salience those features and epochs of scientific discovery in which general principles have been contained and comprehensive views elicited, in such a manner as to lay bare the workings not only of the inventor’s mind, but of that of his age. From such a review the ‘Philosophy’ of the subject is not simply left to be collected—

collected—it is pointedly led up to; and it is by their combination that we can alone expect to have at length presented to us, in the Philosophy of Inductive Science, what Horace has so clearly and happily indicated as the one great desideratum in that of Life and Morals—

*‘Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore, et VERAS HINC DUCERE CAUSAS.’*

A work which professes to present a history, so philosophically arranged, of Physical Discovery in all its departments, and afterwards—(passing that history in review—examining it in its various lights—comparing its parts with each other, and from each deriving its appropriate lesson)—to deduce therefrom a body of philosophy based on legitimate inductions—to trace out the nature and sequence of the intellectual processes which have led and must continue to lead to discovery—and not only to do this in a general way, but to show by reference to the history of each science that these processes have actually been followed out in its particular case, and to point out in what special mode the application has been made:—and all this with the professed ulterior object of deducing from the greatest body of assured and dispassionate truths which the world has yet seen collected, guides and rules, hints and warnings, to aid us in our future researches after truth in more mixed and agitating inquiries;—a work conducted on such a plan, and having such objects, if in any way answering to its design, must deserve to be considered, and must take its rank accordingly, among the most important contributions which have ever been made to the philosophy of mind: nor can it fail to exercise a powerful influence on the future progress of knowledge itself in all its branches.

Mr. Whewell appears on all occasions to be fully alive to the extent of these pretensions, and the consequent importance and dignity of his task. There is, however, no arrogance in the tone in which they are put forward—and, so far as we can perceive, no partiality in the bias, and assuredly no levity in the temper, of his decisions on the many delicate and difficult points on which, as an historian and a philosopher, he has to pass judgment—not merely as to simple personal questions of priority, but as to the substantial merits and value of inductions and discoveries themselves. His own words, in which he states his views and feelings on these essential points, deserve to be cited in illustration of the spirit in which he writes:—

‘It is impossible not to see that the writer of such a history imposes upon himself a task of no ordinary difficulty and delicacy; since it is necessary for him to pronounce a judgment upon the characters and achievements of all the great physical philosophers of all ages and in all sciences.

sciences. But the assumption of this judicial function is so inevitably involved in the functions of the historian (whatever be his subject) that he cannot justly be deemed presumptuous on that account. . . . And if I may speak my own grounds of trust and encouragement in venturing on such a task, I knew that my life had been principally spent in those studies which were most requisite to enable me to understand what had been done; and I had been in habits of intercourse with several of the most eminent men of science in our time, both in our own and other countries. Having then lived with some of the great intellects, both of the past and present, I had found myself capable of rejoicing in their beauties, of admiring their endowments, and, I trusted also, of understanding their discoveries and views, their hopes and aims. I did not therefore turn aside from the responsibility which the character of the historian of science imposed upon me. I have not even shrunk from it when it led me into the circle of those who are now alive and among whom we live. . . . I trusted, moreover, that my study of the philosophers of former times had enabled me to appreciate the discoveries of the present, and that I should be able to speak of persons now alive with the same impartiality and in the same spirit as if they were already numbered with the great men of the past. . . . With all these grounds of hope, it is still impossible not to see that such an undertaking is in no small degree arduous, and its event obscure.—*Pref. Hist.* vol. i.

‘I rejoice on many accounts to find myself arriving at the termination of the task which I have attempted. One reason why I am glad to close my history is, that in it I have been compelled to speak as a judge respecting eminent philosophers whom I reverence as my teachers in those very sciences on which I have had to pronounce, if indeed the appellation of pupil be not too presumptuous: but I doubt not that such men are as full of candour and tolerance as they are of knowledge and thought; and if they deem, as I did, that such a history of science ought to be attempted, they will know that it was not only the historian’s privilege—but his duty—to estimate the import and amount of the advances which he had to narrate: and if they judge, as I trust they will, that the attempt has been made with full integrity of intention and no want of labour, they will look upon the inevitable imperfections in the execution of my work with indulgence and hope. There is another source of satisfaction in arriving at this point of my labours. If after our long wandering through the regions of physical science we were left, with minds unsatisfied and unraised, to ask “Whether this be all?” our employment might well be deemed weary and idle. If it appeared that all the vast labour and intense thought which had passed under our review had produced nothing but a barren knowledge of the external world or a few arts ministering merely to our gratification; or if it seemed that the methods of arriving at truth, so successfully applied to these cases, aid us not when we come to the higher aims and prospects of our being;—this history might well be estimated as no less melancholy and unprofitable than those which narrate the wars of states and the wiles of statesmen. But such is not the impression which our survey

survey has tended to produce. At various points the researches which we have followed have offered to lead us from matter to mind—from the external to the internal world; and it was not because the thread of investigation snapped in our hands, but rather because we were resolved to confine ourselves for the present to the material sciences, that we did not proceed onwards to subjects of a closer interest.'—*History*, vol. iii. p. 62.

This is excellent; but in illustration of the general spirit in which the work is written, we must yet cite a few more sentences:—

'Bacon's purpose was that his New Organ should produce material as well as intellectual profit—works as well as knowledge. That the study of the order of nature does add to man's power, the history of the sciences since Bacon has abundantly shown; but though this hope of derivative advantages may stimulate our exertions, it cannot govern our methods of seeking knowledge without leading us away from the most general and genuine forms of knowledge. The knowledge of nature must be studied in itself, and for its own sake, before we attempt to learn what external rewards it will bring us. I have not therefore aimed at imitating Bacon in those parts of his work in which he contemplates the increase of man's dominion over nature as the main object of Natural Philosophy; being fully persuaded that, if Bacon himself had had unfolded before him the great theories which have been established since his time, he would have acquiesced in their contemplation, and would readily have proclaimed the real reason for aiming at the knowledge of such truths to be,—that they are true.'—*Philosophy of the Ind. Sci.* Pref. xiii.

'As we have already said, knowledge is power, but its interest for us in the present work is—not that it is power, but that it is knowledge.'—*Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 576.

This is a chord which we rejoice to hear sounded: Science has scattered her material benefits so lavishly wherever she has been in presence, that no small number of her followers—and all the multitude—have left off gazing on the resplendency of her countenance in their eager scramble for her gifts. From those who frequent her courts with such views she veils her brightness and withdraws her spirit, leaving them to grovel, poring like Mammon on the golden pavements of her mansion, while their ears are deaf to its celestial harmonies, and their nostrils closed to its breathings of paradise. Our age and our nation, we grieve to say it, too often need to be so reminded.

In presenting the *History of the Sciences*, Mr. Whewell pursues a course not a little novel, and which gives a picturesque or rather epic interest to his narrative, while it secures the eminent advantage of concentrating attention on the most important and characteristic epochs. These, to which he attaches the epithet

'Inductive

'Inductive Epochs,' or those 'in which the inductive process by which science is formed has been exercised in a more energetic and powerful manner,' are each, in his mode of presenting the subjects, considered as led up to, and ushered in by, a *prelude*, during which 'the ideas and facts on which they turned were called into action; were gradually evolved into clearness and connexion, permanency and certainty; till at last the Discovery which marks the Epoch seized and fixed for ever the truth which had till then been obscurely and doubtfully discerned.'

'And again, when this step has been made by the principal discoverers, there may generally be observed another period, which we may call the *sequel* of the epoch, during which the discovery has acquired a more perfect certainty and a more complete development among the leaders of the advance; has been diffused to the wider throng of the secondary cultivators of such knowledge and traced to its distant consequences. This is a work, always of time and labour, often of difficulty and conflict.'

Every such Epoch in short we may look upon as the hunger, the meal, and the digestion of one intellectual day; or, if we prefer a less ignoble simile, the muster, the victory, and the pursuit of each decisive intellectual struggle; though, perhaps, our author's idea of the *sequel* may be better illustrated by the occupation and settling of the country under the dominion of the conquerors, quelling the insurrectionary movements of ignorance and prejudice under the new régime, and partitioning out the land in provinces and domains.

In presenting Scientific History under this form, Mr. Whewell has been led almost unavoidably to assign to each of the most active Inductive Epochs its hero, on whom all the strong lights of his pictures are thrown—its Protagonist, on whom the highest interest of the drama is concentrated. Thus we have the inductive epochs of Hipparchus and of Copernicus in formal, and of Newton in physical astronomy—of Galileo in mechanics—of Young and Fresnel in photology—that of Stahl, of Lavoisier, and of Davy and Faraday in chemistry, &c. It may perhaps be objected to this course, that it can hardly be pursued without throwing into comparative shade, and so far lightly treating, characters of great eminence, to whom Science is deeply indebted, who have either pioneered the way before, or beaten it after the passage of those triumphal cars in which the more fortunate leaders receive our homage. Provided the selection, however, be duly made, and merit be always accorded in other cases where merit is really due, we see no injustice in this. It must be remembered that the History of Science is the History of the Mind—of that which is most essentially and emphatically personal. The thoughts of
a philosopher,

a philosopher, and his incursions into the realm of unexplored truth, are far more strictly his personal exploits than the victories of the general or the combinations of the statesman. Every step in the higher theories has been an achievement in which the *spolia opima* have fallen to the leader's prowess, and in falling have decided the day, however the masses may have then rushed in and secured the conquest. It is too much the present fashion to ascribe all progress—at least all modern progress—in inductive science, and indeed in every department of human thought and action, to 'the Age,' as if there were some magic in the word, and as if by its use it were possible to elude or abate down the acknowledgment of individual pre-eminence. True it is that in the collection of facts, and in those subordinate inductions by which classes are established and laws evolved—in all that is the province of mere experiment and observation, and in much that conduces to their right understanding—the great command of means and leisure enjoyed by multitudes of clever men, and the spirit of open-eyed inquiry which pervades all the educated part of society, will do, and is doing, much to facilitate those last steps of the inductive processes which terminate in *established theories*. But no merely *clever man* ever struck out a great theory, and it remains no less true that these steps are in all cases gigantic strides, in which a gulf is passed, a barrier overleaped; and that, from the advance so gained, all precursory knowledge suddenly assumes an aspect of novelty, and may be said almost to have been at that moment entirely rediscovered, so effectually is it summed up in its new form of enunciation. Nor is it less certain that this final and consummating step is, in all cases, an impossibility to any mind but one which grasps and controls the sum of what is known, with a force capable of crushing it into condensation, and moulding it into a form congruous with yet more general harmonies. And—what in a philosophical point of view is of chief importance—these, to use the language of Bacon, are the 'glaring instances' (*instantiæ ostensivæ*) in which the phenomena of the inventive faculty stand out in their strongest and most eminent form, and whose study promises to lead by the nearest induction to a knowledge of the laws and conditions of this faculty. It is precisely these steps which it is of most importance to contemplate, both as the most difficult in themselves and as leading to the widest consequences. The following very striking passages from Mr. Whewell's *Reflections on the Epoch of Newton*, and the doctrine of Universal Gravitation, will put our readers in possession of his views on this subject, which appear to us to have both truth and originality:—

'Such then is the great Newtonian doctrine of Universal Gravitation,
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and such its history. . . . Any one of the five steps into which we have separated the doctrine would of itself have been considered an important advance; would have conferred distinction on the person who made it and the time to which it belonged. All the five steps made at once formed not a leap, but a flight—not an improvement merely, but a metamorphosis—not an epoch, but a termination. . . . The requisite conditions for such a discovery in the mind of its author were, in this as in other cases, the idea, and its comparison with facts; the conception of the law, and the moulding this conception in such a form as to correspond with known realities. . . . In the mere conception of universal gravitation Newton must have gone far beyond his contemporaries both in generality and distinctness; and in the inventiveness and sagacity with which he traced the consequences of this conception he was, as we have shown, without a rival, and almost without a second. . . . It is not easy to anatomize the constitution and the operations of the mind which makes such an advance in knowledge. Yet we may observe that there must exist in it, in an eminent degree, the elements which compose the mathematical talent. It must possess distinctness of intuition, tenacity, and facility in tracing logical connexion, fertility of invention, and a strong tendency to generalization. . . . Newton's inventive power appears in the number and variety of the mathematical artifices and combinations which he devised, and of which his books are full. If we conceive the operation of the inventive faculty in the only way in which it appears possible to conceive it—that while some hidden source supplies a rapid stream of possible suggestions, the mind is on the watch to seize and detain any one of these which will suit the case in hand, allowing the rest to pass by and be forgotten—we shall see what extraordinary fertility of mind is implied by so many successful efforts: what an innumerable host of thoughts must have been produced to supply so many that deserved to be selected. And since the selection is performed by tracing the consequences of each suggestion, so as to compare them with the requisite conditions, we see also what rapidity and certainty in drawing conclusions the mind must possess as a talent, and what watchfulness and patience as a habit.”—*History*, ii. 180, *et seq.*

The personal character of Newton, and the painful interval of suspension in which at one period his mental faculties appear to have been held, in consequence of excessive fatigue and over-excitement, have been of late so much discussed, that we must be pardoned if we prolong this extract beyond what is immediately necessary to our present purpose, by a few sentences bearing more directly on his individual character and habits. He has been represented as in some degree deficient in the loftier and more powerful elements of moral, as distinguished from intellectual character. We deem otherwise; and that, had circumstances, unhappily for mankind, forced the development of his faculties in some other line, he would have shown the same
ascendency

ascendency of a determined purpose—the same predominance over difficulties and obstacles—the same profound and perseveringly executed plans, that characterized the scientific career which consumed the vigour of his best years. Mr. Whewell would seem to have formed a similar estimate.

‘The stories which are told of his extreme absence of mind probably refer to the two years during which he was composing his *Principia*, and thus following out a train of reasoning the most fertile, the most complex, and the most important which any philosopher had ever to deal with. The magnificent and striking questions which, during this period, he must have had daily rising before him, the perpetual succession of difficult problems, of which the solution was necessary to his great object, may well have entirely occupied and possessed him. He existed only to calculate and to think. Often, lost in meditation, he knew not what he did, and his mind appeared to have quite forgotten its connexion with his body. His servant reported that in rising in a morning he frequently sate a large portion of the day half dressed on the side of his bed; and that his meals waited on his table for hours before he came to take them. *Even with his transcendent powers, to do what he did was almost irreconcilable with the common conditions of human life, and required the utmost devotion of thought, energy of effort, and steadiness of will—the strongest character as well as the highest endowments which belong to man.*’—*Hist.* ii. 185-6.

It is not our purpose to enter into any minute analysis of the historical part of Mr. Whewell’s work. Admirable as it is, and justly as it might claim a more detailed criticism, the far higher interest of the philosophical volumes demands our chief attention. The field into which it would be necessary to enter were we disposed to pursue a different course is so wide that a separate article, and that of no ordinary extent, would be required to convey an adequate impression of its merits. A general sketch of its arrangement and conduct will be, however, necessary for the understanding of what follows, and must suffice for our present purpose.

It is among the Greeks that we are to look for the first dawn of inquiry into the causes and principles of natural events and the constitution of the world—the first at least of which any distinct knowledge has descended to us. Their versatile and inquisitive character led them by no cautious or measured steps into the most obscure and abstract, as well as into the most obvious and tempting paths of speculation. Mind and matter, moral and physical relations, seemed spread before their eager gaze, rather as a flowery field where brilliant discoveries and general truths, freely offered in spontaneous growth, might be gathered up with little effort, than as (what it really is) a tangled region of dark
and

and thorny enigmas to be resolved by patient thought no less than by happy divination. Their early philosophers therefore 'entered upon the work of physical speculation in a manner which showed the vigour and confidence of the questioning spirit, as yet untamed by labours and reverses. It was for later ages to learn that man must acquire slowly and patiently, letter by letter, the alphabet in which Nature writes her answer to such inquiries. The first students wished to divine, at a single glance, the import of the whole book.'

The signal and complete failure of every attempt of the early Greeks to establish any sound principle in Physics contrasts remarkably with their brilliant successes in abstract Mathematics. But whence this failure? The question is one of great importance in the outset of a Philosophical History of Science, and accordingly is made by Mr. Whewell the subject-matter of his first book. We may condense in a few words his solution of this curious problem. The founders of the Greek School Philosophy sought, it is true, the elements of their inductions in the phenomena of nature; but sought them not in a careful and philosophical analysis of facts, but rather in a minute examination of the *words and forms of language* in which those facts are expressed by superficial observers in the crude and commonplace parlance of every-day life. Were Language a true picture of Nature, a perfect *daguerreotype* of all her forms, this proceeding might be pardonable. Half the labour of the modern inductive philosopher is to construct a language which shall be such. But common language is a mass of metaphor, grounded not on philosophical resemblances, but on loose, fanciful, and often most mistaken analogies. From studying such language as the representative of Nature, no pure and fundamental classification of facts, such as legitimate Induction requires, can result; but, on the contrary, the greater the acuteness and the broader the induction, the wider will be the departure from sound philosophy. 'In Aristotle,' says Mr. Whewell, 'we have the consummation of this mode of speculation. The usual point from which he starts in his inquiries is, that *we say* thus or thus in common language.' And this he exemplifies in various instances. Hence the doctrine of contrarieties, a most fertile source of Aristotelian confusion, in which

it was assumed that adjectives or substantives which are in common language, or in some abstract mode of conception, opposed to each other, must point at some fundamental antithesis in nature which it is important to study:'

thus, for example, *light* came to be considered as the opposite to *heavy*, not as its inferior degree, to the utter vitiation of the Aristotelian statics and dynamics.

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We see, then, that in the Greek School Philosophy facts *were* appealed to, but facts as they stand distorted and falsified in vulgar language, not as they really existed in nature; still less as subjected to any process of just analysis. Hence, in their classifications, though they had in their possession both facts and ideas, the ideas, to use Mr. Whewell's pointed form of expression, were neither *distinct nor appropriate to the facts*; without which there can be no science.

'It will appear from what has been said,' says Mr. Whewell, 'that there are certain *ideas or forms of mental apprehension* which may be applied to facts in such a manner as to bring into view fundamental principles of Science; while the same facts, however arranged or reasoned about, so long as their appropriate *ideas* are not employed, cannot give rise to any exact or substantial knowledge.'

We call the reader's attention to this passage, because the 'forms of mental apprehension' to which he alludes in it play a very conspicuous part in his philosophical views. The obvious sense of the passage, to those who are familiar with what has previously been written on this subject, would seem to be that there are both appropriate and inappropriate *Heads of Classification*, under which facts may be grouped; and that, if grouped under the former, *causes* (whether proximate or ultimate) or laws fitted to form elements of higher inductions, will *ipso facto* be suggested—if under the latter, nothing but vague and fallacious inductions will be raised, while the true principles will elude our grasp. But this is not *all* Mr. Whewell's meaning, as will abundantly appear in the sequel.

Archimedes alone among the Greeks succeeded in obtaining clear hold of one, and that the most important, of these fundamental *ideas*, viz.—force or pressure as a *measurable* quantity, and as measured by the conditions of its equilibrium with other forces assumed as known. A '*glaring instance*,' drawn from vulgar experience, furnished the axiom which served him to render a true account of the property of the lever, viz.—that the weight of a body or collection of bodies, or its pressure on the point of its suspension, is not altered by moulding the body into different forms or by changing the arrangement of the individuals of such collection. 'The weight of a basket of stones is not altered by shaking the stones into a new position.' Now it must be observed that the '*instance*' in question is a general, not an individual one. It is in the strictest sense an *inductive* proposition, drawn not from a single case, but from the unbroken experience of all mankind. That which makes it fertile in Philosophy is, that the individual facts which have gone to make up this general one were grouped by Archimedes under their appropriate head,

head, *i. e.*, *Total pressure regarded as the sum of partial pressures.* That which can be variously subdivided, and yet always summed up into the same total, must be quantitatively measurable, susceptible of precise numerical relations, and capable of affording a handle to exact mathematical reasoning. Mr. Whewell's comment on this induction is remarkable. The general fact, he says,

'is obvious, when we possess in our minds the ideas to apprehend it clearly. When we are so prepared, the truth appears to be manifest, *independent of experience*, and is seen to be a rule to which experience must conform.'—*History*, book ii. p. 93.—(The italics are our own.)

Here we have the first instance of that erection of a standard of *physical*, as distinct from logical truth, yet wholly *within the mind*, a standard different from and paramount to experience, and so far, therefore, antecedent to it, which forms, as we have before observed, so distinguishing a feature of Mr. Whewell's Philosophy. We cite it thus early as it occurs, to show how entirely it pervades every part of his speculations, and how integrant a portion it constitutes of them.

We owe to Archimedes also the discovery of the fundamental principles of Hydrostatics. The character of this philosopher offers many points of close resemblance to that of Newton. We trace in him the same paramount development of the mathematical faculty—the same tendency to apply it to physical subjects—the same acute perception of really important and essential features, such as admit of general and abstract statement, and are thereby fitted to become axioms in science—the same fertility of resource in the creation of new geometrical methods when the powers of the old ones proved inadequate to his objects; methods which in effect, and as involving the passage from the finite to the infinite, contained the germ of the fluxional or differential calculus, and enabled him to resolve problems which peculiarly and essentially belong to the domain of that calculus. We find in him, too, the same habits of intense, continued, and abstracted thought, nay, even the same tendency to mechanical constructions and optical improvements; in a word, the only combination the history of mind has offered which we can believe capable, if placed in Newton's position, of accomplishing what Newton did. When Archimedes perished, in the wreck of his nation, a light was extinguished which, had it been suffered to shine, might have accelerated by a thousand years the maturity of the inductive philosophy.

The Formal Astronomy of the Greeks forms the subject of the third book of Mr. Whewell's '*History*,' and both in that work and in the '*Philosophy*' affords room for much valuable and instructive

structive remark. The earlier stages of this science, the determination, with some degree of exactness, of the relation between the year, the month, and the day—the establishment of cycles expressive of this relation, and of others adapted to the prediction of eclipses by their periodic recurrence—the recognition of the earth's sphericity, &c.; these are matters which involve little theory, and draw but little on the inventive faculty. On these, however, Mr. Whewell observes that

'the familiar act of thought exercised for the common purposes of life, by which we give to an assemblage of our impressions such a unity as implied in the above notions and terms *a month, a year*, and the like, is in reality an *inductive* act, and shares the nature of the processes by which all sciences are formed.'—*Hist.*, b. i. p. 109.

If the term *inductive*, applied here to this very important mental act, be understood in that technical sense in which it is commonly used when speaking of physical discoveries, viz. as the concluding of something more general by the assemblage of particulars of a less general kind, we must demur to this remark; but if it be intended to designate every inductive act of the mind as an instance of the exercise by it of that peculiar constructive or plastic faculty in virtue of which out of the assembled perception of qualities it constitutes an object—out of extension, figure, resistance, colour, smell, a body—out of a series of dots an outline, &c.—then we not only agree with the assertion, but regard it as expressing a full and complete theory of induction itself, and of the mode in which our minds not only form to themselves conceptions of numerical aggregates by the contemplation of units, but *construct general propositions themselves from the contemplation of particulars, and attribute to them a universality which experience alone is incapable of warranting*. When by repeated verifications of its assertion in individual cases the course of a general proposition is, so to speak, *dotted out* before the mind, and when the particulars are brought so close that the attention glides easily, and is, as it were, conducted from one to the other, so as to suggest a law of connexion, there requires no more to induce the mind to fill up by its own act the intervals between them. Urged by a powerful and ready impulse, of which we can give no account but that it is so, but which would seem to be a modification of the influence of habit—(if it be not itself the origin of that influence)—*we assume a continuity where we find none*, and in this manner are led to believe the cases where we have no experience, on the evidence of those in which we have. We are far from imagining, however, that Mr. Whewell would be disposed to acquiesce in this view of the inductive *modus*. His views assume something yet more active and independent in the operation of the mind in

such a case. According to his conception of the matter, the mind supplies much more than the mere completion of continuity. It spins from a store within itself that thread, on which, and on no other, the pearls shall be strung. It finds, already self-traced on its own tablets, that subjective line to which the *dots* of experience only give the semblance of an objective reality. Experience, according to him, only exemplifies, cannot prove a general proposition. Its truth stands on the higher and independent ground of *inherent necessity*, and is recognized to do so by the mind so soon as it becomes thoroughly familiarized with the terms of its expression.

The hero of the inductive epoch of the Greek astronomy is Hipparchus, having for his forerunners in its prelude Eudoxus and Calippus—the epicyclic theory its matter of induction, and the development of this by Ptolemy and his successors down to Aboul Wefa and Tycho, its sequel. This theory, though clumsy as a physical hypothesis, and consistent only with a part of the facts of the system it undertakes to explain—and we may add, assuredly not believed in as a mechanism by its devisers—was yet a bold and fine conception for the embodying a large assemblage of facts, and one which, as regards those facts which it does include, has continued, under a very different aspect, to maintain, and even to extend its ground in modern theory; being in effect a shadowing forth of the now demonstrated principle of the sufficiency of circular functions of the time to represent all the phenomena of the planetary motions. We have here, then, a case of very high philosophical interest. The general proposition of the epicyclic theory remains true, though stated in the language of falsehood, and though arrived at by fanciful analogies and untrue assumptions. ‘We thus see,’ observes Mr. Whewell,

‘how theories may be highly estimable, though they contain false representations of the real state of things; and may be extremely useful, though they involve unnecessary complexity. In the advance of knowledge, the value of the true part of a theory may much outweigh the accompanying error, and the use of a rule may be little impaired by its want of simplicity.’—*Hist.*, b. iii. p. 181.

‘The principles which constituted the triumph of preceding stages of science may appear to be subverted and ejected by later discoveries, but in fact they are (so far as they are true) taken up into the subsequent doctrines and included in them. They continue to be an essential part of the science. The earlier truths are not expelled but absorbed, not contradicted but extended; and the history of each science which may thus appear like a succession of revolutions is, in reality, a series of developments.’—*Introd.*, *Hist.*, b. i. p. 10.

The discoveries of Copernicus and Kepler, which complete the history of formal astronomy, (thenceforward to be merged in the
more

more extensive views of its physical theories,) form the subject of Mr. Whewell's fifth book. But before entering on this theme, his narrative is suspended, to afford opportunity for a general view of the state of science in the middle ages, or, as he terms it, the stationary period, in which,

'along with the breaking up of the ancient forms of society, were broken up the ancient energy of thinking, the clearness of idea, and steadiness of intellectual action. This mental declension produced a servile admiration for the genius of better times, and thus the spirit of commentation. Christianity established the claim of truth to govern the world; and this principle, misinterpreted and combined with the ignorance and servility of the times, gave rise to the dogmatic system: while the love of speculation, finding no sure and permitted path on solid ground, went off into the regions of mysticism.'—*Hist.*, i. 355.

These several heads, therefore, viz. the indistinctness of ideas—the commentatorial spirit—the mysticism—and the dogmatism of the middle ages—furnish matter for four admirably written chapters of the book devoted to the history of this period;—while a fifth, replete with interest, is assigned to the progress of the arts in those ages, in so far as that progress can be said to have any bearing on science. We regret that our limits will not allow us to cite several of the many striking passages with which these chapters abound, and one in particular on the revival of architecture in the twelfth and succeeding centuries—(a subject which appears to have occupied much of our author's attention)—by reason of the ingenious manner in which it connects the curious and original views of Mr. Willis on the character and formation of the Gothic style with the revival of sound mechanical ideas.

The Copernican or heliocentric doctrine of the planetary system is so familiar to us, and so entirely identified with the ideas we have received as elementary, that perhaps it may startle some of our readers to be told that the Epicyclic theory formed an essential part of Copernicus's views—so much so indeed, that his chief, nay his only merit, in the revival of this ancient doctrine, and the only ground on which we can justifiably continue to attach his name to it is, that he demonstrated the applicability to the heliocentric system of this theory, which had been previously found efficacious in embodying all the then known parts of the geocentric.

In discussing the reception and diffusion of the theory of Copernicus, Mr. Whewell is necessarily led to the subject of the persecutions of Galileo for their advocacy. In his observations on these transactions, and on the general subject of the scientific interpretation of scriptural expressions, there is a right-mindedness, a tolerance, and a moderation, which we would recommend

to the especial notice of all who venture on the bitter and troubled waters of religious controversy :—

‘The meaning,’ he observes, ‘which any generation puts upon the phrases of Scripture depends, more than is at first sight supposed, upon the received philosophy of the time. Hence, while men imagine that they are contending for revelation, they are in fact contending for their own interpretation of revelation, unconsciously adapted to what they believe to be rationally probable. And the new interpretation which the new philosophy requires, and which appears to the older school to be a fatal violence done to the authority of religion, is accepted by their successors without any of the dangerous results which were apprehended. When the language of Scripture invested with its new meaning has become familiar to men, it is found that the ideas which it calls up are quite as reconcilable as the former ones were with the soundest religious views. And the world then looks back with surprise at the error of those who thought that the essence of religion was involved in their own arbitrary version of some collateral circumstance.’—*Hist.* i. 403.

The philosophical character of Kepler is admirably drawn; the quest in which this most garrulous and amusing writer, but at the same time most ardent and truth-loving man, set forth in the heavens, has much analogy to that of Columbus on earth. Each was urged by a strong inward conviction that there *must be* a body of truth capable of detection, a new realm to be laid open in that particular direction in which his researches tended. Each made its discovery the object of his entire devotion—pursued it with a dogged, and what might be thought a desperate perseverance—and not content with partial success when attained, renewing the attempt again and again, and always with increasing good fortune. In all that regards the tone of personal character there cannot be a stronger contrast, than between the grave and stately bearing of the noble Genoese and the mercurial vivaciousness and naïve self-exposure of his astronomical parallel; but in the earnest devotion of each to his dominant idea, and the magnificent disclosures with which that devotion in each case was rewarded, the parallel is close.

Kepler was indefatigable in framing and trying hypotheses, and many of those which he did try, and which proved unsuccessful, have been since censured as visionary and fanciful, while some have felt scandalized that *any* perseverance in a mere system of guesses should have been so brilliantly rewarded. But, in the first place, it is difficult to say, among mere guesses, in the absence of all sound principle, that those which proved successful were to be deemed less fanciful than those which failed: and in the next place, it must be remembered that almost all Kepler’s guesses were grounded on what he considered as physical assumptions. ‘In making many conjectures which on trial proved
erroneous,

erroneous, Kepler was not more fanciful or unphilosophical than other discoverers have been. Discovery is not a "cautious" or a "rigorous" process in the sense of abstaining from such suppositions.' Kepler's guesses, Mr. Whewell goes on to say, 'exhibit to us the usual process, somewhat caricatured, of inventive minds—they rather exemplify the rule of genius than, as has been hitherto taught, the exception.' (*Hist.* i. 412.)

'This is the spirit in which the pursuit of knowledge is generally carried on with success: those men arrive at truths who eagerly endeavour to connect remote points of their knowledge, not those who stop cautiously at each point till something compels them to go beyond it.'—*Hist.* vol. i. p. 423.

'Kepler's talents were a kindly and fertile soil which he cultivated with abundant toil and vigour, but with great scantiness of agricultural skill and implements. Weeds and grain thrive and flourished side by side almost undistinguished, and he gave a peculiar appearance to the harvest by gathering and preserving the one class of plants with as much care and diligence as the other.'—*Hist.* vol. i. p. 415.

The sixth and seventh books of Mr. Whewell's *History* contain a condensed, but well arranged and philosophical summary of the completion of the science of dynamics, and its triumphant application to physical astronomy, in the inductive epochs of Galileo and Newton, with all their noble train of consequences. This is beaten ground, and admitting of little novelty in the mode of traversing it. In that which Mr. Whewell has chosen, and which was necessary to his plan, the chronological order of discovery in the general science and in its application is pursued separately:—a condition which gives rise to some confusion in details, inasmuch as the creation of new methods in dynamical science, and the generalization of its conceptions, were mainly consequent on and directed to the solution of those great problems which the system of the world involves, and which have stamped their own character on the larger portion of the general science.

Until the laws of mechanical action were discovered, and applied, through the intermedium of mathematical analysis, to the explanation of natural phenomena—all physical science might be considered as groping in the dark. In no previous instance had speculation been able to lead up to a clear perception of efficient causes—far less to an exact apprehension of their mode of action, so as to trace them into their effects. In the broad daylight which the discoveries of Newton and his followers poured over every part of the system of nature, men saw with astonishment in how wondrous a complication of reciprocal actions and influences its frame subsists; and in attempting to carry their newly-acquired principles into all its details, they beheld, developing themselves

as corollaries and dependencies on each particular point of those discoveries, branches of science either altogether new, or receiving from the new light thrown on them such novelty of aspect and such vast and rapid accessions as may justify us in regarding them of modern creation. Moreover, it speedily became evident in the endeavour to give a purely mechanical explanation of phenomena, that whatever forces act to produce certain classes of them, must be conceived to act through the medium of some organization or mechanism, different according to their nature, and so imposing peculiar characters on their explanation. And we may now further add, on a review of those classes and of the phenomena which later research has brought to light, that although, undoubtedly, all sensible changes and movements of matter are *directly* referable to acting *forces*, and are therefore the *immediate* results of mechanical effort; yet in the explanation of innumerable phenomena, it is impossible to limit our views to such effort even as an *ultimate physical* cause. We have to ascend a step higher, and to assign—or if not to assign, to seek—if not to seek, at least to recognize as admissible, an ulterior cause (as something distinct from a *motive* or a *reason*) for the exertion or development of force itself under the circumstances; nay, to admit the possible agency of more than one such cause, giving rise to the development of forces under a variety of different but definite aspects. In a word, we seem on the verge of obtaining a glimpse of causes; which, though strictly physical, are yet of a higher order than force itself, and of which this latter is one of the direct or indirect effects. Such a cause we think we recognize as an object of consciousness, in that effort (accompanied with fatigue and exhaustion) which intervenes between the mental act of mere volition and the muscular contraction which moves our limbs.* Such causes, too, may possibly lie at the root of chemical affinity, of electric and magnetical polarity, and thence, by no remote analogy, of gravitation itself, and of all those material forces whose action is not merely temporary or occasional, but permanent and continuous.

But not to plunge deeper at present into a line of speculation which is very forcibly suggested by several passages in Mr. Whewell's work, and to which we shall probably again be led in our further remarks on it,—it is clear, meanwhile, that the multi-

* On this subject see Cabinet Cyclopædia, Astronomy, § 370, and the note thereon. The appeal is to the consciousness of those who will very carefully attend to their own sensations and mental acts. Disease, by retarding and disturbing processes which in health are performed almost unconsciously, will often enable us to analyse phenomena that common observation regards as simple. In Dr. Holland's 'Medical Notes and Reflexions,' (p. 504,) a work replete with profound philosophy, we find cases recorded strikingly in point to the idea in the text.

tude of branches into which, from the Newtonian epoch downwards, the path of science has been constantly diverging—renders it necessary to define and classify them, in order to follow out their history with anything like distinctness, and with any regard to philosophical views in its treatment. The classification which Mr. Whewell adopts, though not unexceptionable, is perhaps, in the present state of human knowledge, as convenient for his especial purpose as any which could have been made. Under one general head ('The Secondary Mechanical Sciences'), he includes acoustics, optics, and thermotics, because 'in these, phenomena are reduced to their mechanical laws and causes in a secondary manner,' or by the intervention of a *medium*. Under the 'Mechanico-chemical' sciences he classes electricity, magnetism, and galvanism, or voltaic electricity, with its new appendage of electro-magnetism. Chemistry itself is classed as 'The Analytical Science;' mineralogy as the 'Analytico-classificatory,' constituting a sort of link between the science of pure analysis and those which he regards as purely classificatory, such as botany and zoology. Under 'Organical Sciences,' we have physiology (or, as he terms it subsequently and more properly, biology) and comparative anatomy; while geology forms the nucleus of a class of especial and novel interest under the title of 'Palætiological Sciences,' 'whose object it is to ascend from the present state of things to a more ancient condition from which the present is derived by intelligible causes.'

It must be quite obvious that this enormous bill of fare, if taken in detail, can, by no conceivable process of intellectual cookery, be brought within the compass of a single meal; nor within our limits, and with the deeper interest of the philosophical volumes yet soliciting our attention, can we undertake even to condense a quintessence, or select a leading flavour from each course. The fact is that the eleven books, of which the remainder of Mr. Whewell's *History* consists, must rather be regarded as philosophical epitomes of their several subjects—outlines struck with a large and free hand, and destined to fix attention on leading features (though traced with perfect mastery and with consummate skill), than as digested histories of the above enumerated branches. To have made them such, would not only have been impracticable within thrice the compass to which the work extends, but would have utterly overlaid and defeated the author's objects in writing it as we have above stated them. Accordingly, he expressly disclaims any such intention. (*Hist.* vol. ii. p. 293.) Regarding as we do, both in the remarks we have already made and in those we are about to offer, the merely historical as quite subordinate to the philosophical interest of the subject, we entirely approve

approve of this mode of proceeding—though we could perhaps have wished that, by some modification in the title, the particular scope and limits of the work itself had been more pointedly expressed.

Of these books we find most to admire and approve in those which treat of the purely Classificatory and Palætiological Sciences, while on the other hand, that on the 'Analytico-Classificatory Science,' or Mineralogy, though apparently laboured with more care than any of the rest, strikes us as somewhat less successful, not from any want of perfect and intimate acquaintance with the subject, but rather, on the contrary, from a too intimate perception of its weakness as a science. Mineralogy, indeed, is of all sciences perhaps the least satisfactory; nay, we are even disposed to question whether it ought not rather to be struck out of their list, or degraded from an independent rank. A mineral which is neither a definite chemical compound, nor a recognizable crystalline aggregate, must assuredly stand low as an object of scientific attention and inquiry, though as a deposit it may interest the geologist, or as a material the artist. To dignify the science itself Mr. Whewell is obliged to generalize it.

'We have seen,' he says, 'that the existence of chemistry as a science which declares the ingredients and essential constitution of all kinds of bodies, implies the existence of another corresponding science which shall divide bodies into kinds, and point out, steadily and precisely, what bodies they are which we have analysed. But a science thus dividing and defining bodies is but one member of an order of sciences, different from those which we have hitherto treated, viz., the Classificatory Sciences. Mineralogy is the branch of knowledge which has discharged the office of such a science so far as it has been discharged; and indeed has been gradually approaching to a clear consciousness of its real place and whole task.'—*Hist.*, vol. iii. pp. 188, 190.

This is assuredly very ingenious. But it amounts to merging the science of *Mineralogy* in that higher and purer branch which Mr. Whewell has the great merit of here, for the first time, distinctly pointing out, and which has for its objects the classification of chemical elements and combinations in general by their crystalline and optical relations and mechanical and external qualities, and thus connecting the sciences of chemistry, optics, and crystallography, and perhaps many others, by the most important fundamental relations of polar forces. Classification in such a case is only another word for the announcement of general laws, the results of inductive observation: results, that is to say, of a more elevated order than those which depend on a mere remarking of general resemblance, or even on the specification of particular arbitrarily selected points on which the logical proof of such resemblance

semblance can be rested. Accordingly, in so far as, in this last sense of the word, mineralogy is to be regarded as a classificatory science, its history offers only a succession of failures. Perhaps the most remarkable of these are precisely those in which the specified points of resemblance are the most distinct and systematic, viz., those of Berzelius and Mohs, both which Mr. Whewell condemns, and we think justly.

In geology our author is a catastrophist, or rather an anti-uniformist.

'*Time*,' he says, 'inexhaustible and ever accumulating his efficacy, can undoubtedly do much in geology:—but *Force*, whose limits we cannot measure, and whose nature we cannot fathom, is also a power never to be slighted: and to call in the one to protect us from the other is equally presumptuous, to whichever side our superstition leans.'—*Hist.* vol. iii. p. 616.

This is sensibly as well as pointedly stated. The most strenuous advocate for the exclusion of paroxysmal epochs will not contend for *perfect* uniformity so long as earthquakes are not of daily occurrence and calculable intensity: and the question as to what is and what is not paroxysm,—to what extent the excursion from repose or gentle oscillation may go without incurring the epithet of a catastrophe, is one of mere degree, and of no scientific importance whatever. Geology as a body of science has been always too much divided by antagonist doctrines and by the opposition of rival schools. The eagerness of the combatants in the Plutonic and Neptunian controversy surpassed the bounds of amicable discussion, and decidedly retarded the progress of sound theory: and—now that these rival divinities have sacrificed their exclusive claims and agreed to act in unison—the cataclysmal and uniformitarian systems, though advocated in a far better spirit, are yet, we think, rather too deeply tinging the views of modern geologists and biasing their course of speculation. Mr. Whewell, by mooted the question as to what is uniformity, has afforded the antagonist schools a point of approximation where they may merge their differences and unite their efforts.

Though we are glad to observe that a small part only of these chapters is devoted to controversial points, yet we were hardly prepared to expect so decided an undervaluing of Dr. Hutton's really important contributions to geological science as we find in Mr. Whewell's section 'on premature geological theories,' where his 'Theory of the Earth' is simply mentioned to be condemned as such, and in which Playfair's fascinating 'Illustrations' of that theory—a work which we cannot but believe to have exercised a most important influence on the science generally by showing the complete untenability of a simply aqueous doctrine, and the absolute

lute necessity for admitting heat at least to a share in its explanations—is passed unmentioned. But, on the other hand, the chapters on Systematic Descriptive Geology, and those on Geological Dynamics, are not only excellent as historical compendiums, but so abundant in philosophical views, and present so graphic a picture of the science, that we cannot recommend to the student of that science a better guide to his reading, and key to its speculative difficulties, than he will find in their perusal. In particular we would recommend a careful perusal of the section headed ‘Question of Creation as related to Science,’ and that which follows it, as admirably calculated to infuse a spirit of sobriety and caution into all future speculations on the subject of the gradual introduction and extinction of species—a subject doubtless the most startling and bewildering which has ever yet gained admission within the pale of legitimate physical inquiry.

Mr. Whewell divides the ‘Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences’ into two parts; the first treating of ‘Ideas,’ the second of ‘Knowledge;’ divisions which, for our purpose, and perhaps also as respects the probable influence of the work on the progress of science, it will be proper to regard as the theoretical and practical departments of this philosophy. The subject of Ideas, which occupies somewhat more than one of the two volumes of which the work consists, is subdivided into ten books. The first, ‘of Ideas in general,’ being devoted to the explication of metaphysical views on the nature of scientific truths, the grounds of our knowledge of them, and the analysis of those mental acts by which we attain and recognize them:—the remaining nine books exhibit the application of these general views and principles to the philosophy of each of the great subdivisions of science adopted in the historical work, *seriatim*; with the superaddition, however, of a preliminary book on the philosophy of the pure sciences (the mathematics). These our author has excluded from his history, on the ground of their not being *inductive sciences*. ‘Their progress,’ he says, ‘has not consisted in collecting laws from phenomena, true theories from observed facts, and more general from more limited laws, but in tracing the consequences of the ideas themselves,’ which lie at the root of them, viz., space and number. As a matter of philosophy, we think this distinction untenable, on grounds we shall presently state, though there can be no doubt that the *inductive part* of these sciences, so far as it has yet been carried, offers no historical points, ‘furnishes no matter of history. Their highest axioms have been quickly and readily arrived at; and it is only on their *deductive part* that any great amount of intellectual effort has been expended. It is on this very ground, however, that we

perceive

perceive the greater propriety in their occupying a prominent place in the philosophy of inductive science, in which we hold them to exemplify what Bacon would term *clandestine instances*—a class always replete with instruction.

As it is in the first of these books that Mr. Whewell develops and distinctly lays down those peculiar *à priori* views to which we have before alluded, and to which, as already said, we feel unprepared to yield entire assent, it will be necessary for us to examine rather in detail this part of his work, at the risk, it may be, of some degree of tedium to our non-metaphysical readers; though we shall endeavour, as far as possible, to divest our observations of technical metaphysical phraseology, which, sooth to say, we do not think that very obscure and imperfect science yet sufficiently advanced to indulge in otherwise than sparingly, and as it were *emphasis gratiâ*.

Mr. Whewell's general aim in this book is to show that there exist 'certain fundamental ideas or forms of mental apprehension,' which, whether by reason of their simplicity, clearness, facility of suggestion, or otherwise, but more especially by reason of their *appropriateness* to the subjects, are peculiarly fitted to become, and have accordingly become, as of necessity they must, the leading features of particular branches of science, and the bases of all sound knowledge in those branches:—that these ideas, or some of them (according to their appropriateness), are, in virtue of the activity of the mind, superinduced on, or in some intellectual manner combined with our perceptions, and thus bind together in a certain unity, and according to a certain mode of apprehension,—first, all those sensible perceptions, which, simultaneously affecting the mind, impress it with the conception of *a fact*; secondly, all those facts, which, when contemplated together, appear to have a certain relation fitting them to be so united or bound together by one or other of these fundamental ties; which facts, when so bound together, constitute facts of a more general kind, or *theories*: which, when confirmed by long experience, rendered perfectly familiar by habit, and adopted into common language, come to be regarded as facts, and spoken of and referred to as such—(as when, for instance, we speak of the earth's rotation on its *axis*, or its revolution in our ecliptic orbit round the sun, as *facts*).

This aggregation, or rather intellectual *cementation*, of facts into theories, is, however, usually performed, not by the direct intervention of the fundamental idea appropriate to each theory—such idea being frequently of an order too elevated and remote for that purpose—but commonly by the intervention of certain 'modifications and limitations of the fundamental idea,' which
may

may be termed 'ideal conceptions.' Thus an ellipse is an ideal conception, a *modification* of the fundamental idea of space; genus, a modification or *limitation* of the fundamental idea of resemblance, and so forth. Were we to express this in ordinary language, we should say that we rise by steps only to the highest degree of abstraction and generality, and in working our way upwards in that direction, we employ terms and phrases more or less abstract, according to the degree of generality which we feel ourselves competent to attain. The line, therefore, between the fundamental idea and the ideal conception appropriate to each step of advancing science, and to each scientific theory, is necessarily indefinite—and accordingly we observe that throughout the work Mr. Whewell uses the one term for the other with little hesitation. The formation of a theory out of facts, and the nature of the inductive process itself, are thus well and clearly described:—

'When we have become possessed of such ideal conceptions as those just described, cases frequently occur in which we can, by means of such conceptions, connect the facts which we learn from experience, and thus obtain truths from materials supplied by experience. In such cases the truth to which we are thus led is said to be collected from the observed facts by induction.'—*Phil.*, vol. i. p. 42.

After giving examples of this, Mr. Whewell proceeds:—

'And in like manner in all other cases the discovery of a truth by induction consists in finding a conception, or combination of conceptions, which agrees with, connects, and arranges the facts. Such ideal conceptions, or combination of conceptions, superinduced upon the facts, and reducing them to rule and order, are theories.'—*Ib.*, vol. i. p. 43.

'The act of the mind, by which it converts facts into theories, is of the same kind as that by which it converts impressions into facts. In both cases there is a new principle of unity introduced by the mind, an ideal connexion established: that which was many becomes one: that which was loose and lawless becomes connected and fixed by rule. And this is done by induction, or, as we have described this process, by superinducing upon the facts, as given by observation, the conception of our minds.'—*Ib.*, vol. i. p. 44.

'Thus it appears that, understanding the term *induction* in that comprehensive sense in which alone it is consistent with itself, it is requisite to give unity to a fact no less than to give connexion to a theory.'—*Ib.*, vol. i. p. 45.

It is impossible to express with more precision than Mr. Whewell has done in the passages above extracted, or in a more luminous manner, the true nature of the inductive processes, as regards facts and theories. Two important points, however, remain to be decided: first, the origin within the mind of these ideal conceptions or fundamental ideas themselves; and, secondly, whether, and

and in what manner, we are justified in extending *theories* so framed, or propositions so concluded, beyond the limits of the individual facts on which our conceptions have been superinduced.

There can be no doubt that the origin of all induction is referable to that plastic faculty of the mind which assigns an unity to an assemblage of independent particulars.* But in order to carry out this idea to its entire meaning, it is necessary to extend the field in which this faculty exerts itself to every description of impression of which the mind is susceptible. Thus, from the impression it receives from its own acts, states, and faculties—which are never for two consecutive instants the same, or equally exerted—so inductively bound together, the ideas or conceptions of personal existence and identity, time, and mental power arise within it. Again, from those which it receives directly (and antecedently to all *other* experience), from its connexion with the body, it is led to form in a similar way its conceptions of space and mechanical force, which are therefore, we apprehend, in the most complete and absolute sense *suggested* by experience—by the experience; that is to say, of certain *peculiar mental sensations* (if we may coin a word for the purpose) which distance, direction, and force, when perceived, excite within us. Then again, from that mixed multitude of impressions received through the bodily senses, it frames to itself, by a similar induction, the conception, fact, or theory, as we please to call it, of an independent external world. Moreover, from the impressions it receives on contemplating these external relations—(which, besides bringing back on it, confirming, and elucidating in innumerable modes, all those more original and simple conceptions, furnish in a thousand ways that which is the true ‘fundamental idea’ of all science, viz., harmony, regularity, or law)—it rises by a constantly extending and unbroken chain of experience to the *law of continuity*—which is perhaps the highest inductive axiom to which the mind of man is capable of attaining—and, as one of the most important results of this law, to the perception and admission of general truths, on the ground of particular verifications.

By contemplating our own faculties of attention, recollection, and other similar processes, whereby the mind continually influences the succession of its own thoughts—or rather, in the same instant that we experience that peculiar *mental sensation* which is connected with the exercise of these faculties—we come to have suggested the notion of mental power. By dwelling on the *effort* whereby we put our limbs into motion, the conception of vital effort as expended in the production of mechanical force is in

* On this subject we will merely refer the reader to Mr. Douglas's excellent work on the *Philosophy of the Mind* (Ed. 1839), p. 182, *et seq.*

like manner suggested; and by dwelling on the only feature these remarkable phenomena have in common, viz., *change*, predictable beforehand, as sure to be consequent on their *voluntary* exercise, we attain to an abstract conception of *cause* as the origin of *all* change:—a conception which once so originated within our minds by this, our highest form of experience, personal consciousness, is reflected back, and verified by all external experience, though in forms far less pure and unadulterated than that in which it is presented to us by these internal phenomena. Lastly, by the experience of our own intentions as capable of being carried out into execution by material or moral combinations, we have suggested to us the notion of *design* or final cause; and by that of our emotions as dependent on the result of our designed acts, the conception of *motive* and of moral responsibility.

Mr. Whewell, however, puts a most decided and unhesitating negative on the claims of experience to the origination of these ideas. We must, therefore, examine the argument by which he supports this negative:—

‘We have seen,’ he says, ‘that there are propositions which are known to be necessarily true, and that such knowledge is not and cannot be obtained by mere observation of actual facts. It has been shown also that these necessary truths are the results of certain fundamental ideas, such as those of space, time, number, and the like. Hence it follows inevitably that these ideas and others of the same kind are not derived from experience. For these ideas possess a power of infusing into their developments that very necessity which experience can in no way bestow. This power they do not borrow from the external world, but possess by their own nature. Thus we unfold out of the idea of space, the propositions of geometry, which are plainly truths of the most rigorous necessity and universality. But if the idea of space were merely collected from observation of the external world, it could never enable or entitle us to assert such propositions; it could never authorize us to say that not merely some lines but all lines not only have but must have those propositions which geometry teaches. Geometry in every proposition speaks a language which experience never dares to utter, and indeed of which she but half comprehends the meaning. Experience sees that the assertions are true, but she sees not how profound and absolute is their truth.’—*Phil.* i. 71.

The necessity of geometrical truths has never, we believe, been questioned, nor is it our disposition to do so now. It is not, however, with their *necessity* that we are just now concerned. All true propositions about realities are necessarily true, provided their subject-matter be necessarily such as it is, since every reality must be consistent with itself. Whether space be, as we conceive it to be, a substantive reality independent of our minds, and whether capable of being directly contemplated by them

them or not, or as Mr. Whewell, adopting the Kantian doctrine, maintains it to be, a *real condition* of the perception of our own and all other existence—if it be a *necessary* reality, or a *necessary* condition, then are the expressions of its properties, in geometrical language, necessary truths. The truths of geometry *exist* and are verified in every part of space, as the statue in the marble. They may depend on the thinking mind for their conception and discovery, but they cannot be contradictory to that which forms their subject-matter, and in which they are realized, in every place and at every instant of time.

But it is with the *universality*, not the necessity of its truths that we are concerned—or rather with the nature and grounds of our conviction of their universality:—

‘Experience,’ says Mr. Whewell, ‘must always consist of a limited number of observations; and however numerous these may be, they can show nothing with regard to the infinite number of cases in which the experiment has not been made. . . . Truths can only be known to be general, not universal, if they depend upon experience alone. Experience cannot bestow that universality which she herself cannot have, nor that necessity of which she has no comprehension.’—*Phil.* i. 60, 61.

Now we conceive that a full answer to this argument is afforded by the nature of the inductive propensity—by the irresistible impulse of the mind to generalize *ad infinitum*, when nothing in the nature of limitation or opposition offers itself to the imagination—and by our involuntary application of the law of continuity to fill up, by the same ideal substance of truth, every interval which uncontradicted experience may have left blank in our inductive conclusions. What we contend for is, not that the propositions of geometry are other than necessary and universal, but that space being a reality (or a real condition), the mind, applying itself to that reality, discovers its properties by such application, which is experience, and embodies the results of that experience in axiomatic propositions. For what, we may ask, can impress us with a sense of truth other than a clear perception of *meaning*? And what is a perception of meaning other than an *intellectual experience of the real qualities and relations of the objects of our thoughts, as exemplified in special cases*?

And after all, the truths of geometry are summed up and embodied in its definitions and axioms. The definitions we need not consider, but let us turn to the axioms, and what do we find? A string of propositions concerning magnitude in the *abstract*, which are equally true of space, time, force, number, and every other magnitude susceptible of aggregation and subdivision. Such propositions, where they are not mere definitions, as some of them are, carry their inductive origin on the face

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of their enunciation. Of those which expressly relate to space, the axiom which declares magnitudes equal which exactly fill the same space, is clearly only a rule of interpretation declaring how the word equal is to be understood when space is the object of reference, and how the measurement of space is to be executed, and is only the ordinary practical process of measurement embodied in words. Those which declare that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, and that two straight lines which cut one another cannot both be parallel to a third, are in reality the only ones which express characteristic properties of space, and these it will be worth while to consider more nearly. Now the only clear notion we can form of straightness is uniformity of direction, for space in its ultimate analysis is nothing but an assemblage of distances and directions. And (not to dwell on the notion of continued contemplation, *i. e.*, mental experience, as included in the very idea of uniformity; nor on that of transfer of the contemplating being from point to point, and of experience, during such transfer, of the homogeneity of the interval passed over)—we cannot even propose the proposition in an intelligible form, to any one whose experience ever since he was born has not assured him of the fact. The *unity of direction*, or that we cannot march from a given point by more than one path *direct to the same object*, is matter of practical experience long before it can by possibility become matter of abstract thought. We cannot attempt mentally to exemplify the conditions of the assertion in an imaginary case opposed to it, without violating our habitual recollection of this experience and defacing our mental picture of space as grounded on it. What *but* experience, we may ask, can possibly assure us of the *homogeneity* of the parts of distance, time, force, and measurable aggregates in general, on which the truth of the other axioms depends? As regards the latter axiom, after what has been said, it must be clear that the very same course of remarks equally applies to its case, and that its truth is quite as much forced on the mind as that of the former by daily and hourly experience.

We have considered the perception of space, in its ultimate analysis, as resolvable into perceptions of distance and direction; into line and angle; but it may be urged that our ideas of superficial and solid space involve something more than these elements—that surface and solidity are not in their essence resolvable into *mere* distance and direction. It is here that we trace, as we conceive the matter, the result of the mind's plastic faculty, by which, out of the assemblage of simple perceptions, it forms to itself a *picture*, or *conception*, or *idea* (call it what we will) in which those perceptions are mentally realized, but which seems to us to

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be something more than those perceptions—what the Lockian school terms, in short, *substance*; and which we consider to be no other than the mind's *perception of its own active effort* in this process. The conception of solid extension stands, we apprehend, to these simple elementary perceptions of distance and direction in the same relation as that of *body* to the perceptions of resistance, extension, colour, figure, &c., which are all that common experience affords us of *matter*; and this is the only sense in which we can agree with, or indeed attach any distinct meaning to, a remarkable passage in Mr. Whewell's chapter 'On the Idea of Space':—

'By speaking of space, as an idea, I intend to imply that the apprehension of objects as existing in space, and of the relation of position, &c. which thus prevail among them, is not a consequence of experience, but a result of a peculiar constitution and activity of the mind which' [*i. e.*, the activity] 'is independent of experience in its origin, though constantly combined with it in its exercise.'—*Phil. b. ii. p. 81.*

But when he goes on to declare, in the next page, 'that space is not a notion obtained from experience,' and in addition to the argument from the universality and necessity of its properties which we have already considered, supports this doctrine by such arguments as these:—

'Experience gives us information concerning things without us, but our apprehending them as without us, takes for granted their existence in space. Experience acquaints us with what are the form, position, magnitude, &c., of particular objects, but that they have form, position, magnitude, presuppose that they are in space.'—*Phil. i. p. 82.*

we cannot avoid placing on record our dissent from the conclusion, and our inability to perceive the cogency of the reasoning. The reason, we conceive, why we apprehend things as without us is, that they are without us. We take for granted that they exist in space, because they *do* so exist, and because such their existence is a matter of direct perception which can neither be explained in words, nor contravened in imagination: because, in short, space is a *reality* and not a matter of mere convention or imagination. Still less can we attribute the smallest force to such reasons as those in p. 86, where it is denied that space 'exists as a thing,' because 'that thing is infinite in all its dimensions, and moreover is a thing which, being nothing in itself, exists only that other things may exist in it.' We might meet such reasoning in its own spirit, by declaring that that which has parts, proportions, and susceptibilities of exact measurement, must be 'a thing.'

The philosophy of the pure sciences involves not merely the idea of space, but of magnitude in the abstract. It is common indeed to represent, in elementary books, such magnitudes by

geometrical lines and areas, and thus to demonstrate the truths which serve as the bases of the sciences of arithmetic, algebra, &c. But this is only legitimate, because the axioms of abstract magnitude are verified among such lines and areas in the same manner as they are verified among the various other objects to which they apply, and *by induction from which* they have been concluded to be generally true. That equals added to equals produce equal aggregates is true of equal times, equal weights, equal numbers, as well as of equal spaces. Were we to grant (which we do not) that the truth of the proposition in each of these forms is a direct result of simple intuition involving no induction—no consideration of particular cases, *i. e.*, no experience—still the combination of all these separate truths into one general expression equally applicable to all the forms, must surely be allowed to be an act of inductive generalization. To maintain the contrary, is to maintain that the mind conceives and reasons on the abstract in anticipation of the concrete, on the general before the particular, which is in fact Platonism, and to which indeed, in many respects, and as purified of its more extravagant features, Mr. Whewell's theory closely approximates. A remarkable instance of this is afforded by his reasoning respecting *time* :—

‘ Since all particular times are considered as derivable from time in general, it is manifest that the notion of time in general cannot be derived from the notion of particular time. The notion of time in general is therefore not a general conception derived from experience.’—*Phil.* i. p. 124.

This is as if any one should argue that as there is but one material universe, of which all particular bodies are necessarily parts—therefore our notion of the material universe is not a general conception derived from our experience of individual bodies. The fact is, that if we were to select an idea which must more emphatically than another be derived from experience, it would be that of time :—for what is it which excites in us the perception of its lapse, but the internal comparison of our mental state at the beginning and end of each instant, which *is* experience, if the word have any meaning?—The lapse of the instant is a *reality* ; a very obscure and mysterious one, no doubt ; and our notion of it (the result, or perhaps we should rather say the perception, of the active effort of the mind to connect its present and past state) is that substantive conception which may be considered as bearing the same relation to the reality of time, whatever that be, as our substantive conception of space bears to the realities of distance and direction.

As respects *number*, Mr. Whewell has adopted a mode of considering

sidering it which has lately grown much in vogue, but which we regard as, to say the least, very problematic; viz., that it is a mere modification of the idea of time. Now things may be repeated in space as well as in time, and though it may be perfectly true—(though of that we have some doubts)—that the attention at each instant is so wholly absorbed in the contemplation of one object, that every other is absolutely *unperceived*, and is to us, to all intents and purposes, as if it existed not; yet this would only go to show that, owing to the imperfection of our faculties, time is necessary as a *mean* to enable us to count number, but not that it enters otherwise than as a mean into an idea of any particular number, as two. Two horses are two horses, whether we require time to count them or not, and whether counted or uncounted. On precisely the same principle, time might be declared an element in our conception of figure, and indeed of space itself. Number, therefore, we cannot help regarding as an abstraction, and *consequently* its general properties or its axioms to be of necessity inductively concluded from the consideration of particular cases. And surely this is the way in which children *do* acquire their knowledge of number, and in which they learn its axioms. The apples and the marbles are put in requisition, and through the multitude of gingerbread nuts their ideas acquire clearness, precision, and generality. And it is so impossible for us to divest ourselves, either as respects number, or any of those primary relations, as space, time, &c., of the bias given to all our notions by the unbroken influence of an experience which commenced with our birth and perhaps even before it, that we may well be excused if we more than hesitate in our assent to a doctrine, which requires us so entirely to un-mould and unbuild the whole structure of our mental habits and acquirements, as does that of the non-suggestion of ideas of this class, and the non-establishment of their axioms by experience; including always, be it observed, in our notion of experience, that which is gained by contemplation of the inward picture which the mind forms to itself in any proposed case, or which it arbitrarily selects as an example—such picture, in virtue of the extreme simplicity of these primary relations, being called up by the imagination with as much vividness and clearness as could be done by any external impression, which is the only meaning we can attach to the word *intuition*, as applied to such relations.

Into the philosophy of the abstract sciences the notion of *cause* does not explicitly enter—relations, not events, being the subject of inquiry in these sciences. But in those where phenomena come to be explained, the reference of these to their causes, and the development of the processes by which the action of such

causes is carried out through a chain of intermediate effects, till they result in the phenomena observed, is our sole, at least our ultimate, object of inquiry. Now it deserves especial notice that most of the phenomena which nature presents are cases of indirect causation. Conceptions of *cause* suggested by such phenomena can hardly be other than crude, imperfect, and even perhaps erroneous. For example, invariable antecedence of cause and consequence of effect is laid down by writers on this subject as an essential feature of this relation. But this must be understood in reference to the *state of things*, historically speaking, which precedes and that which follows that indivisible instant of time in which action takes place, as the two portions of a line separated by a point are necessarily the one on one side, the other on the other of that point. If the antecedence and consequence in question be understood as the interposition of an interval of time, however small, between the action of the cause and the production of the effect, we regard it as inadmissible. In the production of motion by force, for instance, though the effect be cumulative, with continued exertion of the cause, yet each elementary or individual action of the force is, to our apprehension, *instanter* accompanied with its corresponding increment of momentum in the body moved. In all dynamical reasonings, no one has ever thought of interposing an instant of time between the action and its resulting momentum; nor does it appear necessary. The process has more the character of a simple transformation of force into momentum, without gain or loss. The cause (this particular cause) seems to be neither destroyed nor enfeebled, but absorbed, and transformed into its effect, and therein treasured up. In this view, which seems quite as tenable as any other which has yet been taken of the relation of physical cause and effect, the time lost in cases of indirect physical causation is that consumed in the movements which take place among the parts of the mechanism set in action, by which the active forces so transformed into momentum are transported over intervals of space to new points of action, the motion of matter in such cases being regarded as a mere carrier of force. So also, when force is directly counteracted by force, their mutual destruction must be conceived, we think, as instantaneous. It appears to us, therefore, well worthy of consideration, whether, in deriving any part of our abstractions of cause and effect from external phenomena, *we be not misled in assuming sequence as a necessary feature in that relation*, and whether sequence, when observed, is not rather to be held as a sure indication of indirect action, accompanied with a movement of parts. Certain it is, that the higher we ascend in the scale of physical causation the more inconceivably

conceivably rapid do we find the *propagation* of action. The *play* of the mechanism (if we may borrow a metaphor) seems less, and the approach to perfect fitting and contact of its parts more near.

The direct personal consciousness of causation which we have when we either exert voluntary force or influence the train of our own thoughts, has been much and singularly lost sight of by many writers on this subject. Whatever be the essential nature of that relation (or whether even it be in all cases the same), we are no more left in doubt of its being a real relation, when we experience this consciousness, than we are of our own reality, or of that of an external world. When once suggested (as we conceive it to be) by such experience, as a kind of mental sensation, it is seized and dwelt on with a force and tenacity which strongly indicates its real importance to our knowledge and well-being. The energy and assurance with which it is generalized, or rather universalized, and extended to all the events of nature, must be held as another indication in the same direction. Nothing can be imagined more different than the two lines of experience by which this consciousness of effective action is impressed. They agree in nothing but in change consequent on or simultaneous with voluntary effort, and predictable beforehand, as sure to accompany such effort. Yet this point of analogy is seized and made the basis of a *universal theory*, with an invariable verification by experience, and a decisive acknowledgment of its irresistible cogency, which proves it to be one of those grand primordial analogies alluded to above; an analogy by which the physical and intellectual world are brought into inseparable contact, by establishing the influence of *will* over both.

There are, no doubt, other lines of experience in which we also receive, but more obscurely, and as it were conversely, through the medium of effect, the idea of cause. But from the very diversity of these modes of suggestion it follows that this idea is, as Mr. Whewell admits it to be, an abstraction. And from this consideration alone it seems to us imperatively to follow that whatever axioms (if there be any) belong to this idea, must be inductively concluded from their verification in each of those several particular lines of experience in which we recognize and insulate the peculiar mental sensation of *causality*. It must be very clear, for instance, that an axiom which, though verified in one form of causation, is yet unmeaning or incorrect in another, cannot be an axiom of causation in the abstract, or must be inadequately worded as such. And the same must surely be the case with axioms requiring limitations and conditions dependent on the *kind* of cause.

These considerations seem to us essential to forming a right understanding

understanding of the metaphysics of Mr. Whewell's three books on the Philosophy of the Mechanical Sciences. For the basis of these he takes the fundamental idea of cause—not that this relation is not to be considered equally involved in other sciences, but emphatically, because in these we have succeeded, in those not, in tracing phenomena up to one of those causes of whose existence our own consciousness assures us, viz., force. In pursuance of his general plan of ascribing a necessary universality to physical as well as to every other class of general truths, and deriving this necessity and this universality from the assumed *a priori* origin within the mind of whatever abstract principles are involved in their enunciation, he lays down three axioms of causation as flowing, not from experience but from our fundamental idea of that relation, viz. :—1. Nothing can take place without a cause. 2. Effects are proportional to their causes, and causes are measured by their effects. 3. Reaction is equal and opposite to action. Of these the first in our view of the matter is the mere generalization of our internal consciousness in the two distinct lines of experience above mentioned—a generalization cogent doubtless in the highest degree, as all such impulses of the generalizing instinct are when the mind feels no obstacle, and finds itself contradicted by no opposing experience. The second axiom presents only a vague, if any, meaning where causes are unsusceptible of numerical addition or conjoined agency—and where they are so susceptible Mr. Whewell admits that 'there may be circumstances in the nature of the cause which may further determine the *kind* of effect which we must take for the measure of the cause.' But it is clear that we are now discussing the relation of causes to their *direct* effects, and that consequently we are allowed no latitude of choice. We are not to range about the results of their action till we find some one, be it direct or remote, by which our rule shall be saved. We are to take the direct effect as we find it, viz., that which is separated from the action of the cause by no interval of time and by no intermedium of mechanism; and if with *this* for an effect the axiom be verified, all is well.

On the third axiom Mr. Whewell reasons as follows :—

'The reaction is an effect of the action, and is determined by it. And since the two, action and reaction, are forces of the same nature, each may be considered as cause and as effect, and they must therefore determine each other by a common rule. But this consideration leads necessarily to their equality: for since the rule is mutual, if we could for an instant suppose the reaction to be less than the action, we must by the same rule suppose the action to be less than the reaction.'—*Phil.* i. p. 175.

'Like our other axioms, this has its source in an idea, viz., the idea of

of cause under that particular condition in which cause and effect are mutual.'—*Ibid*.

We trust Mr. Whewell will believe that we speak in all sincerity, and not without diffidence in our own impressions, when we declare that this is a modification of the idea of cause, which we can no how bring ourselves to conceive. It seems to lead direct to the conclusion, with no escape, that a cause can cause itself. For if A be the cause of R, and R, by the rule of mutuality, the cause of A; then is A the ultimate and R the proximate link in a chain of causation by which it is derived from itself. This, it may be said, is a verbal quibble. But if it be (which we think it is not), it is one that inevitably forces itself on the thoughts on the bare mention of such a proposition, as that cause and effect can in any case be justly regarded as mutual. If indeed we admit the doctrine of sequence as a general feature of causality, and suppose ever so small an interval of time interposed between cause and effect, the rule of mutuality is evidently impossible. This doctrine, however, as already said, we regard as untenable; and from a single, short, and insulated sentence in p. 252, which seems to have called up when written no further mental remark, it appears that Mr. Whewell herein agrees with us.

It would not be difficult, however, so to word this axiom as to render it applicable and intelligible in every form of causation, and at the same time to avoid introducing the term Reaction, which, though highly convenient, and therefore readily admissible in dynamical reasonings, ceases altogether to present any distinct meaning when used in reference to other than mechanical cause. The axiom, for instance, taken as a general proposition, deduced from and verified by experience in every form of causality, may be held to assert the limitation of a finite amount of cause to the production of a finite amount of immediate effect, in consequence of which limitation the total effect must be such as to leave no part of the energy of the cause outstanding and applicable to the production of further effect. In other words, it must be such as to exhaust, or absorb, or transform into itself, as the case may be, *the whole cause*. Dynamically interpreted, this leads to the law of reaction, while physiologically, it expresses merely fatigue or exhaustion, which every one is conscious of on bodily or mental exertion. For it must be observed, and the remark appears to us of great moment, that in the production of voluntary motion we do not conceive the mind or will as directly exerting force on, and so producing motion in, matter. Were such indeed the case, we might reasonably ask what becomes of reaction where mind is at one end of the rod and matter at the other? Here we recognize

nize the importance of that intermediate link in the chain of causation, that physiological effort, dependent on the will, but yet distinct from mere volition, already before alluded to. Of the nature of this effort it seems impossible to frame any other conception than this—that without being itself force it evolves or creates force, having all the characters of molecular attractions and repulsions, either among the contiguous particles of the muscles directly; or else indirectly in them, through a chain of polar arrangements among those of the nerves—a cause, in short, of a higher order than force, and which, for anything we can know to the contrary, may be in action even among the particles of inanimate matter, whenever force is exerted, though whether in all cases under the immediate control of a directing will, transcends of course our faculties to decide on physical grounds. However convenient it may be in common language, or in dynamical reasoning, to speak of force as the action of one body upon another, and as accompanied with a reaction of the other back upon the first, it is far more consonant with this view of voluntary action, and indeed with the mass of facts in other sciences, to regard it as a cause or disposition to motion, originating indifferently *between* them, and *manifesting itself by an effect which has always a two-fold or polar character, i.e., the production (unless counteracted) of equal momenta in opposite directions at either extremity of its line of action: the sum of such momenta being (as in all cases of polar action) equal to zero.*

Mr. Whewell, in his chapter 'On the Origin of our Conceptions of Force and Matter,' traces them simply to our sense of muscular action and resistance, but without distinguishing, as we have done, between the effort and the action, and of course without drawing from that distinction the consequences which we have above suggested, and which seem to us so important. He then proceeds to treat at great length in separate chapters of the establishment of the principles of statics and dynamics. These chapters are extremely valuable. We recognize in them the results of great labour and a long series of intense and persevering thought bestowed on their subjects, the fruits of which have from time to time appeared in several previous works,* and are here brought together as in a focus. Of these works it is but justice to say that we know of no treatises extant which afford so complete and philosophical a view of the principles of these sciences, and of the steps by which they have acquired their ultimate development and demonstrative character. Though assuredly not the most

* *Elementary Treatise on Mechanics*. Cambridge, 1819.—*On the Free Motion of Points, and on Universal Gravitation*. Cambridge, 1832.—*The First Principles of Mechanics*. Cambridge, 1832.—*The Mechanical Euclid*. Cambridge, 1837.

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brilliant of the many gems which adorn our author's wreath of merit, their sterling value will secure them an estimation superior even to that of many original discoveries.

In these chapters, as well as in the works alluded to, the whole of mechanical science is made to depend on a few simple propositions of axiomatic self-evidence—and with this, as regards systematic and logical deduction, we can have, of course, no quarrel. It is when we find it put forward that these axioms owe their evidence and universality solely to our fundamental and abstract idea of causation, and to the general axioms thence derived, and in no way to experience, that we demur. As we admit no such propositions, *other than as truths inductively collected from observation*, even in geometry itself, it can hardly be expected that, in a science of obviously contingent relations, we should acquiesce in a contrary view. As we conceive matter to have been created, and to admit of annihilation, we can of course conceive the non-existence of force; and if so, it certainly does appear a violent inroad on the liberty and power of thought to maintain that we may not, or cannot, conceive the laws of force to have been otherwise established than as we find them. But let us take one of these axioms and examine its evidence: for instance, that equal forces perpendicularly applied at the opposite ends of equal arms of a straight lever will balance each other. What but experience, we may ask, in the first place, can possibly inform us that a force so applied will have any tendency to turn the lever on its centre at all? Or that force can be so transmitted along a rigid line *perpendicular to its direction*, as to act elsewhere in space than along its own line of action? Surely this is so far from being self-evident that it has even a paradoxical appearance, which is only to be removed by giving our lever thickness, material composition, and molecular powers. Again, we conclude that the two forces, being equal and applied under precisely similar circumstances, must, if they exert any effort at all to turn the lever, exert equal and opposite efforts: but what *à priori* reasoning can possibly assure us that they *do* act under precisely similar circumstances?—that points which differ in place, *are* similarly circumstanced as regards the exertion of force?—that universal space may not have relations to universal force—or, at all events, that the organization of the material universe may not be such as to place that portion of space occupied by it in such relations to the forces exerted in it, as may invalidate the absolute similarity of circumstances assumed? Or we may argue, what have we to do with the notion of angular movement in the lever at all? The case is one of rest, and of quiescent destruction of force by force. Now how is this destruction effected? Assuredly by the counter-pressure which

which supports the fulcrum. But would not this destruction equally arise, and by the same amount of counteracting force, if each force simply pressed *its own half* of the lever against the fulcrum? And what can assure us that it is not so, except removal of one or other force and consequent tilting of the lever?

The other fundamental axiom of statics, that the pressure on the point of support is the sum of the weights, is derived by Mr. Whewell from the principle of reaction. 'If it be not an axiom,' he asks, 'deriving its truth from the fundamental conception of equal action and reaction, which equilibrium always implies, what is the origin of its certainty?' Equilibrium implies, however, not merely equal action and reaction, which law subsists whether equilibrium take place or no, but equal action and *counter-action*. The pressure on the fulcrum is *not destroyed by the reaction* of the fulcrum, for that would subsist were the fulcrum pushed from its place by the pressure. If it be destroyed at all, it must be destroyed by a *counteracting force applied* for that purpose, and the question is, what is the amount of the force that must be so applied? Were the pressure on the fulcrum ten times the sum of the weights, its *reaction* would still be equal to that pressure. Such reaction, in our view of the nature of force, is simply the simultaneous and opposite manifestation of its polar action, and can in no case afford an available measure of its intensity. Force can only be measured by motion produced, or by amount of force *elsewhere originating* necessary to prevent motion.

What then, it must of course be asked, is the origin of our certainty of the axiom? We reply, simple experience. It is merely a scientific transformation and more refined mode of stating a coarse and obvious result of universal experience, viz., that the weight of a rigid body is the same, handle it or suspend it in what position or by what point we will, and that whatever sustains a body sustains its total weight. Assuredly, as Mr. Whewell justly remarks—

'no one probably ever made a trial for the purpose of showing that the pressure on the support is equal to the sum of the weights. Certainly no person, with clear mechanical conceptions, ever wanted such a trial to convince him of its truth, or thought the truth clearer after the trial had been made.'

But it is precisely because in every action of his life from earliest infancy, he has been *continually* making the trial and seeing it made by every other living being about him, that he never dreams of staking its result on one additional attempt made with scientific accuracy. This would be as if a man should resolve to decide by experiment whether his eyes were useful for
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the purpose of seeing, by hermetically sealing himself up for half an hour in a metal case.

In making these remarks on Mr. Whewell's *à priori* doctrines, we are most anxious to be understood as limiting our disapproval strictly to the point of view from which he has contemplated his subject. In its handling there is every thing to admire, nor are we aware that we have ever in the same compass encountered such a mine of recondite thought, searching inquiry, and pointed and brilliant illustration. But to these views he recurs again and again, and always with increasing decision, *vires acquirit eundo*, as if their force had grown upon him in their contemplation. Thus, even in the midst of his mechanical applications, he suspends his argument to insert a chapter on 'the paradox of universal propositions obtained by experience,'—a paradox in which, however, we see nothing that strikes us as paradoxical. If there be necessary and universal truths (which we unconditionally admit) expressible in propositions of axiomatic simplicity and obviousness, and having for their subject matter the elements of all our experience and all our knowledge, surely these are the truths which, if experience suggest to us any truths at all, it ought to suggest most readily, clearly, and unceasingly. If it were a truth, universal and necessary, that a net is spread over the whole surface of every planetary globe, we should not travel far on our own without getting entangled in its meshes, and making the necessity of some means of extrication an axiom of locomotion.

The only tests of abstract truth are entire consistency in itself, and accordance with its exemplification in particulars. A mingled host of individual relations is suggested to our understandings by every object and event. It is *consistency of suggestion* by many particular events and objects which leads us to make any abstract propositions at all, since without such consistency we must for ever remain not merely passive but bewildered percipients. But, on perceiving this consistency, we are not simply led, but urged to make them by the most irresistible of all our mental impulses—the generalizing or inductive *nisus*. 'We do not,' as Mr. Whewell most justly remarks, 'acquire from mere observation a right to assert that a proposition is true in all cases.' But that we do the *propensity* is clear from this, that we generalize the abstract suggestion of mistaken relations, if of frequent occurrence, as readily as of true ones, nor ever dream of abandoning our conclusions till their inconsistency with further observation stares us in the face.

There is, therefore, nothing paradoxical, but the reverse, in our being led by observation to a recognition of such truths, as *general propositions*,

propositions, co-extensive at least *with all human experience*. That they pervade all the objects of experience, must ensure their continual suggestion *by experience*; that they are true, must ensure that consistency of suggestion, that iteration of uncontradicted assertion which commands implicit assent, and removes all occasion of exception; that they are simple, and admit of no misunderstanding, must secure their admission by every mind.

Necessity and universality are large words—perhaps somewhat too large for the human understanding fairly to handle. Mr. Whewell himself does not ‘venture absolutely to pronounce whether the laws of motion, as we know them, can be rigorously traced to an absolute necessity in the nature of things;’ though ‘some of the most acute and profound mathematicians have believed that for these laws of motion, or some of them, there was a demonstrable necessity compelling them to be such as they are, and no other.’ Such phrases, after what has been stated of his views, might give occasion to much remark—the only one they suggest to us is the nicety of the line in such matters between belief and demonstration, between belief spontaneous and belief compelled.

The moment we get out of particulars, we get into abstractions, out of real into logical relations. The test of truth by its application to particulars being laid aside, nothing remains but its self-consistency to guide us in its recognition. But this in axiomatic propositions amounts to no test at all. *It is the essence of such propositions to stand aloof and insulated from each other.* One abstract proposition can only be shown to be consistent with another in two ways—either by both being verified in one particular, or concrete as the logicians call it, or by the one being logically derivable as a necessary consequence of the other, in which case one or other ceases to be axiomatic. Axioms, rigorously such, can admit of no meaning in common. *Their mutual compatibility, as fundamental elements of the same body of truth, can only be shown by experience*—by the observed fact of their co-existence as *literal truths* in a particular case produced.

A truth, necessary and universal, relative to any object of our knowledge, must verify itself in every instance where that object is before our contemplation, and if, at the same time, it be simple and intelligible, its verification must be obvious. The sentiment of such a truth cannot, therefore, but be present to our minds whenever that object is contemplated, and must therefore make a part of the mental picture or idea of that object which we may on any occasion summon before our imagination. If that sentiment be wanting, the picture is unfaithful: it is, in fact, no picture at all. It is, therefore, impracticable for us to frame any logically
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true and consistent proposition concerning such object, in which that sentiment is not at least implicitly involved, much less one in which it is explicitly contradicted. All propositions, therefore, become not only untrue, but *inconceivable*, if necessary axioms be violated in their enunciation.

It is requisite, also, to bear in mind in this argument the prerogatives of experience. The mind cannot give to arbitrary combinations of its own that impress of reality and unity which it acknowledges when it contemplates realities. It cannot imagine to itself, for example, a being in which time is solidified, space set in motion, matter invested with the property of being in two places at once, &c. It may jumble the ideas, or conceive them in succession, but finds them always incoherent, and can no-how educe from its own stores the substantive conception of a being or reality in which they shall co-exist. In the case of space, if the axioms of geometry be not present to our minds directly or by implication, when we think of it, there is nothing left for us to think of—for these axioms express its whole essence. If we try to frame a conception of space in which they shall not be verified, or shall be replaced by others essentially different, we find it impracticable, and this is our criterion of their necessity. Some such notion the Hibernian must have formed of space, when he declared that if all the people were in the hall, the hall would not hold them. Again, in the case of matter, if inertia be not present to our minds in any act of reasoning, it is no longer matter about which we reason, but that which may subsist, if inertia be absent; for instance, moveable and coloured extension, which we can no-how figure to ourselves as '*a thing*.' And, if we admit into our conception an idea contradictory to those suggested by experience as belonging to it, such as immobility, then again it is not matter about which we reason, but a new creature, such as experience has never presented. Such a being, if it exist, must exist according to its own laws, but they cannot be the laws of matter and motion, which remain therefore unaffected by the supposition. Relations which pervade all human experience, and all human power of conception grounded on that experience, we may call necessary relations without much violence to language or reason.

It may, however, be alleged, that one criterion of abstract truth remains unconsidered—its direct recognition *in the abstract* without mental reference to *any* particular case, to *any* example, to *any* experience. How truth may or may not impress conviction in other minds, it is doubtless presumptuous to assert, for which reason we have dwelt only on the received *tests* of truth, as conveyed from mind to mind by the intervention of language. If there

there be those who can persuade themselves that they are yielding a rational assent to the terms of an abstract proposition on the mere jingle of its sound in their ears, while refusing to test it by calling up in their minds those images with their attributes, which experience has inseparably associated with its words, they have certainly a very different notion of logical evidence from our own.

That our success in abstract and physical research may aid us in extending our views to what may be called the social sciences, it is of primary importance in our choice, *if choose we must*, between a logical and an empirical philosophy, that we should be well aware how far and with what restrictions and humiliating conditions the former is possible or practicable. The citadel of truth equally vindicates its altitude whether we measure it by toil and upward struggle, or by throwing ourselves headlong from its battlements. It is then that we are taught caution and reserve when observation presents us its axioms in a form inextricably involved, and when experiment is fraught with hazard to our own happiness and that of others. A logical philosophy in such sciences which shall start from necessary and universal formulæ can only be safe when human history shall be complete and the book of events on the point of closing for ever. Logically speaking, we may indeed so limit the acceptance of our terms as to make our axioms, if other than barren truisms, intelligible only when empirically true. Yet what is this but to bind our philosophy for ever in the leading-strings of experience, and declare it, with the aspirations of maturity, in a ceaseless state of pupilage? Mr. Whewell's good sense, which may always be trusted, whatever be the phase under which his excursive intellect delights to manifest itself, has led him direct to this conclusion—a conclusion which draws the teeth of the general doctrine and renders it perfectly innocuous. Speaking of the laws of motion—but in language generally applicable—he says they

“borrow their form from the idea of causation, though their matter be given by experience; and hence they possess a universality which experience cannot give. They are certainly and universally valid; and the only question for observation to decide is, how they are to be understood. They are like general mathematical formulæ which are known to be true even while we are ignorant what are the unknown quantities which they involve. It must be allowed, on the other hand, that so long as these formulæ are not interpreted by a real study of nature, they are not only useless but prejudicial, filling men's minds with vague general terms, empty maxims, and unintelligible abstractions, which they mistake for knowledge. Of such perversion of the speculative propensities of man's nature, the world has seen too much in all ages. Yet we must not on that account despise these forms of truth, since without them no general knowledge is possible. Without general terms and maxims and abstractions,

abstractions, we can have no science, no speculation; hardly, indeed, consistent thought or the exercise of reason. The course of real knowledge is to obtain from thought and experience the right interpretation of our general terms, the real import of our maxims—the true generalizations which our abstractions involve.’—*Phil.* i. p. 242.

In such a spirit we may trust the philosopher, let him take what ground he will. The high *à priori* Pegasus, so curbed and guided, is a noble and generous steed who bounds over obstacles which confine the plain matter of fact roadster to tardier paths and a longer circuit. There is no denying to this philosophy, for one of its distinguishing characters, a *verve* and energy which a merely tentative and empirical one must draw from foreign sources, from a solemn and earnest feeling of duty and devotion, in its followers, and a firm reliance on the ultimate sufficiency of its resources to accomplish every purpose which Providence has destined it to attain.

The distinction between the primary and secondary qualities of bodies has given some trouble to metaphysicians. We are not quite sure that this distinction, as usually taken, is tenable. All sensible qualities of material objects, not excepting even their extension and figure, are manifestations, *by multitude*, of powers, arrangements, mechanisms, and movements, in particles individually imperceptible. We have not the shadow of a proof that the particles of bodies are extended. The contrary seems to us all but demonstrable—and if not, then are extension and figure merely dotted outlines which the mind, acting according to the law of continuity, fills up and unites. Primary qualities, therefore, can only be received by us as provisionally such (like the undecomposed elements in chemistry), while such as can be referred to a traceable mechanism ought assuredly not to be so considered. But these again may be advantageously subdivided according to the mode of their manifestation to our senses, and the line which Mr. Whewell has drawn, by classing under one head those which depend for their perception on the intervention of a medium between the bodies in which they originate and our organs of sensation, is at once natural, and convenient as a ground of classification. The idea or conception of a *medium*, therefore, is made by him the bases of those sciences, as acoustics, photology, and thermotics, which relate to such qualities.

On the other hand, there is a class of sciences in which the powers of matter, whether primary or derivative, manifest themselves in their action only incidentally on us as percipients, but immediately in the production of visible movements and modifications, permanent or transitory, of the material agents themselves. Such are those which relate to the intimate construction
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and mechanism of matter, and which, so far as yet developed by chemical, optical, and electrical research, all agree in bringing forward, in a more or less prominent form, that which Mr. Whewell has pitched upon as the 'fundamental idea' of these sciences: viz., *polarity*—or, as he abstracts and generalizes it (not finding it ready made in our minds), the conception of 'opposite properties in opposite positions.' Thus generalized, speculations on the ultimate identity of all the forms in which it occurs throughout nature appear no longer extravagant or fantastic, and can hardly even be considered premature, when, as in Mr. Whewell's chapter 'on the Connexion of Polarities,' we find these manifestations so closely linked, two by two, as to form an unbroken chain pervading all nature. Thus we have, first, magnetic brought into immediate relation with electrical polarities, by the great discoveries of Oersted and Ampere; electrical with chemical, by those of Davy and Faraday; chemical with crystallographical, by those of Haüy and Mitscherlich; and these, again, with optical polarities, by the striking experimental researches of Brewster, and the grand dynamical generalizations of Fresnel. We have certainly never seen the case so strikingly put. The main link in this wonderful chain of connexion—and, we may add too, a link inferior to none in the clearness and steadiness of thought and refinement of experiment, demanded for its establishment—is that supplied by the recent electro-chemical researches of Dr. Faraday, to whose transcendent merits as a philosopher we are delighted to find Mr. Whewell here, as on all occasions, doing full and cordial justice. Not a little pleased also are we to find him, in this chapter, dealing out equal justice, though of a very different kind (not, however, without a leaning to the side of mercy), to the ravings of Hegel and Schelling on the subject of magnetic and optical polarizations; thereby separating himself in the most decided manner from that exaggerated *à priori* school of metaphysical speculation which finds in 'the Absolute,' or in the proposition ' $A = A$,' the totality of all existence and all knowledge discovered or discoverable!

The fundamental ideas assumed for the philosophy of chemistry are 'affinity' in that sense in which it is understood by chemists, and 'element' as a modification of the idea of material 'substance'—the indestructibility of which is laid down as an axiom of universal, undisputed authority, on the somewhat singular ground (for an axiomatic proposition) of its *opposition* to the common course of our experience, and its apparently paradoxical air (vol. i. p. 391) when proposed. As we are quite sure that it is not Mr. Whewell's intention to maintain the necessary and eternal self-existence of matter, we would recommend him, in the

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next edition of his work, to modify the expressions in the passage alluded to, which go to place the idea of material substance in this respect on a par with those of space and number. The general notion of substance is applied to chemistry, by the additional axiom that a body is equal to the sum of its ponderable elements; which excludes the phlogistic theory, on the ground of its assuming a *negative* element, and gives occasion for the assertion, as a general maxim, that 'imponderable fluids are not to be admitted as chemical elements of bodies'—nay, that such fluids are to be regarded as incapable of being affected by mechanical impulse and pressure—which is in effect to deny them altogether the properties of matter (vol. i. p. 400, note). We are hardly prepared for so sweeping a conclusion, though we may admit that impulse and pressure must be conceived in a very refined way when dealing with such subtle agents.

The atomic doctrine is treated in this and the next book, 'On the Philosophy of Morphology,' as applied especially to crystallography, in which we find enunciated a principle whose importance is best felt on a contemplation of its utter neglect by all who have attempted to frame distinct conceptions of the intimate atomic structure of chemical compounds. The principle is this: 'that all hypotheses concerning the arrangement of the elementary atoms of bodies in space must be constructed with reference to the general facts of crystallization.' We cannot help believing that this principle will prove a fertile one, and that by admitting the *particles* of bodies to consist—not as has been done hitherto, by Dalton, Wollaston, and Ampere—of a few only, but of great multitudes—of thousands perhaps, or millions—of *atoms*; not only may the facts of crystallography be represented, but much light thrown on many obscure points in the theory of the absorption of light, the colours of bodies, and their power of conducting heat. The great stumbling block of the atomic chemistry—the occasional necessary subdivision of an 'atom'—would at once disappear under such a mode of considering ingredients.

The 'Philosophy of the Classificatory Sciences' is full of interest and instruction. The fundamental idea of resemblance traced into assemblages of items and adjuncts, variously associated and differing in degree in different kinds—the unity of object emerging from the multiplicity of such particulars—the substitution of type for definition, of central grouping for determining limit—the important office of terminology in such sciences, and the conditions under which terms must be applied 'so as to make general propositions possible' (an apophthegm which merits to be regarded as the axiom of systematic terminology)—are all admirably treated. Our limits leave no room but for a single and somewhat garbled

extract, where the conditions of our perception of an object as an individual are stated. And here we must observe, once for all, that Mr. Whewell, of all authors we have read, is perhaps the most difficult to *extract* briefly. The copiousness of his illustration and the point of his language are such that it is scarcely possible to draw a line, or to omit; we are led on from sentence to sentence, from image to image, from point to point—all adding to the general effect of the picture, and none capable of being sacrificed without real detriment. It is a flowing and embroidered robe, but which sits so well to the person that it will not bear to be trimmed or curtailed.

‘*Condition of unity.*—The primary and fundamental condition is, that we must be able to make intelligible assertions respecting the object, and to entertain that belief of which assertions are the exposition. A tree *grows*, *sheds* its leaves in autumn, and *buds* again in spring, *waves* in the wind, or *falls* before the storm. And to the tree belong all those parts which must be included in order that such declarations, and the thoughts that they convey, shall have a coherent and permanent meaning. . . . The permanent connexions which we observe—permanent among unconnected changes which affect the surrounding appearances—are what we bind together as belonging to one object. This permanence is the condition of our conceiving the object as one. . . . We may therefore express the condition of the unity of an object to be this:—that *assertions concerning the object shall be possible*; or rather, we should say, that the acts of belief which such assertions enunciate shall be possible.’

The application of this principle is wider than the domain of natural philosophy—it applies in literature, and especially to the unity of dramatic, nay, even of historical and national character; and will often serve as a criterion of truth in assertions relative to such characters.

The application of the axioms and principles of resemblance to natural history, with especial reference to mineralogy, finishes this volume. Our author here returns to the charge, in advocacy of the extension of mineralogy to the classification of chemical products and inorganic bodies in general, whether natural or artificial, by sensible qualities, and on some principle of graduated resemblance. Some of the widest and deepest questions, as he justly remarks, of the philosophy of classification are here brought under consideration. The most essential is, what we are to understand by individuals and species, where life and reproduction are absent. Mr. Whewell’s definition of a mineralogical individual is at least precise. It is ‘*that portion of any mineral substance which is determined by crystalline forces acting to the same axes*,’ a definition which applies, in the absence of all natural faces, and makes the individual co-extensive with the reasons which deter-

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mine it to be one body rather than another—*so far at least as crystalline polarities include those reasons.* As regards species, these must be determined, here as elsewhere, by the *predominant principle of the existence of the object*, and, the principle of reproduction being absent, the forces which make the individual permanent and its properties definite must stand in place of those which preserve the race where individuals are generated and die, and thus we are of necessity led to make the crystallization of bodies, on both grounds, the basis of arrangement, and in cases where, owing to pulverulence, or the liquid or gaseous state of a body, this character cannot be *observed*, it must be *concluded*, provisionally, from its chemical, electrical, or other habitudes. Mr. Whewell has certainly made out so strong a case for the admission of this new science on our list, that we earnestly desire to see the work of constructing it fairly undertaken, whatever denomination, whether External chemistry, Mineralogy, or the Natural history of inorganic bodies, may appear best suited to it.

In applying the fundamental idea of resemblance to natural history, we are of course led to the consideration of natural families; of their object in nature, as means to an end, or whatever else we may interpret as the *philosophical import* of such families; and of the criteria by which, among positive arbitrary arrangements, such families may be recognized. These last are of the utmost importance, and they resolve themselves into one which is, in fact, the criterion of all true induction, viz., what Mr. Whewell terms 'the consilience of inductions.' 'The maxim,' he says, 'by which all systems, professing to be natural, must be tested is this, that the arrangement obtained from one set of characters coincides with the arrangement obtained from another set.' That such families do exist among animals and vegetables is not a matter which can now be called in doubt—but the part they play in nature is no way to be understood without reference to a deeper and more mysterious philosophy—the Philosophy of Life and of Final Cause. These, accordingly, form the subjects of Mr. Whewell's consideration in the next or ninth book.

That the idea of Life, of which we are all conscious, should be so obscure as to render it even in a high degree difficult to say in what *life* consists, may well seem strange; but the wonder vanishes if we reflect that it is only of our bodily sensations and mental acts that we have that consciousness which makes them objects of direct attention. Of the principle of life within us, and the means by which the nourishment and action of our organs are maintained—nay, even of most of the functions they are continually performing—we have absolutely no consciousness whatever—the whole process going on without our knowledge and without the

concurrence of our will. There is a profound mystery cast about the whole subject, which all attempts to explain by mere reference to chemical affinities and changes on the one hand, or to mechanical movements of particles on the other, have utterly and miserably failed. The notion of a vital fluid, conducted along the nerves and consumed or changed in its operation on the organs, offered a better promise. Electrical action *is* so communicated, and *does*, to a certain extent, produce effects simulating some of the manifestations of life. But however abstract our conception of such transferable agent, the question still arises, whence the supply, and whence the organization by which it is conveyed and acts at its point of destination. Mr. Whewell seems disposed to lean to the conception of an *animal soul*, or ultra-material agent—(to which we know not why he should have hesitated in applying the word *life*, in its simplicity, and as applicable alike to plants and animals)—a ‘soul,’ however, from which all the higher attributes which that term involves are utterly and carefully excluded. The *psychical* theory (which is as old as Aristotle), he observes—

‘not only gives unity to the living body, but marks more clearly than any other the wide interval which separates mechanical and chemical from vital action, and fixes our attention upon the new powers which the consideration of life compels us to assume. It not only reminds us that these powers are elevated above the known laws of the material world, but also that they are closely connected with the world of thought and feeling, with will and reason. . . . The psychical school are mainly right in this, that, in ascribing the functions of life to a soul, they mark strongly and justly the impossibility of ascribing them to any known attributes of body.’—*Phil.* ii. 29.

We pass over the various definitions which have been given of *life*—the attempts which have been made, with more or less success, to break up the general conception of it into an assemblage of separate (and possibly independent) ones of vital forces or powers—nay, even the curious and interesting speculations of Mr. Whewell on that marvellous subject, *animal instinct*—to extract some passages from his chapter on Final Causes, which (albeit our limits begin to press) appear to us indispensable to conveying a fit impression of that earnest yet right-minded, that strong and solemn yet sober feeling with which our author contemplates and powerfully induces and persuades his reader to contemplate all those dispositions, intellectual and material, which tend to lead the mind from the frame of nature to its Eternal Author. The argument of design has never been more pointedly, more irresistibly urged than in this chapter—and that chiefly from being made to rest on its main point of strength—*organization* as distinct from *law*. ‘An organized product,’ says Kant, ‘is that in which all
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the parts are mutually ends and means,' and it is therefore not without reason that the idea of final cause is here introduced in an especial manner:—

'It has been objected that the doctrine of final causes supposes us acquainted with the intentions of the Creator, which, it is insinuated, is a most presumptuous and irrational basis for our reasonings. But there can be nothing presumptuous or irrational in reasoning on that basis which, if we reject, we cannot reason at all. If men really can discern and cannot help discerning a design in certain portions of the works of creation, this perception is the soundest and most satisfactory ground for the convictions to which it leads. The ideas which we necessarily employ in the contemplation of the world around us afford us the only natural means of forming any conception of the Creator and Governor of the universe, and if we are by such means enabled to elevate our thoughts, however inadequately, towards Him, where is the presumption of doing so? or rather, where is the wisdom of refusing to open our minds to contemplations so animating and elevating and yet so entirely convincing? The assertion appears to be quite unfounded that, as science advances from point to point, final causes recede before it and disappear one after the other. . . . We are rather by the discovery of the general laws of nature led into a scene of wider design, of deeper contrivance, of more comprehensive adjustments. Final causes, if they appear driven further from us by such an extension of our views, embrace us only with a vaster and more majestic circuit: instead of a few threads connecting some detached objects, they become a stupendous network which is wound round and round the universal frame of things.'—*Phil. ii. 92 et seq.*

On these extracts, and on the whole of this admirable chapter, we shall only add one remark. Cause, design, and motive are, as we conceive them, abstractions drawn from observed analogies of which our own personal and conscious experience supplies the chief materials. It is by these primordial analogies that we are led upward from creation to Creator, and animated by the prospects of our own immortal destiny. And these are precisely the analogies which, by the original constitution of our minds, we seize and generalize with the strongest impulse and fullest reliance. In such a constitution, no less than in our physical organization, we trace *design*, but a design as much loftier in its ends as our minds excel our bodies in worth and dignity—and pointing, as its origin, to a *motive* of which whatever is good and great in humanity is only a dim and feeble adumbration.

In the 'Philosophy of Palætiology,' Mr. Whewell pushes on his frontier to the verge of all that is dark, awful, and overwhelming in antiquity. Every trifling pedantry and consecrated puerility of grammar and history, the tales of senachies, and the dreams of cosmogonists, shrink and die away before the profound and solemn but shadowy images which this subject calls up; as
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the light Nymphs of fountains, and Dryads of the woods, before the fabled throne of ancient Night and Demogorgon. Yet the darkness which rests on that vanishing point to which every line, though broken, converges, is far different from the gloom of elder and despairing mythology—it is the palpitating reaction of an effulgence ineffable and intolerable, before which our gaze is sealed and our faculties prostrated. We will not injure the effect of this book by extracts.

The remaining books of this Philosophy, constituting its second part, treat of *knowledge*—of the construction of science. To this all that has gone before is, properly speaking, subordinate and preparatory—in that sense, however, in which the base of a pyramid is subordinate and preparatory to its apex. Whatever be the origin of our fundamental ideas, and whatever the nature of the faculty by which we frame out of them ideal conceptions applicable to the explanation or connecting of phænomena, it is clear that, possessing such ideas, and the faculty of framing such conceptions, every step in our *knowledge* must consist in bringing them to bear upon facts, and binding together the latter in ideal connexion by means of them. Those processes, therefore, by which the ideas appropriate to particular classes of facts are brought into view and rendered more clear, and by which conceptions involving such ideas are made to fit and bind together the facts more closely, are those by which *science* is constructed. The former of these Mr. Whewell terms the explication of conceptions, the latter the colligation of facts: terms which strike us as particularly neat and well chosen, and which will doubtless henceforward become part of the fixed nomenclature of the subject. To the former belong almost all scientific controversies and discussions, which are thus seen to be anything but vexatious and injurious (as often thought) to the true interests of science, however too often fatal to the happiness of the disputants. They are the struggles by which thinking men emerge from darkness into day, and in trying to convert or confute their adversaries get to understand themselves. All battle, it has been well remarked, is misunderstanding, and all victory *terminating in permanent conquest* has been said to have right in some form or other on its side. The latter maxim, though we deem it profoundly false in history and politics, if permanence mean anything short of eternal, is yet certain in science. When controversy terminates, the defeated party is not suppressed, but extinguished. The inconsistency of its tenets becomes ‘unfolded into self-contradiction,’ and they are thenceforward regarded ‘not only as false, but as inconceivable.’

The battle, as Mr. Whewell justly observes, is often one of definitions—

definitions—for these are not, as is too commonly supposed, arbitrary. On the contrary, in science their office is to embody in precise terms the very conception which is to serve as a key to the whole subject. Hence a definition is always followed by a proposition of more or less generality dependent on it for its truth, and which expresses the manner in which many facts are intelligibly bound together by the conception it involves. In geometry, for example, the definition of a straight line is immediately followed by the axiom that two such lines cannot include a space; on which all geometrical truth depends. 'In many cases, perhaps in most, the proposition which contains a scientific truth is apprehended with confidence, but with some vagueness and vacillation, before it is put in a positive, distinct, and definite form.' Definition is here of essential service by compelling the propounder to give clearness and body to whatever was shadowy and indefinite in his conception. Still, in this shadowy state, it must exist, in the mind of him who first perceives that facts *can* be so availably connected. The sagacity of him who frames a sound and pregnant definition must be preceded by the equal, or superior, sagacity of those who, from the assemblage of facts, are led to perceive what are the ideas and what the nature of their modifications which the definition ought to embody.

The ideas must be appropriate to the facts; but in discerning what ideas *are* appropriate lies one of the difficulties of inductive discovery—in modifying them into a suitable conception another, and usually a far greater. For these processes no rules can be given, nor does Mr. Whewell attempt it. In the analysis which he gives of the inductive process into three steps, which he describes as '*the selection of the idea, the construction of the conception, and the determination of the magnitude,*' he says, 'no general method of evolving such ideas can be given: such events appear to result from a peculiar sagacity and felicity of mind—never without labour—never without preparation; yet with no constant dependence upon preparation, upon labour, or even entirely upon personal endowments.' (vol. ii. p. 553.)

The true *idea*, it is to be observed, in Mr. Whewell's sense of the word, often presents itself almost spontaneously. Accident, by throwing before the most careless observer a 'glaring instance,' or vulgar experience of the mutual dependence of phenomena, has, in innumerable cases, done for us this part of the work. Reference of facts to the right fundamental idea generally takes place in what Mr. Whewell calls the prelude of an inductive epoch. One age proposes a problem in terms referring facts to a right principle—a subsequent age resolves it by applying the principle according to a right conception. This step is always
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the result of sagacity, labour, and intimate acquaintance with the subject. The other may, but this can never be accidental.

Let us now consider the colligation of facts. All facts, as we have seen, are theories—all true theories, facts, according to the position from which we contemplate them. Sensations (mental as well as bodily) inductively bound together, make *things* and (as we conceive the matter) *ideas*; things and ideas, *facts*; facts and ideas, theories or *general facts*; and so on. In binding together our fagot of facts, therefore, it is impossible to exclude from them ideas—they form an essential part of the bundle; indeed the most essential of all, for its strength and coherence depend upon them. It is not, however, a collection, but an assortment that we aim at making. Our facts therefore have to be examined and *decomposed* so as to bring into view the elementary ideas which they involve, with a view to the exclusion, or at least disregard, of all which are unsusceptible of scientific precision or otherwise inappropriate to inductive inquiry. Of the latter class are all which refer to emotions of wonder or terror, to passion or interest. Science is essentially abstract, passionless, and disinterested. Results are to be accepted for their truth alone; joy and fear have no part in their approval or disapproval; and the facts on which it depends must be selected in this view of its character; the precise, the abstract, and the measurable, being the grounds of their selection.

Hypotheses must of all things be framed—not loose and incapable of being exactly tested by following them into consequences, like those which Newton proscribed in his celebrated ‘*hypotheses non fingo*,’—but such as can be so tested by reference to number, time, quantity, &c.; such as refer rather to modes of action of known causes than to the assumption of unknown—or (if that be necessary) which point out an intelligible and traceable line of connexion between the cause assumed and the results observed. Our facts may be homogeneous and well assorted—nay, they may have an obvious disposition to lie side by side and fit well together, yet be incoherent for want of the bond which is to unite them. For this we have to search, and the search consists in framing hypotheses and testing them by their legitimate results. Kepler constructed no less than nineteen for representing the apparent motion of Mars, before that of an elliptic orbit about the sun suggested itself to his mind—which proved the true one and the simplest of them all.

The rule of referring phenomena to known rather than to unknown causes (which is what Newton meant by his *vera causa*), is no doubt a good one. Like a new element in chemistry, a new *cause* must not be resorted to till all known causes are proved

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at fault. Nevertheless, seeing, as we do in the actual state of science, far beneath the surface of things, having acquired as it were new senses in the powerful agents we employ, new causes *may* work their way into evidence—may mark their peculiarities in so many lines of inquiry, as to render it impossible not to admit them into the list of *true* causes, or those which are understood among philosophers to be available for explanation. The rule of the *vera causa* Mr. Whewell, as we understand him, very justly limits in its acceptation to this sense, and with equal justice and force of argument combats that dry and unsatisfactory philosophy which declares *laws*, not causes, to be the legitimate objects of human research. To proscribe the inquiry into causes is to annihilate science under shelter of 'that barren caution which hopes for truth without daring to venture in quest of it.'

It is of great moment to distinguish the characters of a sound induction. One of them is its ready identification with our conceptions of facts, so as to make itself a part of them, to engraft itself into language, and by no subsequent effort of the mind to be got rid of. The leading term of a true theory once pronounced, we cannot fall back even in thought to that helpless state of doubt and bewilderment in which we gazed on the facts before. The general proposition is more than a sum of the particulars. Our dots are filled in and connected by an ideal outline which we pursue even beyond their limits,—assign it a name, and speak of it as a *thing*. In all our propositions this *new thing* is referred to, the elements of which it is formed forgotten; and thus we arrive at an inductive formula; a general, perhaps a universal, proposition.

Another character of sound inductions is that they enable us to predict. We feel secure that our rule is based on the realities of nature, when it stands us in the stead of more experience; when it embodies facts as an experience wider than our own would do, and in a way that our ordinary experience would never reach; when it will bear not stress, but torture, and gives true results in cases studiously different from those which led to its discovery. The theories of Newton and Fresnel are full of such cases. In the latter, indeed, this test is carried to such an extreme, that *theory* has actually remanded back *experiment* to read her lesson anew, and convicted her of blindness and error. It has informed her of facts so strange as to appear to her impossible, and showed her all the singularities she would observe in critical cases she never dreamed of trying.

Another character, which is exemplified only in the greatest theories, is the *consilience of inductions*, where many and widely different lines of experience spring together into one theory which

which explains them all, and that in a more simple manner than seemed to be required for either separately. Thus in the infinitely varied phenomena of physical astronomy, when all are discussed and all explained, we hear from all quarters the consentaneous echoes of but one word, GRAVITATION. And so in optics—each of its endless classes of complex and splendid phenomena being interpreted by its own conception—when these conceptions are assembled and compared, they all turn out to be translations into their peculiar language of the single phrase TRANSVERSE UNDULATION. Mr. Whewell has given us, as examples of the ‘logic of induction,’ what he terms ‘inductive tables’ of each of these noble generalizations, which form not the least interesting feature of the work—enabling us, as they do, to trace, as in a map, the separate rills of discovery flowing at first each in its own narrow basin, thence confluent into important streams, which, uniting at length into one grand river, bear downwards to an ocean of truth beyond our tracing.

The theory of the construction of science being thus reduced to an analysis of these three processes—the decomposition of phenomena, the explication of conceptions, and the colligation of facts—the important question of course arises, how far the theory avails us in the practice; what progress it enables us to make to an *art of discovery*? and if, as Mr. Whewell acknowledges, such an art be, strictly speaking, impossible, what benefit do we derive from thus breaking up and reviewing its principles? The reply is clear: whatever we do, it is desirable at least to know fully *what is to be done*, and to be familiar with every facility and every method by which particular parts of the process have been ascertained to be materially aided or shortened. Thus the measurement of phenomena being an essential part of the process by which facts are rendered precise and strictly comparable with theories, *methods of observation* come to be considered with a view to the detection of general causes of error, the means of obviating them, and the establishment of maxims and habits which shall afford the inexperienced observer the benefit of his predecessor’s failures and successes. An art of observation at least is possible, though an art of invention is not. Again—the research of causes is of necessity preceded by that of laws, which to be useful as tests of hypotheses must be quantitative, and involve precise numerical data. In the discovery of these much trouble may be saved, and much clearer insight gained, by regular systematic methods of grouping and combining observations. Four such methods are laid down by Mr. Whewell in his chapter on this subject—those ‘of curves,’ ‘of means,’ ‘of least squares,’ and ‘of residues.’ Of these, the method of *curves* depends on the very principle on which

which we have metaphorically explained the nature of inductive generalization itself, the power which the mind possesses of connecting a series of dots by a continuous outline—in virtue of which it has the especial and invaluable quality of detecting and eliminating casual errors. Mr. Whewell has exhibited the principle of this very powerful method with much clearness, and carefully traced the limits of its applicability. We may add, too, that nowhere will be found more beautiful instances of its systematic application than in his own elaborate and most successful researches on the tides. The methods of *means* and of *least squares*, which are properly one and the same, depend on the laws of probability—a subject which we are somewhat surprised to find slightly, or not at all, alluded to in any part of these works. That of *residues* is susceptible of far wider than mere quantitative application, and is in fact one of the most fertile and certain means of discovery that we possess.

A very large space is devoted by Mr. Whewell to a 'review of opinions on the nature of knowledge, and the methods of seeking it,' from Plato and Aristotle downwards. It is curious to observe the grand antithesis between an ideal and an empirical philosophy propagating itself onwards from these great masters to the present day, with little or no approach to a decision. Mr. Whewell, in the work before us, gives a masterly specimen of what may be done to make Platonism a solid and compact body of philosophy, while the views we have attempted to advocate (we are but too conscious how inadequately) are fundamentally Aristotelian, strange as it may seem to find the Stagyrice, of all philosophers, figuring as the father of induction.

Among the 'innovators of the middle ages' brought into especial notice by Mr. Whewell in this review, Roger Bacon claims the first rank—a rank scarcely, if at all, inferior to that which the universal suffrage of posterity has vindicated to his great namesake Francis. The way in which he 'sticks fiery off' from the general darkness of his era is indeed something marvellous; nor is the marvel diminished when we come to compare his ideas, as delivered in the '*Opus Majus*,' with those of his illustrious successor, in the '*Novum Organum*.' The resemblance indeed is so close as to be more than a mere resemblance—it is all but identity. When reading his exposition of the four general causes of human ignorance, his animated and impatient recalcitration against the authority of Aristotle (as then understood, or rather misunderstood, but at all events supreme in the schools), and his urgent and eloquent recommendation of mathematics and experiment, as the only true roads to knowledge, we fancy ourselves transported over the broad gulph of four

four centuries, and communing with the spirit of the great reformer. In one respect he far surpassed his successor, having been quite as remarkable for successful research in the practice of physical and experimental inquiry as the latter was unfortunate in every attempt to apply his principles to practice.

But science, as a body, has its aids and modes of progress, which may be considered in general, and without reference to the ways in which it may be advanced in detail. In this, as in many other cases, the whole may be advantageously considered as something different from the sum of its parts. The great value and importance of scientific truths as conducive not only to the physical, but, as we firmly believe, to the moral well-being of man, justifies us in regarding it as *a duty inseparable from our claim to civilization, to push forward the frontier of sound and well-established knowledge in every possible direction and by every form of individual and national effort*. Herein we conceive to consist one of those grave responsibilities consequent on acquisitions made, and powers ascertained, which we have alluded to in the commencement of this article. Already the public mind is beginning to be awakened to the sense of these responsibilities, nor was there ever a period in the history of mankind in which the sober and well-weighed judgments of men earnest in the cause, and competent to the task of suggestion, were listened to with more deference, and acted on with more readiness and sequence. We feel therefore grateful, and listen with doubly-excited attention, when one who has shown himself in so decided a manner and on so many occasions a leader in the van of Science, and whose influential position in one of our great Universities enables him to carry out into practice his own suggestions in a field where they are sure to be productive of immediate effect, places before us the results of his thought and experience on the subject of intellectual education as a means of securing the spread and general reception of clear scientific ideas. 'The period,' he says, in a short but important chapter on this subject, which we most earnestly recommend to the attentive perusal of all who have anything to do with public education,

'appears now to be arrived when we may venture, or rather when we are bound to endeavour, to include a new class of fundamental ideas in the elementary discipline of the human intellect. This is indispensable if we wish to educe the powers which we know it possesses, and to enrich it with the wealth which lies within its reach.'—*Phil.*, vol. ii. p. 512.

The ideas to which Mr. Whewell especially alludes in this passage, in addition to those of space and number, which form the basis of a purely mathematical discipline, are those of *force* and

and *definite resemblance*, as the grounds of instruction in the principles of mechanics and natural history—the latter more especially being introduced as a corrective, and, we must say, as appears to us, a very valuable one, of those habits of thought and reasoning from mere definitions and axioms which a too extensive attention to mathematics is sure to generate. The lessons afforded by this study, he says,

‘are of the highest value with regard to all employments of the human mind; for the mode in which words in common use acquire their meaning approaches far more nearly to the *method of type* than to the method of definition. The terms which belong to our practical concerns, or to our spontaneous and unscientific speculations, are rarely capable of exact definition. They have been devised in order to express assertions often very important, yet very vaguely conceived, and the signification of the word is extended as far as the assertion conveyed by it can be extended by apparent connexion and analogy.’—*Phil.*, vol. ii. p. 518.

In Mr. Whewell’s recommendation also of ‘a continued and connected system of observation and calculation,’ imitating the system which has been found so efficacious in astronomy, and extended to other branches of science, we cordially join. Such a system is commenced on a scale worthy of our nation in the magnetic and meteorological observations recently set on foot by the British Government and the East India Company, and though only intended in their origin for a temporary purpose, we entertain little doubt that the results they will furnish will prove of such importance as to induce their continuance.

The great length to which this article has extended prevents our giving any account, as we had originally intended, of a highly elaborate dissertation on the language of science, *i. e.*, on nomenclature and terminology, which, under the form of *aphorisms, illustrated and explained*, Mr. Whewell has prefixed to his *Philosophy*: the more so as the subject itself, though important, being far from inviting, and the pages assigned to it being kept as it were in a perfect foam of unpronounceable Greek, Latin, and German technical terms, it is not unlikely to be passed over by readers anxious to become acquainted with the substantial matter of the work. It is full, however, of valuable instruction, the great need of which, arising from the absence of general and distinct views on the subject among those who invent and use new terms, is much to be deplored. The *ultimatum* of unintelligible and unmanageable nomenclature, however, seems at length to have been reached, since we can hardly conceive it possible in those respects to go beyond the system lately adopted by the French chemists for the designation of organic compounds.

Of the style of Mr. Whewell’s work it may be expected that
we

we should say something, the extracts above given having been selected rather with a view to their matter than their manner. Its chief characters are a remarkable occasional point and felicity of expression, and the almost systematic adoption, as a mode of illustration, of a great assemblage and variety of metaphorical allusion, much greater indeed than we should like to see adopted by an author less thoroughly imbued with his own meaning, and less capable of curbing the exuberance of a lively fancy into an entire subordination to his reason. We say systematic—for we have no doubt that it is intentional; and the object, moreover, is attained; the convergence of illustrations from so many different quarters rendering it perfectly impossible to mistake the point to which they are directed. Among our author's various and brilliant accomplishments not one of the least remarkable is his poetical talent, of which we have specimens in the mottoes prefixed to the several books of his '*History*,' and in the following perfect little *bijou* from Goëthe, with which, as with a sweetener after such a dose of bitter metaphysic as we have been forced to inflict upon our readers, we shall endeavour to win them back to smiles and good humour:—

'Thou, my love, art perplexed with the endless seeming confusion
Of the luxuriant wealth which in the garden is spread.
Name upon name thou hearest; and, in thy dissatisfied hearing,
With a barbarian noise one drives another along:—
All the forms resemble, yet none is the same as another.
Thus the whole of the throng points at a deep-hidden law,—
Points at a sacred riddle. Oh! could I to thee, my beloved friend,
Whisper the fortunate word by which the riddle is read!'

- ART. VII.—1. *An Essay on Free Trade; its absolute Value in Theory; its relative Value in Practice; Error and Consequences of its Application to the Corn Laws.* By F. C. London, 1841. pp. 155.
2. *The Common Sense View of the Sugar Question; addressed to all Classes and Parties.* pp. 16.
3. *Statements illustrative of the Policy and probable Consequences of the proposed Repeal of the existing Corn Laws, and the Imposition in their stead of a Moderate Fixed Duty on Foreign Corn.* By J. R. M'Culloch, Esq. Longman, pp. 38.
4. *The Factor, the Miller, and the Baker get more than the Farmer and ten times more than the Landlord out of the Loaf.*
—A few

—*A few Facts on the Corn Laws defending the Agricultural Interests.* Richardson. pp. 32.

5. *The Speeches of Lord J. Russell, 7th May,—the Right Honourable Henry Labouchere, 10th May,—of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, 17th May,—and of Viscount Palmerston, 19th May.* Ridgway. pp. 15, 12, 26, 23.
6. *The Speech of Sir Robert Peel on the Ministerial Budget, 18th May.* Murray. pp. 29.
7. *Letter from Lord Western to Lord John Russell on his proposed Alteration of the Corn Laws, and on the Causes of Commercial Distress.* Ridgway. 1841. pp. 53.

THE adage, *Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat*, has become popular, because it affords a charitable way of accounting for that large class of sinful outrages for which the ordinary infirmities of human nature afford no adequate motive or palliation; and, in this sense, we do not wonder that it should have been frequently applied to the recent conduct of her Majesty's ministers. But in truth the converse of the proposition would be more applicable to the present case. The ministry has not been endangered by losing their senses, but they have lost their senses, or at least act as if they had lost them, from feeling the imminence of their danger; and the measures which look at first sight like mere insanity, are really the fermentation of distress, disappointment, and despair. The ministers are like—or rather, in fact, they are—people holding an illegal possession: barricaded in their false position, they disregard all the usual and legal notices to quit; and when at length they find themselves on the point of being ejected, they have recourse to external violence, and—utterly careless in their fury of the mischief they may do to neighbours—would rather set fire to the house than deliver it to the peaceable possession of their opponents.

We have always been slow—even in spite of the most urgent symptoms—to believe that any minister can mean either wanton or deliberate mischief; and our readers will do us the justice to recollect that, ever since the first enormous folly of the Reform Bill, we have been disposed to lay the blame of the successive errors which we have had to deplore rather on the fatal influences of that measure, than on any individual culpability of the successive ministers. We have said of their worst measures, that '*their poverty and not their will consented.*' They were forced, in order to keep their places, to compliances of which we are satisfied that they—some of the most eminent at least—felt the personal degradation and saw the political danger; and though we are not inclined to palliate the culpability in any case of sacrificing one jot of opinion or of dignity to the
mere

mere love of office, yet we admit that the ministers who carried the Reform Bill might very excusably have thought it a duty to their party, and still more to their principles, to endeavour to show that their great measure was not an utter failure; that England was *governable* under that bill; and that the authors were justifiable—beyond what a ministry would be in ordinary circumstances—in endeavouring to keep the progress of that great experiment in their own hands. We even made large allowances for the difficulties of their position when they successively failed to execute what they had promised, or when they abandoned measures which they had introduced and declared to be indispensable. We allowed them the benefit of the old Whig axiom, that parties are like snakes, of which it is the *tail* that moves the *head*.*

But all such apologies and palliatives for an undue tenacity of office have been long worn out. The Reform ministry has ceased to exist: the most eminent of its members—those particularly to whom it owed most of its respectability, and all its popularity—have gradually disappeared, and their Whig vacancies in the cabinet have been so frequently *darned* with Radicals—as Sir John Cutler's silk stockings with worsted—that it is now composed altogether of the inferior material. Citizen Vergniaud discovered too late that it is the nature of a Revolution to devour, like Saturn, its own children. The *Revolution*, as Lord John Russell has called it, of 1832, is no exception to the rule; and Lord John himself will find, notwithstanding the '*flattering speeches*' and '*intoxicating draughts*' with which he endeavours to conciliate the favour of the *monster*, his only reward will be to be devoured a little later.

Οὐτὶν ἐγὼ πύματον ἔδομαι μετὰ οἷς ἐτάροισι,
Τέσδ' ἄλλες πρόσθεν τούδε τοὶ ξεινήιον ἔσται!

Let it be remembered that the Reform cabinet consisted of

Lord Grey,
Lord Brougham,
Lord Spencer,
The Duke of Richmond,
Lord Carlisle,
Lord Ripon,
Lord Durham,
Lord Holland,
Lord Auckland,
Lord Glenelg,
Sir James Graham,
Lord Stanley,

Lord Lansdowne,
Lord Melbourne,
Lord Palmerston,
Lord John Russell.

* See Lord John Russell's '*History of Europe*,' vol. ii. p. 461. 4th edition.

Of these sixteen ministers, and four others—Lords Montea-
gle, Sydenham, and Howick, and Mr. Ellice—who have since *walked*
across the stage, no less than *fifteen* (Lord Holland only dying
a natural death) have been, in various ways (which it is not
within our present object to detail), successively *eliminated* from
a cabinet which still professes to stand on the same basis, and to
act on the same principles, as when originally formed by those
whom it has thus expelled from its councils.

Is not this a most remarkable fact—unparalleled, indeed, in
our history, and worthy of deep consideration, as to the practical
workings of the *new Constitution*—that a cabinet so closely com-
bined, so powerfully supported, so successful in the great object of
their original policy—with the favour of the Crown and the cry
of the people—should have been thus broken to pieces, without
any hostile shock, without any pressure from political opponents,
without so much as any avowed motive or tangible cause of dif-
ference (except only in the case of Lord Stanley and his friends);—
and more surprising still, that when the most eminent in talents,
station, and public confidence, were thus successively *shelved*, the
RUMP should have constituted itself a ministry, and continued for
six years to manage, however weakly and awkwardly, the busi-
ness of the country?

All this would have appeared ten years ago monstrous, in-
credible, impossible; but the fact is notorious to every eye; and
though the causes of this phenomenon, and their influences on
our present anomalous condition, are not quite so obvious, they
are equally certain. The Reform Bill has altered the practical
constitution of the country—the governing power has changed
hands. A seat in such a cabinet as Lord Melbourne's requires
neither talents, nor station, nor stake in the country, nor political
connexion, nor public confidence. If his ministry comprises any
portion of such qualities, it is because it happens to include
some men formed in better days; but they are accidental and
superfluous. All that is essential is, that the leading minister
should be able to keep friends with the Papists, Sectarians, and
Republicans, composing that indefatigable party that have been for
two centuries—in a great variety of forms, but with one constant
spirit—the rancorous enemies of the Crown and the Church.
As long as Lord Melbourne's elasticity of conscience could accom-
modate itself to this party, while it avoided any violent aggression
on other and greater public interests, his post was tenable. The
Conservative party—that is, the Property, the Rank, the Educa-
tion, the Established Religion of the country—will, for their own
sakes, enable the administration to do all that is necessary for the
routine service of the country. It only opposes them in those

measures which are dictated by their Sectarian and Radical supporters, and on which, when it does not immediately shake their tenure of office, the ministers have no great objection to be defeated; for the defeat quiets whatever slight qualms of constitutional conscience they may feel, while it strengthens them with their party, by exciting a still greater virulence against their common enemy—the Tory!

This is the real condition and tenure of the present cabinet. The long senatorial services and distinguished qualities of Lord Grey—the vast knowledge, eloquence, and energies of Lord Brougham—the solid and brilliant powers of Lord Stanley in council and in debate—the personal confidence inspired by Lord Spencer—the sharp and adventurous intellect of Lord Durham—Sir James Graham's practical usefulness both in office and in the House—Lord Ripon's long and extensive experience in public affairs—the Duke of Richmond's love and aptitude for business—all these talents and qualities—of various kinds and different degrees, but all of a high order—were, within a short period, lopped off from the Reform cabinet, without leaving so much as a scar behind—without the loss, we believe, of a single inferior follower—without, we are satisfied, the slightest diminution of confidence in the party from which that ministry really derived its power. Nay, we believe that the removal of most of these eminent persons—who, as clever men will do, chose sometimes to have opinions of their own, and would not always submit to the dictation of obscure demagogues and intrusive prompters—produced homogeneity and uniformity in the administration—and gave satisfaction, because it gave additional authority, to the cabal of underlings—the real governing power, for whose secret purposes the *vicarious* cabinet is suffered, and none but a vicarious cabinet would be suffered, to exist: and we further believe that if Lord Melbourne were to be juggled out of office tomorrow, as Lord Grey was six years since, it would not lose the ministry one vote in the House of Commons, nor one partisan in the country: on the contrary, if it had taken place six weeks ago, before his Lordship had sung his palinode upon corn, and done homage before the Anti-Corn-Law League, it had been received as gladly as Lord Howick's resignation last year, and would have even helped to strengthen the *polypus* cabinet, which seems to thrive on amputation, and can survive the loss of its members—of its head, and of everything—but its tail.

Such being the condition and character of the ministry, it may seem superfluous to consider their late proceedings in any other light than as a mere party trick, probably suggested by the clique who are viceroys over them, and played off by them more in the hope

hope of embarrassing their antagonists than of relieving themselves, and without the slightest idea that the measures either could pass, or, if passed, could produce anything like the financial effect required by the exigencies of the crisis. But as it is a part of the manœuvre to endeavour to persuade the people that the *Budget* was founded on a *deliberate* and *bonâ fide* system of commerce and finance, we think it our duty to unmask the fallacy of the arguments on which it is defended, as well as the fraud of the pretences under which it was proposed.

In the first place it has been confidently, nay, indignantly, denied that ministers produced their Budget '*on the spur of the moment.*' (Lord John Russell's Speech, p. 2.) We should of course have implicit confidence in any personal assertion of Lord John's, but we cannot, we confess, be so satisfied with a rhetorical metaphor—of which we are not sure that we rightly understand the meaning. We must therefore say that we believe, and think we can show, that the budget, as announced, formed no part of the original financial scheme of the year, and that, if the ministers had not suffered such a succession of mortifications and defeats, their budget would probably have been of a very different character.

We do not deny—on the contrary we are well aware—that the principle of a *further* modification of the tariff of import duties had been under consideration—not of this ministry alone, but of every ministry since 1825, and not of ministries only, but of many individual writers, and of the public at large. Last session there was appointed a committee of the House of Commons to inquire into this matter: it was indeed a one-sided committee, and made a one-sided report of evidence carefully selected and classed with one-sided views, and at utter variance with the assurance given to the House of Commons by the mover, at the time of the appointment of the committee. This report was made the subject of an article in the *Edinburgh Review* of last January, attributed to two *official* pens, strongly recommending the abrogation of all protecting duties, and the revision of all others, with the same promises on which the Post-Office experiment was recommended—but we hope on better data—that a great decrease of duty would infallibly produce a great increase of revenue. We can therefore have no doubt that the Cabinet—which, as well by the individual opinions of its own members as by those of some of their leading supporters in the House of Commons, would be inclined to what is called the free-trade system—may have had the subject under general consideration; but we have every reason to believe that they had *not* come to any fixed resolution, and, above all, not to the determination of making their experiment on the three special items of sugar, timber, and *corn*, and in the extraordinary form of

a *budget*, until—defeated during the whole session on every proposition in which they had not the countenance and aid of Sir Robert Peel—not venturing to propose any measure at all adequate to the financial emergency they had created, and, indeed, feeling their official seats slipping from under them—they determined to make a desperate plunge, which might, they hoped, create such an agitation in the manufacturing districts as would enable them either to rally and recover their small and wavering majority, or to try a general election with a popular cry, or, finally, if everything else should fail, to embarrass their successors, and lay the foundation of a new system of opposition in which all the prejudices and passions of the populace should be brought into direct action against all the great classes of property.

Such we are sorry to believe to be the real history of this budget, and this belief is forced upon us not merely by the *primâ facie* evidence of time and circumstances, but by some other, not so obvious but nearly as important, indications. In the first place, the official essay in the Edinburgh Review points rather to a general *inquiry* into the subject of tariffs than to the possibility of any immediate or sudden experiment on any two or three articles. In much of what is said in that essay we concur—on some points we doubt—on others we should be decidedly adverse; but all, we admit, were deserving calm and deliberate consideration—and that is all the paper advocates: it even concludes with these words:—

‘In the course of the above remarks we have not said a word that has reference to party. Let Mr. M’Gregor’s plan [Mr. M’Gregor is one of the secretaries of the Board of Trade] of a tariff be referred to a select committee of the House of Commons, and let Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, Lord Sandon, and Mr. Herries, be appointed members of the committee. The reform of the poor-laws was a more difficult task than the proposed reform of the custom duties, but the main difficulties were overcome by submitting it to the *investigation and judgment of the leading men of both parties*, and so, in all probability, would be the case with regard to the so strongly called for reform of our economical legislation.’—*Ed. Rev.* vol. lxxii. p. 455.

Does this proposal for ‘*consideration*,’ for ‘*investigation*,’ for *inquiry* before a select committee—of which Sir R. Peel and Sir James Graham, Lord Sandon and Mr. Herries, should be members—into the general state of the whole customs tariff, including *eleven hundred and fifty* items, give any idea of such a thunder-clap legislation on the three items of sugar, timber, and *corn*, as was announced the night after Lord Morpeth’s bill was defeated?

This *article*, be it further observed, was published just at the opening of the session, when ministers must have been fully aware

aware of their financial difficulties, and when they were, or at least ought to have been, already prepared with the means of meeting them—means which, whatever else they might be, could certainly not have awaited the result of a *select committee of inquiry* on the reduction of the tariffs.

But still more important is it to observe that the Speech from the Throne does not give the slightest hints of such a fundamental alteration of our colonial, commercial, and domestic system as the budget proposed;—though if any such idea then existed in the minds of ministers, it was their duty,—their bounden duty,—to have recommended from the Throne the consideration, if not of these special questions since raised, at least of the general system of import duties, with a view of ascertaining whether the public revenues might not be increased by a modification of the tariff without any additional burden on the people. This we hesitate not to say the ministers *would*, and *must have done*, had they at that time entertained the slightest idea of meeting the *existing* and pressing *deficit*, by the uncertain, and at best but slow and gradual, operation of a mere reduction of certain duties.

But if, by denying that this resolution was taken on *the spur of the moment*, Lord John Russell only meant to negative an assertion that it was taken between the final defeat of Lord Morpeth's bill and the introduction of the budget, we agree with him: as that interval was not quite twenty-four hours, it would have been indeed a very hot *spur of the moment*; and no one, we believe, can have said or imagined that so extensive a scheme of iniquity had been concocted and matured, *ab ovo*, in one morning. But though Lord Morpeth's bill was not finally strangled till the evening of the 29th of April, does Lord John Russell expect us to have forgotten that from the day—the 25th of February—on which its second reading was carried by a majority of 5 only, in a house of 598 members (642, including pairs), the *fate of the bill was decided*!—that he himself confessed as much, when, after pondering for four days over that fatal victory, he announced, on the 1st of March, the cabinet resolution of postponing the further consideration of the bill for two months—everybody—friends and foes—anticipating, from that moment, and with perfect confidence, its ultimate fate? We may safely concede to his Lordship that it was not on the *spur* of the defeat on the 29th of April that the whole budget of the 30th was fabricated;—but it will be nevertheless true that it was prepared and produced on the *spur of disappointment and despair* at the series of defeats which the ministers had suffered since the commencement of the session, and more especially at the failure of Lord Morpeth's Irish Registry Bill, which, though consummated on the 29th of April, had been
long

long anticipated, and was perhaps *waited for* as a favourable occasion for producing a budget which was to console the De-structive party for the loss of one revolutionary measure by the proposal of three others still more revolutionary.

This explanation is consistent with the *terms* of Lord John Russell's explanation—consistent with all the known facts of the case—consistent with the manifest temper and undisguised tone of vexation and revenge in which the notices were given on the day subsequent to the death of Lord Morpeth's bill,—and, above all, consistent with the ministerial character and system—the only character they have acquired, and the only system they possess—of endeavouring to escape from every difficulty they create for themselves, by appealing to the worst prejudices and passions of the populace, and by plunging still more deeply and desperately into the slough in which they are already struggling.

Lord John Russell was also very indignant that Sir Robert Peel should have alluded to a prevalent report that ministers had prepared a *fair weather* budget and a *foul weather* budget; he totally denied the fact, and we believe the noble Lord's assertion. We are satisfied that, so far from having two budgets, they had no budget at all—till, as we have said, the fate of Lord Morpeth's bill forced them to collect their scattered thoughts into that explosion of vexation and despair which they call their Budget. This, we think, is additionally proved by their financial proceedings in all former years, in which, instead of producing a budget—that is *the ways and means* of equalising the public income with the public expenditure—they went on as if it were really their system of finance to diminish the revenue as they increased the expenditure. A Tory opposition is so little inclined to thwart the Queen's government in their conduct of business, that this extraordinary circumstance has not been sufficiently noticed, and we think it therefore of importance to place on record a summary of their mode of dealing with financial difficulties:—

On the 1st Jan., 1835, there was a surplus income of . . .		£ 626,000
In that year taxes were reduced by . . .		£ 156,000
Expenditure increased		340,000
		<hr/> 496,000
<i>Surplus reduced to</i>		130,000
<hr/>		
1836.	Surplus income	1,012,000
	Taxes repealed	1,018,000
	Expenditure increased	972,000
		<hr/> 1,990,000
<hr/>		
<i>Surplus changed to a Deficit of . . .</i>		978,000
		<hr/> 1837.

1837.	Deficient income	£ 655,760
	Increased expenditure	972,000
	<i>Total Deficit</i>	1,627,760
1838.	Deficient income	345,228
	Increased expenditure	783,000
	<i>Total Deficit</i>	1,128,228
1839.	Deficient income	1,512,000
	Tax repealed £ 1,200,000	
	Expenditure decreased 147,000	
		1,053,000
	<i>Total Deficit</i>	2,565,000
1840.	Deficient income	1,593,970
	Increased expenditure 760,000	
	Taxes imposed 2,200,000	
		1,440,000
	<i>Total Deficit</i>	£ 153,970

Thus for six consecutive years they went on creating an annual *deficit*, without making the slightest effort to meet it—(except by the single, commonplace, and ineffectual one made last year of putting a per-centage on the customs, excise, and assessed taxes)—till at last, on the 5th April, 1841, their total deficit having accumulated to the sum of 5,168,109*l.*, with a certainty of further deficit on the 5th April, 1842, of 2,421,000*l.*, making a total accumulated deficit of 7,590,000*l.*, they crown their long series of combined neglect and extravagance by proposing—as the budget of 1841—a farther increase of expense, and no plan for increasing the revenue but a *reduction of existing duties*!

We cannot be expected to enter on this occasion into a *detailed* examination of either of the two great questions—each large enough to occupy a volume—which this strange mode of meeting a financial emergency has raised—1. The extent to which a reduction of duty may be expected to increase income; and 2. The general policy of any species of protecting duties; but we shall offer a few observations on both points, to expose the futility and mischief of the ministerial application of these theories.

1. We are far from deprecating a *bonâ fide* plan of revising and modifying the tariffs, with a view to enlarging the revenue: as far as it may be found effective, it is undoubtedly the best of all *ways* and *means*. But we are confident that the economists very much exaggerate

exaggerate the efficacy of this system. The cases in which it is likely to succeed are too special and exceptional to be a safe foundation for a general principle. If a Chancellor of the Exchequer should parody the poet, and say,—

‘My *gain* is great, because my *duty*’s small,’

he would be liable to the retort—

‘Then ’twould be greater, were it none at all.’

It is clear that such a principle cannot be universally applicable; but its results, wherever it should be found to apply, would be so beneficial that it demands and deserves most careful inquiry and consideration:—but to adopt and act upon such a theory without any deliberation, and above all for the professed object of meeting a financial *emergency*, is manifestly absurd and deceptive: because, as we have already hinted, the operation of an increase of revenue, by diminution of duties, must be, even in the most promising cases; in some degree problematical, and at all events gradual: not only must the habit of *consumption* be extended, but the power of *producing* must be also enlarged—and both are the work of time. If you could suddenly create a permanent and growing want of the article, you could not calculate on an adequate increase of revenue till you had afforded time for producing also the enlarged supply. With therefore a *bonâ fide* intention of employing these means to meet the exigencies of the current year, ministers, instead of waiting to the middle of the session, must have been anxious to announce their project as early as possible, in order that the increased demand and the increased supply might be brought into the earliest possible operation.

2. On the second point we observe, as a most important preliminary, that under a system of PROTECTING DUTIES, *the commerce, wealth, and general prosperity of this country have been carried to an unparalleled height and extent.* With such practical results before our eyes, we cannot implicitly adopt the theory that so sweepingly condemns them *all*. But as little should we be prepared to stickle for them all, and under all circumstances. Protecting duties are *in their nature*, and by the very *principles on which they were originally founded*, liable to revision, alteration, and even extinction. Our predecessors, when induced by motives of commercial or national policy to *protect* any individual branch of trade, never intended that the *protection* should last beyond the occasion. The *go-cart* would naturally be laid aside as soon as the child was strong enough to walk alone. We are aware that in some instances this wholesome rule was forgotten or neglected: in others powerful influences may have prolonged
protection

protection beyond its proper bounds: in all cases it is hard to hit the exact moment of transition, and still harder to accommodate existing interests and old habits to a change of system. But though protection has thus a natural tendency to last too long, that is no valid argument against its existence within proper limits, and certainly is rather an additional reason why any alteration rendered necessary by the alteration of times and circumstances should be made gradually, cautiously, and with nice discrimination. In fine, we say, *protecting duties* ought not to be laid on without a clear necessity, nor removed without the greatest caution and examination of the bearing of *each individual case*.

And this leads us to observe that there are two classes of protecting duties of which the motive is so permanent and of such predominant importance that, although they certainly ought to be reduced to the lowest possible amount that will effect the desired protection, they can never be wholly abandoned. We mean duties which tend to insure--

1st, *The Subsistence of the People*; and,

2nd, *The means of National Defence*.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX. That *supreme law—the Welfare of the People and the Safety of the State*—must never be sacrificed, nor so much as *risked*, either for the theories of speculative philosophers, or even for the positive interests of individual classes. We shall, before we apply ourselves to the first of these objects—the *Subsistence of the People* as connected with the Corn-laws—say a few words on the protection due to the elements of *Public Safety*, which will be found to have a considerable bearing on the two other branches of the Whig budget, the Sugar and Timber Duties.

The safety of this country depends on its *NAVY*; and a Navy is not merely a collection of well-fabricated machines—which may be created at anytime, and to any extent, by almost any nation able and willing to undertake the necessary expense. The real essential strength of a navy is that which never can be created, *pro re natâ*, by any expense or any efforts,—an ample and constant supply of hardy and skilful *Seamen*. An army may be created in a comparatively short period out of any population and out of the least-instructed part of any population; but seamen can only be made by early practice and long experience of the sea; and these again can only be supplied by maritime commerce. This was the policy and basis of our navigation laws; and this is the true, or at least the greatest, value of our colonial possessions: this accidental and *exceptional* necessity which distinguishes the *insular* empire of Britain from all other States, creates and imposes on us an *exceptional* line

line of policy—to which the situation of other countries affords no analogy, and the general theories of economists have no application. If foreign ships could bring us sugar at 1d. a pound, while, if conveyed by the better and therefore more expensive system of English navigation, it were to cost 2d., the additional penny would not be a mere *tax upon sugar*, but part of the *price paid for the education, the maintenance, and increase of a superior class of native seamen*—without whom in the day of danger it would little avail us that we had during a long peace obtained sugar at 1d. a pound.

Jamaica and Canada are sources of private wealth, and, indirectly no doubt, of public wealth also; but in a strictly national view they are rather causes of expense and anxiety to the mother country; for they make no direct returns to the national treasury, and are—by their liability to hostile aggression—the reverse of conducive to the national strength—*except* by the employment and encouragement of native seamen; by which they contribute in the hour of danger, not merely to their own protection, but to the first safeguard of the *existence* of England herself. Of this great but not sufficiently considered truth we have the evidence of an experiment made on a vast scale, and with signal and indubitable results, in the case of the *United States*. No one, we believe, doubts that, in a merely commercial view, the *States* are quite as profitable customers as if they had remained *provinces*. More fortunes have been made, and more general interests promoted, by trade with America as a *nation* than could have been if she had remained a *colony*; but see, on the other hand, what a positive, and, still more, what a comparative, diminution of our naval power has been caused by her rivalry—see the whole of her vast maritime force, not only subtracted from our security, but actually thrown into the opposite scale. We need not say more to direct the thoughts of our readers to what we conceive to be the main advantage of a colonial empire, and the duty, nay, the necessity, of *protection* for colonial trade, not as *trade*,—for trade, we admit, will take care of itself,—but as a branch of *national defence*, which has a tendency the very reverse of taking care of itself.

The same principle applies to our fisheries. The wages of every species of industry, fishing included, is at least one-third less on the opposite coasts than on those of England; and, in fact, Dutch and French fishermen could afford to catch fish on our own shores and sell them in our own markets cheaper than our native fishermen. The advantage of *cheap fish* is the same in principle as that of *cheap bread* or *cheap sugar*:—why therefore do not our free-trade advocates invite the foreigner to come to Billingsgate

lingsgate* as well as to Mark Lane? Because every one sees that the British fishery is an important nursery for seamen, and that by any discouragement of it we should create a double misfortune, by decreasing our own naval power, and increasing that of our most formidable rivals.

On the same principle, however desirable it is to supply this great metropolis with *cheap coals*, and although we know that the Swedes and Dutch would gladly ply between the Tyne and Thames at a cheaper freight than our English colliers, yet we suppose no free-trade advocate would be bold enough to transfer our best nursery of seamen to Holland or Sweden for the sake of a shilling or two of saving on a ton of coals.

These considerations lead naturally to our conclusion that there are classes of industry and trade which call for protection, not so much for their sakes as for reasons of national policy and public safety, and apply with great force against the repeal of that protection to colonial sugar and timber which is necessary to keep the carrying trade in our own hands; but there are, moreover, special, though temporary causes, affecting the colonies chiefly interested in those branches of trade, which would have deterred a prudent government from tampering with them at this moment.

1. *The Sugar Duties.*—We are not such puritans as to rest our objection to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's proposition on the mere preference which it gives to *slave-grown* sugar—though that consideration is not to be omitted in a fair examination of the whole subject. We are not disposed to renounce the use of cotton, because cotton is chiefly produced in slave-cultivated regions; but in any and every case we should think ourselves bound to give a great, nay, a biassed, degree of favour to the *free-grown* article. But at the present moment the protection to our own West Indian colonies stands not merely on grounds of theoretic humanity, if we may venture such an expression, but on the clear and urgent additional motives of policy and justice. We have just made a most remarkable revolution in the West Indian world. We have paid—dearly in a financial, but cheaply, we hope and believe, in a moral, view—for the encouragement of free-labour sugar. We have directly *subscribed*—so we will call it—twenty millions of public money, and we have adventured a still larger amount of private and colonial interests, for this great achievement. We have been told—and—high above all other voices—by the present ministry and their special adherents—that this country can be abundantly supplied by *free-grown* sugar; and we have, at their persuasion, made the greatest sacrifices that a nation ever made

* See 'Report of Special Committee on British Fisheries, 16th August, 1833.' Printed by the House of Commons.

towards the realisation of that benevolent problem. If therefore there was one duty more imperative than another on the whole country, but more especially imperative on the ministry which claims (too largely, as we have before shown in our review of Lord John Russell's speech at Stroud, but which does claim) the exclusive merit of this great experiment—we do say it was to give that great experiment *fair play*—to protect, for a reasonable time, the working of the new system—to endeavour to convince the other incredulous and reluctant nations of the world that so vast a sum had not been spent—such immense interests have not been risked, and so much of both active and theoretic humanity exercised—in vain! But hardly has this great measure got into operation—hardly have these important interests had time to recover from so great a shock—hardly has humanity begun to indulge its hope of eventual though slow success—than suddenly the whole course of the experiment is disturbed—all the prospects of benevolence clouded—and, worse than all, the prejudices, the passions, the courage, and the *obstinacy* of the slave-holding powers revived, reinforced, and rewarded—by the admission of Brazilian and Cuba sugar into our home market, on terms which we shall not otherwise describe than by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's own calculation, that there is to be an increase of the sugar-duties of *above one million and a half*. It will, we suppose, be admitted that the increase of a million and a half of duties must imply a profit of some six or eight millions to the proprietors and cultivators of the imported sugar. We add that the calculation, though worth—like the rest of the budget—little for the present year, is probably *so far* not erroneous that the slave-grown sugar would come in—by fits and starts—in quantities that would ruin your own colonies—and, by and by, when your own colonies were ruined beyond redemption, Cuba and the Brazils, from accident or from design, from failure of seasons or from the occurrence of hostilities, might be unable or unwilling to supply you—and where would you then be?

But supposing no such accidental or political interruption, can any one believe that such a system should not lead to the conversion of every sugar-growing colony in the world which has not the misfortune—so lately a protection and a glory—of being dependent on England, into an active, extensive, and obstinate dealer in slavery, while your British colonies—that great source of the wealth and power, and, above all, of the *naval power* of the country—would degenerate into barbarous jungles and savannas, the brutal haunts of a savage population?

Was there ever in the annals of a great country such a spectacle as we now exhibit? Here is the whole nation, with one
cry

cry and one effort, abolishing sugar slavery; here is Lord Palmerston publishing every year enormous folios of his angry expostulation and fruitless negotiations for the restriction of slavery in the Brazils and Cuba; and at the same moment, when we are thus offending independent countries, and violating the rights of nations, in our theoretic zeal in this cause,—the cabinet produces a measure which is to do more for the encouragement of the slave-trade than all our efforts, our sacrifices, and our bluster have ever been able to do against it. *We*, too, might invoke the *passions* of the multitude on this subject; but we will only appeal to their *reason*; and we ask simply whether there can be any rational excuse for this sudden and premature interruption given by the ministry to their own experiment, for the mere trial of which we were so lately persuaded to pay such a sum as twenty millions?

2. *The Timber Duties*.—This is a question between our own province of Canada and the foreign nations of the Baltic; and no doubt also a question for England herself—which ought, abstractedly speaking, to possess the power of having the best timber at the lowest cost. But we have already shown that it may be for the real interests of this country to cultivate her naval resources by some even expensive favour to her own colonial produce,—as a landlord in private life might find it advantageous to buy produce from his own farmer somewhat dearer than he might obtain it from a rival proprietor. But, exclusive of such considerations, we ask whether anything—whether even the sugar proposition—was so ill-timed as the proposed injury to the staple—the *only*—trade of Canada? *Canada!* that for the last three years has been the subject of the greatest anxiety, and the cause of the most enormous expense to the mother-country—*Canada!* the scene of two rebellions within three years—*Canada!* trembling in the balance of our eventful discussions with America—*Canada!* the real object of the Boundary dispute, and of the *Caroline* controversy—*Canada!* which, under all these difficult circumstances, has been just subjected to the very doubtful experiment of the Legislative Union!—*Canada* is selected as the subject of this new financial experiment. The colony which of all others required, *at this moment*, the greatest caution and consideration, is attacked in her most material interests;—and the new system of colonial government—adopted by the ministry, contrary, we believe, to every opinion but their own—is, by the same ministry, put into the crucible of fiscal experiment, to repair the dilapidated finances of her improvident and unnatural parent. We are not now to give any opinion as to the success or failure of the legislative experiment which the ministry are making

making in Canada. We have assumed no more than that it is an experiment; but that they should at the same moment attempt the *counter-experiment* of sacrificing Canada in the English *budget* seems to us one of the most extravagant inconsistencies of which a bewildered and desperate ministry could be guilty.

3. *The Corn-Laws.*—Of equal importance with *National Defence*, but of still more pressing urgency, is the duty of providing for the *Subsistence of the People*; and that was, until the late budget, the first and indeed the only object of *any* corn-law in England or in any other country that we know of. The budget of 1841 is the *first attempt*, that we remember, in which any government in any country has attempted to *raise a revenue from the food of the people*. We are well aware, as we have already said, that the real and ulterior object of the government was very different—that they well knew that their scheme would produce no amount of revenue worth looking for, and that, if it were by chance to do so, it could not be endured for six months. But what does that prove but that the budget was a pretence, and, worse still, an equivocation? It might be right or wrong to abolish the corn-laws—but at least it was indefensible to propound their measure under the professed motive of increasing the *revenue*, when the real object was to attack the landed interest, and to excite popular agitation. Let the ministers take which horn of their own dilemma they please:—if they meant to raise a revenue, they meant to *tax the food of the people*—if they did not mean to tax the food of the people, the budget was a fraud, and they were preparing a *national bankruptcy*! We do not see how they can escape from this alternative—certainly none of their speeches or pamphlets afford a shadow of exculpation upon this preliminary but most important point. They must think meanly of the popular understanding to believe that it was to be deceived by such transparent juggling.

We shall not waste time in repeating what we have already suggested as to the inopportunity in point of time, and the irregularity in point of parliamentary practice, of the introduction of the measure. Neither shall we attempt to recapitulate—for we could do no more—the variety of statistical facts and reasonings with which the subject has been, we had almost said, overlain. We shall chiefly endeavour to give a short, common-sense view of the subject, and to expose the unparalleled wickedness—we are sorry to be forced to use hard words, but we really can find no other adequate term—of the ministry, which has converted a question of political economy, which of all others requires the most cautious and dispassionate treatment, into an engine of party vengeance—an electioneering
cry—

cry—and a brand of discord between the two great classes of the people of the empire. We have had a pretty long experience of the virulence of party; but we do not believe that this last—*last* we hope in every sense—act of Lord Melbourne's administration can be paralleled in the darkest annals of faction. With the *ministers*—or at least some of them—we trust it is mere faction—an attempt to recover a low popularity, and to preserve disreputable, because powerless, place; but we are satisfied that the party out of the Cabinet, under whose guidance the Cabinet moves, has deeper and more extensive objects and designs—nothing short of the overthrow of the landed interest, as the first and most effectual step to a *radical revolution*. This is not merely our opinion—not the opinion only of Tories and Conservatives—but of those Whigs and Reformers who (as Lord John Russell preached, but does not practise) would ‘not have a *Revolution* every year.’ Mr. Western, late member for Essex, was during a long public life—having sat, we believe, in not less than twelve parliaments—a Whig and a Foxite. Mr. Western was even a staunch Reformer. In the great struggle in 1832 he went so far in that cause as to disgust the county of Essex, which rejected him; and the Reform Ministry made him a peer. Now my Lord Western is alarmed at Lord John Russell's proceedings, and has addressed a letter of expostulation to his noble friend, in which he shows to demonstration that the proposed measure will not accomplish Lord John's *ostensible* object, but that on the contrary—

‘Your lordship will have reason deeply to regret the daring experiment you are anxious to try upon the fundamental interests of the country. The misfortune of your proposed change in the corn-laws is, that the evils attending upon it are certain and very serious, the benefits very precarious and uncertain. You must be aware that, whether you succeed or not, you will *frightfully agitate the country, from one end of it to the other*; you must be aware that you will countenance the unfounded clamour against the landed interest, which is continually sounded from motives the honesty of which is certainly very questionable. I know you have no control over the leading press which supports you, but you must feel a little uneasy to think that the most unwarrantable vulgar abuse of the landed interest that ever issued from the most venomous pen is daily seen in those pages, and that those writers even will *receive some degree of sanction from the step you have taken*. You cannot fail to see that there is a disposition amongst many persons, and some of considerable weight too, and that has been some time in full action, *to influence the passions, to madden the minds of the working class, and instil into them bitter hostility against all persons of large property; thus destroying the chain of society*, and breaking the links which should bind the different classes together in confidence and amity; these persons will revel in delight at the prospects of the struggle which your measures will induce.

induce. These, I say, my lord, are the *certain evils attendant upon your measures*; and it is my thorough belief that the *fancied benefits will never be realised*.'—Lord Western, pp. 20, 21.

The extent to which the attempts denounced by Lord Western 'to madden the minds of the people' have been carried, is incredible. We have before us heaps of the most seditious and inflammatory publications, from which we could make extracts that would equally disgust and alarm our readers; but we fear, from the activity with which the ministerial partisans appear to be distributing this—as we trust—*overdose* of poison, that every reader will have more than sufficient specimens under his own eyes; we shall, therefore, only say on this point, that every one of these pamphlets and placards affords an additional proof of the danger to the *peace* as well as the *prosperity* of the country from the existence of such a ministry, and increases our regret that we must be subjected for a month longer to such shameless misrule.*—We gladly turn from this painful exhibition of unworthy motives acting upon bad passions, to a more rational and temperate discussion of the question.

The existing law acts on the principle of a graduated duty varying according to the variations of the home supply—the duty rises as the price falls, and falls as the price rises—so that importation is discouraged as it becomes superfluous, and encouraged as it becomes desirable. This scheme, which is supposed to have been the invention of Mr. Huskisson, appears to us one of the most effective and ingenious that could have been devised for balancing the general protection of agriculture with the occasional, and always to be regretted, expediency or necessity of admitting foreign corn to the supply of the home market. We omit for the moment the consideration of the *rates* of duty now established; we at present confine ourselves to the *principle*—

* One instance we shall give. The Reverend Thomas Farr has published a pamphlet to which he subjoins, as an appendix, what purports to be Mr. McGregor's plan for a new tariff. In this plan he gives, in a tabular form, the *proposed* and the *present* rates of duty on each article. One would think it hardly possible to introduce inflammatory falsehood into such a dry document—but what will not the malignity of faction accomplish? The duty on corn is thus represented in this table:—

Articles.	Proposed Rate of Duty.	Present Rate of Duty.	Revenue for 1839.	Estimated Revenue on proposed Scale.
Food:—	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£.	£.
Wheat, per qr. . .	0 8 0	<i>Prohibited except at nearly famine prices.</i>	1,089,779	2,000,000
Barley, Rye, Peas, } &c.	0 4 0			

What malignity, to misrepresent the graduated scale of duties as *prohibition* unless nearly at famine prices! and what folly, to add in the next column that in 1839, which assuredly was not a year of famine, this *prohibition* produced a *revenue of a million*!

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it is the principle only that the ministerial plan *affects* to supersede, and it is of that principle that we are desirous to record our entire approbation.

Now what are the ministerial project and professions? They allege—not what would have been a fair matter of opinion and discussion, that the rates were too high—but that the principle of a *fixed duty* would ensure at all times a lower and steadier price; or, in other words, a more abundant and regular supply. Let us examine these propositions practically. Would a fixed duty of 8s. a quarter lower prices?—we readily answer yes—at those times when prices should be already low; but when prices should rise to that *inconvenient* height at which the graduated duty rapidly diminishes—and still more if they should attain to that *distressing* price at which the graduated duty would totally *vanish*—then the *fixed duty* would come into operation with, we hesitate not to say, *intolerable* severity. So that, in a few plain words, this absurd scheme would lower prices when they were already low, and inflame them when they grew distressingly high.

Of the comparative operation of the two systems we shall give a striking example—not one of our own supposing—not even one of our own selecting—not a theoretical—not a conjectural—not a distant possibility, but a clear, plain, and *present* fact, supplied to us by the great advocate against the corn-laws—Mr. M'Culloch himself:—

‘The truth is that, under the scale proposed by Lord John Russell, the duties *would be higher than they have proved to be under the present law.*’—p. 30.

He then gives a table, from which it appears that, ‘*on the whole quantities of wheat imported under the existing fluctuating scale, the duties actually paid were 5s. 9d. per quarter, whereas Lord John’s fixed duty would be 8s.;*’ and he adds—

‘*It is seen from this comparative statement that the duty (8s.) Lord John Russell proposes to lay on wheat exceeds the duty (5s. 9d.) that has been actually paid on it under the existing law by no less than 2s. 3d. a quarter, or very near 40 per cent.*’—*Ib.*

Is not this astonishing?

The present law has been in operation about *twelve years*—in that period Mr. M'Culloch tells us (App. V.) that 9,300,000 quarters of wheat have been imported, producing 2,670,000*l.* duty, making the average before stated of 5s. 9d. per quarter. So that, if Lord John’s scheme for *lowering prices* had been for these twelve years past in operation, the people would have had to pay for their bread 40 per cent., or about 1,064,000*l.*, more than they have paid under the actual laws.

This statement, which Mr. M'Culloch intends as a *sop* to the farmers

farmers, might perhaps admit of some question, but we will accept it on his authority, and then we ask, what possible apology, or pretence, or sophistry, can be adduced to persuade or delude the *consumer* into a preference of Lord John's *fixed duty* to the graduated scale, which on the average of twelve years has produced so astonishing a difference in his—the consumer's—favour? But, triumphant for the graduated scale as this statement is on its face, it is still more so when examined with reference to seasons; the twelve years which it embraces have been, on the average, plentiful years—the duty therefore, under the sliding scale, has been higher than a period of ordinary years would have produced—ininitely more so than in a period of unfavourable years. If such periods—and such periods must in the cycle of seasons be reasonably expected—were brought into the account, the advantage to the consumer—whether of 40 per cent., as stated by Mr. M'Culloch, or any other amount—would be proportionably increased.

Let every candidate who may be reproached on the hustings for opposing the ministerial plan for *cheapening bread*, produce Mr. M'Culloch's testimony as to what the effect of that plan would have been for twelve years—the whole period—during which the present law has been in operation; and let him add that it is one of the chief advantages of the present law that its operation must inevitably, and at all seasons, have the same good or—even in the ordinary course of nature—better results:—for that, whenever corn should happen to grow dearer, the ministerial plan would inevitably establish a still greater disadvantage to the consumer;—and let our candidate finally add that the mode in which this disadvantage would operate is still more formidable than can be represented by the mere amount of general loss—for *in good years it would RUIN THE FARMER, and in bad years STARVE THE ARTISAN*. In fact, these last words contain the whole pith and substance of the argument against a fixed duty and in favour of a graduated scale, and we are friends to the graduated scale because we are quite as anxious that the *artisan should not be starved* as that the *farmer should not be ruined*.

The single argument that we have ever heard for a *fixed* in preference to a graduated duty is, that under the latter system jobbers may have greater facilities in affecting the import by fictitious sales. This evil, we are satisfied, is very much exaggerated; jobbers, we believe, much oftener burn their own fingers than produce any considerable effect on the market; and be it recollected that *fictitious sales*, though of course made for *individual interests*, must generally, if not always, be in the direction of what the anti-corn-law

law advocates consider as a public benefit—the lowering the duty. No man jobbing in foreign corn can have any interest in increasing the duty; and therefore the fraud, whatever it may be, tends to the very object which the free-trade men profess to have in view. But, moreover, if experience has shown that the present scale of duties affords opportunities for such practices, it would be easy to regulate them so as to render such operations very difficult and very rare; as, for instance, by taking the averages in longer periods, and making the scale of duty less rapid, and perhaps somewhat lower. And, after all, is an inconvenience which can be only occasionally and surreptitiously created, to be compared with the permanent and flagrant injustice of a fixed rate, applied to the most fluctuating of all articles, like a quack nostrum recommended for all diseases?

But the truth is, that neither Lord John Russell, nor Mr. M'Culloch, nor any one else, contemplates for a moment the maintenance of a fixed duty;—and the proposition is therefore neither more nor less than a wicked and delusive fraud. A thousand times better would it have been for the characters and for the purposes of the ministers, if they had had the mischievous honesty of disdaining so shallow a pretence, and of boldly proposing the unconditional abolition of *all* protection to the agriculturist: that is their object—why have they not had the courage to avow it?

Let us then consign to the fate which it deserves—the derision of their own partisans and the contempt of every one else—the proposition of a *fixed duty*—we will not waste our time on that shadow—let us grapple with the substance, and we shall put the question in a way that our opponents will admit to be the largest and fairest—Would the abolition of the corn-laws benefit the community at large—nay, would it benefit any class of the community?

We think not, and we hope to be able to prove that it could not.

Two or three crack-brained professors of paradox have, we believe, maintained that the corn-laws are no protection to the farmer, and that he would be better without them; but the great mass of mankind, even the most violent orators of the Anti-Corn-law League, reject so gross an absurdity, and we must be excused from entering into any detailed discussion of such a proposition.

We shall confine ourselves to asking a single question, which, besides its other bearings, has a special relation to this point.

By what possibility can it improve the condition of any producer—be he farmer or artisan—who happens to be heavily charged

with taxes and impositions weighing directly on the object of his industry, to be compelled to meet in the market another producer of the same article who is free from all such burdens? Would Lord Fitzwilliam call it a fair match if of two nearly equal horses one carried a feather-weight and the other twelve stone? Suppose that taxes, and poor-rate, and county-rate, and the nature of our soil, and the price of labour (to say nothing of a superior decency of clothing and lodging, and some attention to the education of children), oblige the English farmer to ask *fifty* shillings per quarter for his wheat in Mark Lane; would it be no injury to him—but on the contrary an advantage, forsooth—to meet in that same market a Polish farmer, who could afford to sell his wheat at *thirty* shillings, with a profit equal, *under his circumstances*, to that which the Englishman derives from fifty shillings?

Our readers will have observed that in our allusion to the charges on land we have not mentioned either rent or tithes, because they are likely to affect both cases *proportionably*—and our argument applies only to that enormous and disproportionate difference of the *public* charges imposed on English agriculture in comparison with that of continental nations. But, moreover, the argument is the same whether the corn is grown by a farmer who pays rent or by a small proprietor on his account; and Lord Western, as staunch a Whig as Lord Fitzwilliam and a practical farmer, has shown that in the generality of cases the farmer could not compete with his continental antagonist, *even if he paid no rent at all*.

Lord Brougham—who never fails, when he is desirous of doing so, to hit the right nail on the head—explained this clearly in his speech of the 30th of May, 1820—in which he advocated with his usual ability the claims of the corn-grower to protection—(a protection which then existed at 80s. the quarter of wheat)—by reference to the exclusive burdens laid on the land, among which he placed, as it deserved to be, most prominent of all—the *poor-rate*, a burden from which many continental countries are altogether free, and which affects, as he showed, in a very unequal degree, manufacturing wealth:—

‘Now, he would ask, who was it that paid the *poor-rates*? Was it principally the manufacturer, or the owner and occupier of land? He could easily imagine that he saw, and in fact, nothing was more common than to see a manufacturer erect a fine tall building, a matter of great ornament to the neighbourhood, no doubt, and certainly of great use to him. This building was erected on a comparatively small portion of land; and within its four walls were carried on the manufacture of two very important articles, *cotton and paupers*! [He might have added, and of *petitions*.] And though this manufactory produced to its proprietor an income frequently of not less than 30,000*l.* a-year,

a-year, yet he only paid poor-rates as for a property of 500*l.*, while his poor neighbour, the farmer, who rented land to that amount, paid the same proportion, though his income was not the fourth part of his rent. Besides this there were the *bridge-rates*, the *county-rates*, the *militia-rates*, and all the other blessings which were heaped on this favoured class, the agriculturists. They, of course, were not to murmur at all those imposts, nor were they to raise their voices for the same privileges which the other classes enjoyed. But the moment a word was said of any restriction affecting the manufacturers, then the House heard murmurs and complaints from all parties.'—*Hansard's Debates*, vol. i., N. S., pp. 685, 686.

If indeed it could be shown that the abolition of the corn-laws would extinguish rates and taxes—or at least reduce them to the level of those paid by the Polish cultivator, and assimilate our 'stubborn glebe' to the fat plains of the Vistula, and lower the style of clothing and dwelling of our cultivators, and their moral and social habits, to the Polish standard—then we should admit—not that the English farmer would be benefited by the abolition of the corn-laws—far from it—but that—as far as prices were concerned—he would be enabled to meet the Pole on fair terms in a common market. We therefore recommend to him who advocates the abolition of the corn-laws as a boon to the agriculturist, to begin by proving the preliminary proposition, that the abolition would relieve British corn from these disproportionate disadvantages; when he shall have done that, we may listen to his conclusions. In the mean while, we may leave him in the undisturbed indulgence of his own visions:—

'Atque idem jungat vulpes et mulgeat hircos.'

But the main argument of the Anti-Corn-Law League—that on which the whole scheme of agitation is built—is, that the abolition would ensure a plentiful and constant supply of *cheap bread*, and that by *cheap bread* the condition of the working classes of all denominations would be greatly and permanently improved. Now, to neither of those propositions can we assent; nay, we think we can show that the *very reverse* would be the result in both cases.

First, it would not ensure a plentiful and constant supply of cheap bread, because it would not ensure any supply at all. It is admitted in argument, and proved in fact, that the British Isles produce under the protecting duty in ordinary years about a sufficient supply for their own subsistence, and, as we have shown from Mr. McCulloch, at a less imposition in the shape of duties than the ministerial proposition—but if the protecting duties were repealed, would or could our home supply be maintained at that level? Hear the answer to this question given by Lord Charles

Fox

Fox Russell—the brother of Lord John—at the Bedford meeting on the 15th of May last:—

‘If the protective duties are repealed, 2,000,000 acres of land *must go out of cultivation*, and *immense numbers of labourers be reduced to a state of starvation!*’

Two millions of acres must go out of cultivation!

The Chancellor of the Exchequer also gives his evidence to a similar result, when he calculates the future annual import of corn at about *four millions of quarters*. Four millions of quarters at present prices are worth 12,000,000*l.*, and thus, 12,000,000*l.* would be decreased from the agricultural income of England—and accordingly, as much land as is equivalent to 12,000,000*l.* of agricultural produce *must go out of cultivation*.

Lord Brougham, in the speech to which we have alluded, on the corn-laws (30th May, 1820), gives a still larger estimate. In reply to those who proposed ‘that we should go for our grain to Poland, where the serf cultivated the soil for his lord, because in Poland it could be bought cheaper than England could now produce it,’—he asks,

‘If that principle were extended, what would be the consequence? The inevitable consequence would be, that in the next season 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 of acres *would be thrown out of cultivation*, and those dependent on them out of employment;—the tenants would be expatriated, and the landlords in the workhouse.’—*Hansard’s Debates*, p. 687.

Lord Brougham’s estimate differs from Lord Charles Russell’s, probably because he contemplated and deprecated a *total abolition*, and that Lord Charles, and certainly the Chancellor of the Exchequer, supposed the possibility of still maintaining the fixed duty of 8*s.* If this be so, Lord Brougham’s estimate would be the more correct; but we are content to take the argument on the lower amount, which is sufficiently alarming. The most superficial observer will feel, as it were instinctively, the calamitous effects of such a desolation—but when further examined it becomes still more frightful. Will it produce *cheap bread*?—Yes, say the anti-corn-law lecturers—these 12,000,000*l.* will be diminished from the price of bread.

No such thing. In the first place, these gentlemen forget that, however cheap foreign corn may appear, it still has a price, and must be paid for. According to the official returns (Lord Western, p. 12), the average prices in Berlin for the last ten years have been about two-thirds of the English prices—at that rate, therefore, of the 12,000,000*l.* lost to the British agriculturist, 8,000,000*l.* would pass away to the foreign grower, and 4,000,000*l.* only would go to the diminution of the price of bread at home—which comes to about 2*s.* per head per annum, or about one-fourth

fourth of a farthing per day, on our population. But even this is too favourable an estimate. For when we come to make such enormous demands on foreign markets, it is plain that foreign prices will rise. When during the war we were obliged to call in foreign corn, the prices in the Prussian and Polish markets rose from 28s. as high as 76s. (Lord Western, p. 12). This was indeed an extreme and extraordinary price, but, in degree and according to our demand, the same thing would and must happen at all times; and it is highly probable that, *even in ordinary circumstances*, foreign corn might absorb a still greater proportion than two-thirds of the sum of English income thus sacrificed to wild theorists and desperate politicians.

We say in *ordinary circumstances*—but who can answer for the natural variations of seasons or the political relations of foreign countries—for short harvests or for continental wars? Generally speaking, there is a great degree of assimilation between the harvests of the whole middle regions of Europe; when they fail in England, they are very seldom abundant in France or Poland. Suppose, when you have put two millions of acres out of cultivation on the banks of the Trent or Avon, there should be a short harvest on those of the Vistula or Oder, will bread continue cheap?—nay, as you have calculated wholly on this foreign supply—will you not be in danger of actual famine? A circumstance, —very slightly observed, for the danger blew over—occurred so lately as 1839, which is a strong indication of what would be our situation. In that year the English harvest was unpromising—so was that of France. The French government, on the first aspect of the danger, laid an embargo on all their ports from Dunkirk to Bordeaux—exactly the ports from which England would seek her first supplies. It turned out, fortunately, that England did not need the assistance of the Continent to any great extent; but, if she had, she was at its mercy, and that mercy would have been shown to her in the shape of prohibition on the part of France; and, if not of absolute prohibition, at least of greatly advanced prices in the Baltic ports. And this *danger* is always impending—it *may* happen any year—in the course of nature it *must* occur at no distant intervals; it is *then*, if we are so mad as to adopt the present visionary schemes of *cheap bread*, that the pressure on all ranks; but particularly on the manufacturing classes, will make us curse the evil hour and the evil councillors that *threw two—not to say, seven—millions of English acres out of cultivation.*

Less frequent, but more permanent when it occurred, would be the danger from political causes. The destinies of a country, like those of an individual, are to a large extent in the hands of those

those who feed her, and it is a miserable, or at least a most perilous, condition for a great nation to be dependent for a considerable share of her means of subsistence on powers which may any hour withdraw it. But there is another serious consideration which applies to this particular case. We are told, as one of the main advantages of the proposed system, that the Continent will take our manufactures in the proportion that we receive their corn. We admit that we doubt this proposition, at least in its full extent; but if it were true, it follows that whenever political events might induce or oblige them to refuse us their corn, we must expect the concomitant difficulty of the rejection of our manufactures, and our artisans will suffer at the same time the double calamity of an increase of the price of bread and a decrease of the means of buying it.

We are well aware that such evils are to a degree possible under the present system; but why enhance the danger?—why, by throwing two millions of your own acres out of cultivation, and robbing your own subjects of twelve millions of income, are you to make yourself, to that enormous extent, liable to additional, and, we may say, gratuitous peril?

This is a short and slight, but we believe a true, summary of the reasons for which—if all other protective duties were to be abolished—we think that a *protective duty in favour of the subsistence of the people* should be maintained; and that, far from discouraging home production, every effort should be made to protect and extend it. ‘Buy,’ say the economists, ‘whatever you want at the best market!’ We say so, too: but the *best market* is the market least liable to fail you in the hour of need. ‘Buy whatever you want at the best market!’—we say so, too: but our first want is the *public safety*, and that can only be bought at home, and at the price of paying for the necessities of national existence a little more, in order to secure a never-failing supply.

We now arrive at the part of the subject which is likely to create the greatest popular feeling, but in which, in our opinion, popular interests are the least concerned—we mean the effect of cheap bread on the comforts of the working classes. *Cheap bread* is a popular cry, but *CHEAP BREAD* is but another term for *LOW WAGES*, than which nothing can be less popular. Labour is the primal condition of our existence—‘*In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread*’ is the penal ordinance of the Creator, and no human institutions can essentially vary that first law of nature. For the infinite majority of the human race, composing what are called the working classes, the reward of labour is neither more nor less than the means of subsistence. In the simpler states of society—

society—not yet entirely extinct in some parts of Europe—labour was paid in kind ; the labourer was fed, clothed, and lodged by his employer—and that was all. In the progress of society money was adopted as the measure and representative of those wants—and in different stages of civilization, in different countries, and at different times, and for different kinds of work, the value of these necessities will vary, both in their own nature and in their nominal money value.* Superior abilities, industry, and economy, will enable an individual to lay by small surpluses, which, when accumulated, change his position from that of a mere workman to being more or less of an employer—but still the great mass must follow the original condition of our nature, and there is always a spirit of competition at work which keeps the scale of wages to a rate a little over what will produce food, clothes, and lodging. When, therefore, the prices of these necessities rise, wages must rise also ; and when they fall, competition steps in, to lower wages to the corresponding standard. All this may seem truism and commonplace, and so it is—but when we see a government trying to excite and delude the people into a different doctrine, and to make them believe that *cheap bread* and *high wages* can exist together, we may be allowed thus shortly to state the moral, we might say the physical, impossibility of any such result. It follows then that, in a healthy state of society, wages can never *permanently* be either much too high or too low, and that their real measure is the *means of subsistence* according to the habits of the country and the class of workmen required. What therefore the working classes should be really solicitous about is neither *high* nor *low* wages—but *constant work and steady prices*.

There is, thank God, a great and growing spirit of intelligence in our labouring classes, which cannot be long blind to this truth ; and however pleasant may be the sound of '*cheap bread*,' or distasteful that of '*low wages*,' they are, we hope and believe, pretty generally convinced by experience that these terms mean nearly the same thing ; and their natural good sense, and knowledge of the competition with which they are surrounded, will teach them that, if they *buy bread at Polish prices*, they must be prepared to *work at Polish wages*. We had intended to exemplify this proposition by a comparison with the price of bread as compared with the rate of wages in England and Poland, but we were met by a difficulty which affords a stronger argument in our favour than any comparison could have,—the Polish workman eats no

* The value of money has a vast influence on this, as on all such questions ; but we have been unwilling to complicate our arguments with that important element beyond what is absolutely necessary.

wheaten bread at all. In fact, we believe that eastward of the Rhine—the great region whose corn we are to import—the working-classes know no more of wheaten bread than they do of pine-apples. They eat, when they eat bread at all, a black rye-bread, which they share with their cattle, and which Voltaire truly describes as '*certaine pierre dure, noire, et gluante, composée, à ce qu'on prétend, d'une espèce de seigle*;' a kind of hard, black, and glutinous stone, composed, as some pretend, of a species of rye! In France, indeed, the working-classes do eat wheaten bread, but of so inferior a quality to that given even to paupers in England that it would afford no fair comparison with English food: but we can state generally, on a careful examination of the rates of food and wages throughout Europe, that wages vary exactly in the proportion of the prices of food,—and that, upon the whole, food is as cheap in comparison with labour in England as in any other country.

But there is another effect of the corn-laws to which we have already alluded as of more real importance than any raising or lowering of wages could be, and that is the promotion of *constant work and steady prices*.

It is not pretended that our present corn-laws do or can produce a uniform price of wheat—which is a result happily unattainable either by any law or without any law. We say *happily* unattainable, because, if it were possible to prevent an increase of prices in any country, when Providence has, by a bad harvest, awarded an inevitable diminution of the average production, it would be obviously absurd to expect that grain should be cultivated in that country. The condition of the farmer would, in such a case, be, that when his land yielded a fair average, he should receive a moderate remuneration for the employment of his skill, labour, and capital; but that, whenever the seasons should be unfavourable, and the return deficient, he must still be compelled to sell his grain at the same price—in other words—to be ruined. The graduated scale makes the happiest approach that has ever been devised to the solution of this difficult problem. It cannot alter the course of nature and equalise harvests, but it tends to prevent either scale of the balance being suddenly or *permanently* depressed; and we may confidently assert that it does all that human legislation can do to prevent fluctuations sufficiently serious to affect the general arrangements of society at large. Such violent fluctuations are disastrous to every class, but particularly to the poor, who have no capital to enable them to tide over such vicissitudes. If provisions run suddenly high, the employer is unprepared for so large an increase of wages, and discharges his workmen at the moment they

they are in the greatest need of assistance. When, on the other hand, wages fall, all the working man's little arrangements are disturbed, his small comforts are retrenched; if he has sent his children to school, he must take them away; if he has prided himself on the decent appearance of his family or his dwelling, he must exchange it for squalidity; and, in this state of *see-saw* and uncertainty, he loses the regular habits and steady views which are the great safeguards of the morals, the happiness, and the welfare of the poor. We need not throw away a word to show that a *fixed* duty, acting *invariably* on such *fluctuating* elements, would aggravate all those evils.

Having thus shown that neither the fixed duty, nor even the total abolition of the corn-laws, could really benefit the working classes as to the price of bread and the rates of labour, let us look a little more closely at the ministerial argument that the increased and constant importation of continental corn would extend, in at least an equal proportion, the export of our manufactures, and consequently their growth and general prosperity—including of course that which we have just admitted to be the true advantage to the working classes—constant work and steady prices. Before we examine the general bearings of this argument, we will say a few additional words on the latter branch of it—the effect on the personal condition of the operatives of the promised extension of the market.

We begin by noticing a very obvious fact, which, however, has been so generally disregarded, that we do not remember to have seen it noticed by any of the ministerial advocates—namely, that *all* the working classes of the empire are *not* employed in what are commonly called *manufactures*. On the contrary, we find by the population returns of 1831 (Marshall's Tables, p. 3) the number of *manufacturers* stated at 2,400,000 persons, while the *agricultural labourers* were no less than 4,800,000, just double the number; and if it be argued, as the ministerial writers do, that the 2,400,000 manufacturing labourers are to partake so largely of the general prosperity of *their* branch of employment, it must be admitted that the 4,800,000 agricultural labourers must also expect *their* proportion of the general agricultural distress, arising from the admitted loss of 12,000,000*l.* of the existing agricultural income. So that this plan, professing as its main object the *general* benefit of the *working classes*, offers to one class a prospective and problematical benefit, while it dooms another class, *double in number*, to *expatriation*—according to Lord Brougham; according to Lord Charles Russell—to *starvation*!

But we more than doubt, indeed we feel justified in denying, that this enlarged continental market would benefit even the working manufacturers. We have shown that cheap bread would
not

not raise wages ; and even if *increased work* should do so for a *spurt*, it would be but a short one ; for it is admitted that the operative is already over-worked, and the new work would only bring new hands, and not higher wages, into the market. We fear that *more work*, however advantageous it may be to the capitalist and the mill-owner, is only more misery to the poor operative.

But would the enlarged market for manufactures—which is thus promised to us—be really created ; and, if created, would it produce corresponding benefits to the country at large ? This is the point of the whole ministerial argument which has had the most effect on the very few rational and impartial men who have given any countenance to their scheme. Lord Palmerston, who made, we think, the most ingenious ministerial speech—though no more solid than the rest—put forward this argument with a high air of authority :—

‘ I have had to discuss these matters with most of the foreign states with which we have commercial relations, and they are all in the same story. They invariably give us to understand that, when we ask them to permit a more liberal admission of our manufactured goods into their markets, we ought to set them the example, by allowing a more liberal admission of their produce into our market. Commerce, they observe, is a system of barter ; and if we exclude from our ports their corn, their timber, their sugar, their coffee, every great article, in short, of their produce, which they could offer us in exchange for our commodities, how can we suppose that they can carry on trade with us ? (Cheers.)

‘ I have said that one great evil of our restrictive system is, that it induces other states to fancy that it is the secret of our prosperity, and that it sets them to imitate our example. Is this an imaginary evil ? Far from it. In proportion as the increase of communication between countries in time of peace has enabled every country to be better informed as to what is going on elsewhere, other nations have seen more deeply into the details of our restrictive system, and have been tempted, some by ignorance, some by prejudice, some from a spirit of retaliation, to imitate our example.’—*Lord Palmerston’s Speech*, pp. 16, 17.

And then he proceeds to show how each of the countries of Europe *imitates our bad example*, and has laid on duties protective of various articles of its own manufactures, and of course restrictive of ours. He then adds :—

‘ When you preach to these foreign nations the absurdity of such practices, they reply, It is all very well ; but we observe that *England has grown wealthy and great by these means*, and it is only now, when other nations are following her example, that she has discovered that this system is a bad one : when we shall have attained the *same pitch of commercial prosperity which England has reached*, it will then be time enough for us to abandon a system which perhaps may then no longer be necessary.

‘ It is in vain we tell these people that England has grown great and prosperous not by means of this fallacious and mischievous system, but

but *in spite* of it. It is in vain we tell them that this protective system has checked our growth, and has prevented the full development of our national resources. Until we prove by our practice that we are sincere in our doctrines, neither France, nor Belgium, nor Germany, nor Russia, nor Sweden, nor any other country in either hemisphere, will be induced to relax their own restrictive and prohibitory laws.'—*Id.*, p. 18.

We have thus, in perfect fairness, allowed the best ministerial advocate to state the best part of their case, and yet we trust that we shall be able to show that he proves little on the real practical point at issue, and that *little* is against him. In the first place he admits that, under the old system, England has *attained the highest pitch of commercial prosperity*, and that other governments attribute (whether rightly or wrongly) that prosperity to that system: wrongly, as his Lordship thinks; but it cannot be denied that we have the *fact* of our own *experience* and the *judgment* of the rest of the world against his opinion; and we cannot think it politic in principle, or safe in practice, that we, who have *attained the summit of prosperity*, should abandon the paths that have led to it, in the generous design of teaching less prosperous nations a shorter and easier course of successful rivalry. If we have only reached our supremacy *in spite* of our system, why does not the good sense of all the rest of the world see that, instead of perpetuating their inferiority by imitating us, they might distance us in the race by merely taking the opposite course, under the able guidance and authority of Professor Palmerston? We confess we had rather see those countries where the lights of new philosophy shine so bright—France or Belgium, for instance—begin the experiment. *We* are pretty well as we are; and we cannot but think with some awe of the celebrated Italian epitaph, —‘*Stava bene, per star meglio sto qui!*’—*I was well, would be better, and here I am!* It is in matters of trade, above all others, that an ounce of experience is worth a ton of theory.

But, in the next place—Lord Palmerston's arguments, and indeed his statements, go to the immediate and total abolition of all protecting duties of all kinds—not merely on colonial timber and sugar and on British corn, but on every species of British manufacture—hats, gloves, glass, carriages, cutlery, hardware, spirits, silks, linens, woollens, cottons—everything!

This, our readers will see, though a perfectly fair carrying out of the general principle, is very far from the *present* proposition; and if, in addition to this, his Lordship were to add the obvious corollary that *all species of property* should equally bear the charges which now fall almost exclusively on *land*, we do not know that our agriculturists could complain, as far as their own interests were concerned; though we should still assert that, even if all other protection were to be removed, that which may be

be necessary to secure the subsistence of the people from our own resources ought to be religiously maintained.

But would the increased import of continental corn force the continental nations to take in return more of our manufactures than they naturally want? Assuredly not; no more than their wanting our manufactures would force us to take in return more than we want of their corn. Facilities of intercourse and light duties will, no doubt, tend to increase consumption, but, after all, the real wants of the parties must be the measure of their respective demands. The balance of trade cannot be maintained by glutting a market beyond its natural demand; and when two nations have interchanged all that each wants of the produce of the other, the ultimate balance must be settled in *cash*. And we have little hesitation in saying that the first operation of the ministerial system would be a drain of cash to pay for the excess of our imports over our exports. This, which is suggested by common sense, is proved by a most curious fact. It appears by the official returns laid before Parliament, that an increased import of corn has not produced any corresponding export of our manufactures to the corn-growing countries; that, on the contrary, it happens that the periods of largest importation do not always exhibit the greatest export, as will be better seen in the following table. The official returns only give the *total* import of corn from all countries;* but as Germany and Prussia afford our chief supply, and we have the value of our exports of manufactures to those countries, we select them as the best subjects for the comparison:—

Years.	Total quantities of corn imported. Qrs.	Declared value of produce and manufactures exported to	
		Germany. £.	Prussia. £.
1827	247,116	4,654,618	174,338
1828	722,459	4,394,104	179,145
1829	1,652,181	4,473,555	189,011
1830	1,584,562	4,463,605	177,923
1831	2,079,128	3,642,952	192,816
1832	332,417	5,068,997	258,556
1833	183,230	4,355,584	144,179
1834	109,735	4,547,166	136,423
1835	43,800	4,602,966	188,273
1836	234,503	4,463,729	160,722
1837	544,150	4,898,016	131,536
1838	1,355,314	4,988,900	155,223
1839	2,862,680	5,212,155	206,886

Par. Tables, No. IX., pp. 64, 122.

* The account for *Scotland* distinguishes the quantities imported from each foreign country, and we know not why the account for *Great Britain* does not do the same; but the comparison with *Scotland* bears nearly the same proportion as the general account.

It appears from the same tables that our importation of corn from *Prussia* (which includes Poland) vastly exceeds that from *Germany*, yet how comparatively inconsiderable appear our exports to Prussia. That does not seem to indicate that buying corn in a country is a sure mode of creating a corresponding market for our manufactures. We also see that the increased or decreased importation of corn during these twelve years had little correspondence with the increase or decrease of our exports to those countries. Some slight influence it must have had, as is indeed indicated in two or three instances (but not in all) by a small increase of exports in the year following a large increase of importation; but, on the whole, throughout the fluctuations of the import, the export was surprisingly steady. The reason is *that* which we have already suggested—our wants fluctuated by the vicissitudes of harvests, while the exports were regulated by the permanent and regular consumption in Prussia of manufactured articles not dependent on seasons. We are aware that the economists give another reason: they say that the uncertainty of our duties prevents a regular scheme of traffic, and forces us to send cash for our occasional purchases—whereas with a *fixed duty* there would be a *steady interchange* of commodities. But this is a *verbal fallacy*—a mere confusion of terms. A *fixed duty* on an article decreed by nature to *fluctuations* in its original value can never create a *fixed price*—on the contrary, it tends to enhance the variation of prices by its disproportionate operation. An 8s. duty on corn at 40s. is an entirely different thing from an 8s. duty when corn is at 80s. In one case it is *one-tenth* of the whole value; in the other only *one-fifth*. Can any one in his senses expect *steady* results from a duty whose relation to the value of the object is so variable? A *fixed duty*, therefore, has no tendency at all, but the very reverse, to a *fixed price*; and it is only on the *fixed price* that fixed returns could be calculated. The graduated scale cannot, indeed, fix the price; because no human laws can fix what nature condemns to fluctuations; but it tends to moderate them—as the springs of a carriage cannot level the inequalities of a road, but they diminish the jolt.

We are far from denying that, if the importation of the staple produce of Prussia into England were to be established to the enormous amount stated, some permanent increase in our exports might be expected, because, as the agricultural population of that country grew enriched by our agricultural losses, they could afford to use more of our manufactures;—but we deny entirely that this would operate in any such degree as to balance the account—while, on the other hand, it must never be forgotten that,

that, in proportion as the Prussian agriculturist is thus enriched, the British agriculturist will be impoverished, and that a small increase of the foreign market will be ruinously purchased by the loss of the best customers at home.

But—even if it could be shown that the spread of our manufactures would bear any proportion to our consumption of continental corn—could the market be safe and steady—a market that would then altogether depend on the vicissitudes both of harvests and politics, and which would place England at the mercy of the Continent, not only for food for her people, but for employment for her industry? If, by any accident, the Continent could not or would not supply us with corn, it could not take our manufactures, and the whole organisation which had been created for the supply of its usual demands would be in a moment ruined.

Then consider the various other uncertainties (exclusive of harvests and politics) to which a *foreign market* is liable—the improvement of their own manufactures, stimulated by the basis of all improvement, agricultural wealth—the rivalry of adjoining countries—the changes of fashions and tastes—the cupidity or miscalculation of the government in taxing *your* productions. All these are elements of instability which lead us by a thousand roads to our original conclusion—that the ministerial experiment would be nearly as perilous to the British manufacturers themselves as to the British agriculturists, and that Lord Palmerston's vision of a general abrogation, by all nations, of all protection to their own natural productions, is mere insanity, or something worse.

If every country produced one or two staple articles peculiar to itself, and which it could supply at the best advantage, a free interchange would be conceivable—but such a state as that is unnatural and impossible; and England, who has no native article (except, perhaps, tin and coal) which can be considered as peculiarly her own, and who, nevertheless, invades with her manufactures all the industry of the world, can never reasonably expect, by any sacrifice she should consent to make of her own dearest interests, to become the absolute *officina gentium*—the workshop of nations—to the exclusion of their own industry. Can it be supposed that the respective governments should permit Manchester to destroy Rouen, even though Lyons were to be allowed in return to ruin Coventry—or Birmingham to ruin Liege, even though Courtrai should retaliate on Belfast? The British manufacturer boasts that he can undersell the world—the world knows that as well as he, and will never consent to be undersold in its own respective markets. And if Lord Palmerston were to-morrow to offer—as his speech proposes—to all the courts of Europe, to remove all our protective duties, he would find that he would
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be as far as ever—nay, farther—from obtaining any real and effective reciprocity. Yet such are the visionary schemes with which a desperate ministry is endeavouring, by such cries as ‘cheap bread’ and ‘no monopoly,’ to delude a great nation to its ruin—with, as we are sincerely sorry to believe, no other hope or object but to continue themselves a few weeks longer in office—to render more difficult the task of those who may succeed them—and to break down—because it is naturally opposed to those revolutionary tendencies—the fundamental basis of English prosperity and the natural bulwark of our monarchical constitution, the landed gentry of the empire!

In a work published a few years since, and which gives a short account of the growth of the science of *political economy* amongst us, the author—though a strong Whig, and very favourable to the abstract doctrine of free trade—limits its application to a country like ours by conditions and exceptions very analogous to those which we have suggested in the present case. He begins by stating that Adam Smith’s first principle of the *wealth of nations* was, that, ‘as far as mere wealth is concerned, the fewer restrictions on industry the better.’ But he adds that the disciples of Smith, not reflecting that there are many other points to be considered in political economy than *mere wealth*, fall into the dangerous error of imagining that this abstract principle might be successfully applied in *all cases*. This notion the author proceeds to combat, with due respect for the general doctrine, but with much good sense as to the cautions and exceptions under which it should be applied:—

‘Undoubtedly,’ he says, ‘the writers on the wealth of nations are entitled to the gratitude of mankind; but they seem to me to fall into some *mistakes* and *exaggerations*, the causes of which I shall endeavour shortly to point out.

‘First, an application of general principles to all times and seasons, to the neglect of the remedy required at the particular emergency. A nation is subject to frequent vicissitudes in the course of its progress to prosperity. At particular periods there occurs a glut of manufactures or of corn, or a sudden distress in some branch of industry. We naturally look to those whose study is the wealth of nations for a *remedy*, but they are occupied only with *general* truths—the transition from one state of employment to another does not seem to occupy their thoughts—they keep their eyes fixed on the end, and do not afford us any defence against the evils to be met with in their way. Whatever your complaint is, they repeat their abstract dogma [of free trade], and a nation may be ruined before it can hope to have the benefit of their precepts.’—p. 289.

This is the very error which our ministers are now committing on so large a scale; they would apply their abstract dogma of

free trade to all the parts of our complicated system, regardless of the evils that must arise in the experiment.

What follows is still more apposite to our present case, and still more corroborative of the opinions we have advanced :—

‘ Adam Smith was, to a great degree, free from this error : in laying down the principle of *free trade*, he says that there are two cases in which it may be advantageous to lay some burden upon foreign, for the encouragement of domestic industry. The first, “when some particular sort of industry is necessary for the defence of the country.” The second is, “when some tax is imposed at home upon the produce of domestic industry.”—p. 290.

These, our readers see, are the very same exceptions which we made to the ministerial application of their ‘abstract dogma’—1st, the expediency of protecting our own colonial trade and shipping interest, with a view to ‘the defence of the country;’ and, 2ndly, our own agriculture, on consideration of the heavy domestic impositions with which, as Lord Brougham has so unanswerably shown, it is charged.

With regard to the transition from a state of protecting duties to a free trade, the opinions of the author and of Adam Smith are in unison with ours :—

‘ Adam Smith likewise teaches us that “it may sometimes be a matter of deliberation how far, and in what manner, it is proper to restore the free importation of foreign goods when particular manufactures, by means of high duties or prohibitions, have been so far extended as to employ a great multitude of hands. Humanity may in this case require that the freedom of trade be restored only by *slow gradations and with a good deal of reserve and circumspection.*” (*Wealth of Nations*, b. iv. c. 2.) These are wise restrictions ; but they tend so much to limit the action of political economy, that many of its modern professors seem to throw them entirely aside. If any one objects to their *sweeping laws*, that numbers will be thrown out of employment, they wonder at the ignorance which does not know that if one employment be lost, another and a better will be found. Yet, in spite of this clamour, a temperate man will consider that the process of converting silk-weavers into blacksmiths, or farmers into cotton-spinners, is one of pain and suffering.’—p. 291.

Our readers are by this time desirous to know the name of the temperate man who thus calmly yet forcibly deprecates the clamour about *free trade*, and such a sweeping application of that abstract dogma as would force the agricultural labourers to become cotton-spinners, and finally ruin the nation. That author is Lord John Russell, and the work we have quoted from, his ‘*Essay on the English Government and Constitution*’—a work which, notwithstanding many puerilities and much Whig partiality, is on the whole sensible and clever.

After

After having thus, by anticipation, answered his own speech on the budget, Lord John proceeds to answer Lord Palmerston's. The second mistake of the economists is, he says—

‘A want of attention to the distinctions and modifications required by the division of the world into many independent nations. Were there no such thing as war, no such thing as commercial disputes, no such thing as a national debt, it might be easy for the ministers of different communities to come to an understanding upon a plan of general freedom, and regulate the world according to the rules of universal liberty. But the existing fact is, that every nation is obliged to guard its independence with the utmost jealousy; to avoid with the greatest care putting itself under the control of any other power; and to check its industry by taxes, which are absolutely necessary for the preservation of its separate existence. . . . It is not only internal but external situation also, that must be consulted in arranging economical laws for a nation. In deciding every question that comes before him, a legislator ought to consider that he has to provide, not for the execution of a project of perpetual peace, but for the welfare and prosperity of his own country. Without going the length of a Venetian proverb, “*Pria Veneziani, poi Christiani*,” I am disposed to say, “*Let us first be Englishmen, then economists*.”’—*Essay, &c.*, pp. 293, 295.

Lord John Russell next reprobates the extreme dogmatism of those teachers who would apply fixed principles without allowing for the accidental causes which may disturb them in practice; and then concludes with a short but pithy observation on restrictive duties generally, which we recommend to his own special attention and that of the citizens of London at the present moment:—

‘The last observation I shall make is, that, although it is absurd to impose restrictions on industry for the express purpose of favouring the production of wealth, yet it may be very wise to do so for the purpose of preserving the sources of wealth.’—*Ib.*, p. 298.

But it is not only in a speculative Essay that our author has advocated these sound principles,—he has directly applied them to the practical circumstances of this country. In January, 1822, Lord John Russell was the representative in parliament of the county of Huntingdon. In 1821 a clamour, infinitely louder than has ever since been heard on that subject, demanded alteration of the corn-laws;—a committee was appointed to examine the case—the extent of agricultural distress was admitted in their Report—‘time’ and ‘patience’ were recommended to the suffering farmer—but, moreover, the committee signified their opinion that the corn-bill then in operation ought to be modified. Lord John Russell was pleased to infer from this Report that the government of Lord Liverpool—the Tory government of George IV.—meditated an attack on the agricultural interests of Great Britain, more cautious and insidious, but in fact not less baleful

in its purpose and tendency, than that to which those interests are at this moment exposed by the Whig cabinet of which Lord John Russell on this occasion chose to be the mouthpiece. He felt it to be his sacred duty to warn his rural constituents of the peril to which reckless Tory innovators were, he feared, about to subject them; and he drew up and printed a 'Letter to the Yeomanry and Farmers of Huntingdonshire,' dated Woburn Abbey, January 4th, 1822, which was republished in the 'Times' of the 18th of the same month—and from which we copy the following paragraphs:—

'I am inclined to believe that, with many sugared words, the framer of the Report intended to lay the foundation for subverting the principle of the corn-bill altogether, and introducing foreign corn at all times into the market; for—the principle of admitting foreign corn when our own prices are low being once granted—it would be extremely difficult to counterbalance the taxes paid by the English farmer. A duty of 40s. or 50s. per quarter upon foreign corn could hardly be enacted; and if enacted, certainly would not be persisted in. But I am inclined to think that, if foreign corn were admitted, *even if you had scarcely any taxes to pay*, it would not be easy for the farmers of England, who require to live in a certain degree of respectability and comfort, to compete with the lords of Poland and Russia, whose vassal peasantry are unacquainted with the wants of a *civilised state*. Corn is a manufacture (to use our new phraseology) cheaply produced in a fertile soil by *wretched ploughs, wretched horses, and WRETCHED MEN*.

'There is a party amongst us, however, distinguished in what is called the science of political economy, who wish to substitute the corn of Poland and Russia for our own. Their principle is, that you ought always to buy where you can buy cheapest. They repeat, with emphasis, that the nation pays a tax of 25,000,000*l.* yearly to the growers of corn. They count as nothing the value to the country of a hardy race of farmers and labourers. They care not for the *difference between an agricultural and manufacturing population* in all that concerns morals, order, national strength, and national tranquillity. Wealth is the only object of their speculation; *nor do they much consider the two or three millions of people who may be reduced to utter beggary in the course of their operations*. This they call diverting capital into another channel. Their reasonings lie so much in abstract terms, their speculations deal so much by the gross, that they have the same *insensibility about the sufferings of a people* that a General has respecting the loss of men wearied by his operations.

'It is to these men, I suspect, that our ministers are about to give up the question of trade in corn. I would, therefore, advise you to watch narrowly any new measure of legislation respecting corn. *Their cabinet is apt to be carried away by any wind that comes across them. Political economy is now the fashion; and the farmers of England are likely, if they do not keep a good look-out, to be the victims.*'

What

What can we add to this *historical picture* of Lord John and his present associates, *painted by himself*, except his portrait by his skilful friend Mr. Sydney Smith?—

‘There is not a better man in England than Lord John Russell; but his worst failure is, that he is utterly ignorant of all moral fear; there is nothing he would not undertake. I believe he would perform the operation for the stone—build St. Peter’s—or assume (with or without ten minutes’ notice) the command of the Channel fleet; and no one would discover by his manner that the patient had died—the Church tumbled down—and the Channel fleet been knocked to atoms. I believe his motives are always pure, and his measures often able; but they are endless, and never done with that pedetentous pace and pedetentous mind in which it behoves the wise and virtuous improver to walk. He alarms the wise Liberals: and *it is impossible to sleep soundly while he has the command of the watch.*’—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 114.

We ourselves acknowledge Lord John Russell’s *moral*, or we should rather say *mental*, courage; we should even admire it, if he could raise it to the pitch of being *consistent with himself*, and of daring to talk to the citizens of London, when he asks their votes, the same language that he wrote to the farmers of Huntingdon when he was ambitious of retaining theirs. But as it is, we are forced to agree with Mr. Sydney Smith, that *it is impossible to sleep soundly while he has the command of the watch!*

Such are the grounds on which the ministers have appealed to the people, and such are the grounds on which we think the people should give a condemnatory answer to that appeal. But these are not the only grounds: amongst the motives which induced the Cabinet to propose their extravagant budget there is one, and we believe a very, if not the most, powerful one, that we have not yet alluded to. They were well aware—as everybody else was—that their days were numbered—their ministerial life drawing to its close:—resignation or dissolution had long been the only alternatives with which even the most sanguine could flatter themselves—resignation was the obvious and constitutional remedy; but it was too bitter, and they rejected it. Nothing remained but dissolution; but here was another embarrassment. An appeal to the country on their *general conduct* would be but a short reprieve, pregnant with more signal condemnation; they therefore determined to shift their ground—to give to the inevitable dissolution a new colour—to start new, and as they believed popular, topics, under which they hoped all their preceding misfortunes and mischiefs, their failures and humiliations, might be, in some degree, concealed or forgotten. They did not dare to meet their constituents on the real causes of their difficulties—the
disorder

*disorder of our finances, and their subserviency to Mr. O'Connell; but they saw that an agitation had been growing up in the country on the subject of the corn-laws—an agitation which, even so lately as last year, they seemed (as was their duty) anxious to repress—an agitation which the first minister in his place in parliament denounced in the most emphatic terms. This agitation, so lately discountenanced, was now supposed to offer the most plausible and popular motive for a dissolution, and was accordingly embraced with all the zeal of interested proselytes. Lord Melbourne made a humiliating but hearty meal on that cheap bread—his own words. Lord John Russell—the great revolution-maker of the day—forgetful of his *Constitutional Essay* and his *Huntingdon Letter*, took the chief item of the pretended budget out of the natural hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer: *Cheap Bread* and *No Monopoly* were to be the motto of their electioneering banners, and the country was to be told that they were called upon to decide—not upon the conduct of ministers, the real point at issue—but on a question which, until they had determined on the dissolution, the ministry not only had not connected itself with, but had absolutely and solemnly reprobated. Do we deceive ourselves when we believe that such a flagrant juggle cannot be successful, and that this appeal from the *reason of the people* to the *passions of the populace* will meet the fate that it deserves?*

Fraud and folly, fortunately for the interests of mankind, can never be consistent; and the best concerted conspiracies are defeated by some irrepressible escape of truth. The ear of the *wolf* will obtrude itself from the skin of the *lamb*; and we cannot believe that there is a man in the country capable of forming a judgment on the subject who is not convinced—whatever may be his opinion on the abstract question of the corn-laws—that with the ministers it is a mere pretence, a kind of scape-goat, by which they trust that all their sins are to be expiated. But instead of this, we hope that, in their anxiety to propitiate a party which has no sympathy with any of the great interests of the country, and whose only object is to overthrow them all, they will have united all those interests against them.

The *friends of the Church* will remember their proposal of the appropriation clause; and the *enemies of the Church* their abandonment of it.

The *supporters of our establishments* will remember the paltry and malevolent economy which has distressed individuals, while it has disorganised and weakened the public service; and the *friends of economy* will recollect the profligate jobs to ministerial favourites, and the rapid and unprofitable increase of the public expenditure—

expenditure—not in the departments connected with the honour and safety of the country, the *army* and *navy*, but in the convenient mysteries of the *miscellaneous estimates*.

The *moneyed interest* will recollect that they have increased the public debt without honour, diminished the public income without saving, and left a *deficit* of seven millions without an attempt to meet it.

The *colonial interest* is in no danger of forgetting the direct attacks which have been so lately baffled—nor the *shipping interest* the avowed intention of sacrificing it to their free-trade theories.

The *manufacturers*, to whom they seem to pay such court, at the expense of every other interest, feel that they never suffered greater distress than at this moment; and they ought to feel—and we hope will—that the success of the ministerial projects would only render their situation more precarious.

The *landed interest* need not to be reminded that they are the chief objects of ministerial hostility, and that their rescue at this moment can only be accomplished by ministerial defeat.

The *English farmer* knows that he is menaced by the invasion of 'the serfs of Poland,' and feels that his own condition, if the ministers were to succeed, must be levelled down to theirs.

The *working classes* of all descriptions will discover, by the natural instinct of self-preservation, that the promise of *cheap bread* is but a threat of *low wages*; and that a position which should render them dependent for employment and for food on the caprice of foreign seasons or foreign governments, would be the most deplorable and perilous to which human society can be exposed.

The *friends of justice* cannot have seen without alarm and disgust the appointments of partisan magistrates, and the countenance and patronage which have been bestowed on men whose prominent merit was their influence with a faction. And neither the *loyal subject* nor the *Chartist* will forget that this ministry preached up public meetings, and then punished them; and made men magistrates who were soon after (without any change of principles on their part) condemned to death for high treason, and are now suffering ignominious exile as felons.

The *friends of the Constitution* have not forgotten the petticoat intrigues by which—after confessing that they had lost the confidence of Parliament—the present Cabinet returned to office; nor are they ignorant of the unconstitutional means by which they endeavour to maintain their influence.

The *friends of Morality and Religion* remember with deep and lasting disgust that Lord Melbourne introduced Robert Owen to
sully

sully the virgin presence of the Queen with his abominable doctrines, and they have long been indignant witnesses of a general system of discountenance and affronts to everything that they honour and reverence.

And, finally, *every lover of his country*, every heart that feels for the safety, honour, and integrity of the British empire, will exert his voice and his influence against the allies—the patrons or more truly the clients and *protégés*—of the Irish Repealers!

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. AMERICA—*Historical, Statistic, and Descriptive.*

By J. S. Buckingham, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. London. 1841.

2. *NOTES on the United States of America, during a Phrenological Visit, in 1838—39—40.* By George Combe. 3 vols. Edinburgh. 1841.

WE have had of late no scarcity of books on the United States. Soldiers, sailors, divines, dandies, apothecaries, attorneys, methodists, infidels, quakers, actors and ambassadors, projectors and bankrupts—wives, widows, and spinsters:—we thought we had had something from almost every possible class and calling—but here are two new contributions from, we think, a new variety. Here are two professional lecturers—not persons installed as teachers in any university, college, or any other institution—unless, perhaps, the Mechanics' Institute—but self-elected illuminators who, from land to land, from town to town, perambulate the world, to spout science in whatever ball-room or tap-room they may get access to—each of course impelled by a pure abstract love of mankind and burning anxiety to extend the possession of painfully expiscated wisdom—but each also condescending to pocket a comfortable honorarium upon every explosion.

We know that good service has been done by persons falling to a certain extent, *primâ facie* at least, under this sort of category. But we apprehend that, with hardly an exception, such beneficial results have attended popular lectures on subjects requiring the exhibition of plans, diagrams, models, specimens, or *experiments*. Whatever good may have been done in any other cases, we are confident greater good would have been done had each disciple been a reader instead of a listener; and common sense has gone far to restrict the system, in all well-informed communities, within the limit which we have indicated. There can be no objection to ladies and gentlemen attending Faraday's lectures in Albemarle-street;—if the same discourse were put printed into their hands, they could make comparatively little of it, for want of the Doctor's adroit manual illustrations—and if they do not derive much from their attendance but the pleasure of gazing upon his bottles and wires, and starting at his chemical metamorphoses and electrical shocks, there is no harm done—

there will still be time enough—and perhaps, in fact, the great and essential business of flirtation may have been promoted by the juxta-position on the bench of science, quite as effectually as it could have been by sympathising over ‘Paolo and Francesca’ in Trafalgar Square, or discussing ‘The Three Peers’ in an Arcadian canter by the Serpentine. Something similar may be said in favour of those *picturesque* prelections on geology which have been delivered under the auspices of the ‘British Association’—and even more so of the interesting examples and manipulations whereby various learned Ovids have expounded the loves of the plants *virginibus puerisque*. But as to those departments in which reading is evidently all-sufficient, we do not expect again to hear of any man of real talent and eminence choosing to deliver a set of lectures in place of publishing his volume. The only attempts of the sort made in London in recent days have been those of our friend Mr. Carlyle, and his lectures give so poor a notion of what he can do—crude embryos or unhappy ghosts of his books—that we wonder he tried the thing thrice, not at all that he stopped then.

Our readers have probably heard of Mr. Silk Buckingham and Mr. Combe, and their lecturing achievements here at home. They were both invited, they say, by respectable requisitions, to go over to the New World; but, according to our theory, the New World ought to have confined the call to the phrenologist, and taken some other method of testifying its respect for the tea-totaller.

Mr. Buckingham seems to have lectured Jonathan on three subjects:—*first*, the personal history of Mr. Buckingham—especially his ill-usage about a Calcutta newspaper, put down by illiberal authority; his subsequent appeals to the English Whigs; their strenuous professions of sympathy and indignation, repeated during a course of years down to the era of Reform;—and finally their neglect and abandonment of his cause (as well as of the cause of the people) from and ever after their accession to Downing-street—whereby it came to pass that, though Mr. Buckingham was sent into the first purified parliament by the constituency of Sheffield, and, as he might truly say, distinguished himself in the House of Commons quite as splendidly as any other patriot of the Reform batch—all his expectations of a national grant to make up for his losses were cruelly baffled—and, those omnipotent philanthropists not even making him a Poor-law Commissioner, a Factory Commissioner, or a Temperance Commissioner, he saw nothing for it but to *banish them*—withdraw from the barren back bench of St. Stephen’s, and transfer the habitual exercise of his talents to the ambulatory *chair*. This, we believe, is a fair syllabus of

of one Course;—and we are bound in so far to qualify our previously-suggested opinion respecting it, since it must be admitted that a Course so pathetically autobiographical might be expected to derive some additional interest from the bodily exhibition of the Confessor. At the same time we own ourselves to be not dissatisfied with the succedaneum supplied by the portraiture prefixed to the present work.

The second Course appears to have been directed more peculiarly to the religious portion of the transatlantic public—the theme being the worthy gentleman's travels in the Holy Land—performed by him between the expulsion from Hindostan and the siege of Hobhouse. We should have thought Mr. Buckingham might have communicated his views respecting Palestine in a book, like other modern hajjis, male and female; and we sincerely believe the book would have been as valuable as even that of Mr. Rae Wilson. But here again we must qualify our criticism, for it appears that Mr. Buckingham, occasionally at least, gave a peculiar life and animation to this second series of orations, by delivering them in 'the oriental costume,' (vol. i. p. 474):—thus enabling the auditors to transport themselves more easily in imagination to the scenes of sacred history—in fact placing before their eyes an express image, all but the beard, of the ancient patriarchs—nay, why may he not have had a beard in his box too, though he does not mention it?

Course the third—Tea-totalism. We are not aware how long Mr. Buckingham has abstained from fermented liquors as well as opium and tobacco. No doubt the corporeal aspect of the lecturer was counted on for affording a lively attestation to the beautifying influences of Temperance;—yet here again we should have thought a portrait might do—though certainly a coloured print would have been preferable to one in black and white.

So much for Buckingham. We do not remember to have alluded to him on any former occasion in this Journal, but our readers were introduced to his brother lecturer, Mr. George Combe, several years ago. We refer to that article (vol. lvii. p. 169) for our opinion, as yet unmodified, of this author's 'Philosophy of Man,'—and especially of his 'Outlines of Phrenology.' It was on this new Science that the requisitionists desired to hear him; and, as he had published various books and tracts on the Science, and his republican admirers had of course read all these, their invitation attested a 'development' of 'veneration' which must have been peculiarly gratifying to his 'organs' of 'love of approbation' and 'self-esteem,' and might very naturally stimulate his 'locomotive propensities.' As it seems to be generally admitted that this new Science can never be advantageously expounded

pounded apart from a visible display of the bumps and hollows of Buonaparte, Bentham, Thurtell, and other distinguished individuals—as casts undoubtedly do set forth these organs and manifestations in a still more satisfactory manner than cuts—and as hardly even a cast could convey such a complete notion of Nature's masterpiece in the skull-constructing department as the personal appearance of Mr. Combe without any hat or periwig whatsoever—we admit that the call for his pack of plaster-work, and also for the proprietor himself to accompany it, was philosophically justifiable.

When professional orators deal in letter-press they usually give good measure. On this occasion we are indebted to the Cranio-logist for three dumpy post-octavos, containing 1259 pages—to the other pilgrim for three still larger and heavier tomes, pages 1663; in all here are *two thousand nine hundred and twenty-two* more pages of '*Travels in America.*'

These gentlemen appear to have been kindly and honourably received throughout the States. In a few places there were symptoms of darkness and apathy; but, generally speaking, both found audiences for the lectures, and such private hospitality as pleased them well. No wonder—to say nothing of their literary and scientific renown, both were importers of *notions* that must have suited the market. Neither came burthened with the slightest lingering prejudice in favour of any of those old theories of government, civil or ecclesiastical, which the wisdom of America has discarded and abolished. Neither had any doubt about the vast superiority of republic over monarchy—the egregious absurdity of all hereditary distinctions among men—the monstrous sinfulness of all Church establishments. The free-trade system in everything, from divinity, law, and medicine, down to corn, sugar, and calicos, was equally dear to both. They both carried with them a serene contempt for the petty conventional delicacies of European manners; neither had the least tincture of classical learning, ancient or modern, nor the least shadow of respect for any such vanities; both appear to have manifested throughout a becoming care and reverence as to dollars; and, in fact, if we except the one trifle of a leaning to the abolition and amalgamation side in the Negro Question, we should be at a loss to suggest any point on which either differed essentially from the incomparably most influential section of what Mrs. Butler calls the '*Joseph-Hume Nation.*'

We are very willing to suppose that personal deportment came, in both instances, to the aid of these advantages. We should guess from his various books, notwithstanding the querulous tone of some passages in them—and also the dismal portrait here engraved—that

that Mr. Buckingham is a good-humoured man. Whoever subjects a patriot to the microscope will, in ninety cases out of a hundred, be distressed to see so many pervading veins and blots of sourness and sulkiness; and pride, though, in King Solomon's opinion, not made for man, is certainly rather common among philanthropists. But we repeat, Mr. Buckingham seems to be a harmless person in every point of view. Many may, like ourselves, dissent from some of the doctrines which he professes to uphold, but all must admit that he does not himself understand his theories, or at least that he totally wants talent for supporting and extending them; and on the other hand, however overweening his self-love may be considered, its very copiousness seems to have extinguished bitterness. Weak and washy no doubt is the whole concern; but there is milk as well as water in the tea-totaller.

We should not suppose the bump of Benevolence to be so large in the case of Mr. Combe—who, we regret to say, does not give a preliminary portraiture—or, if so, it must be balanced by others of a less amiable periphery. Though it is to be inferred from his treatises that Nature has given him a large brain, or at least a large head, we should not guess that she had made up for that (as Sydney Smith said she did in Mackintosh) by 'forgetting the gall-bladder.' But he is a Scotch philosopher; and though Charity may be 'moderate,' Caution is probably 'large.' He does not conceal that not all his enthusiasm could induce him to enlighten any town where the subscribers were too few to produce the *quant. suff.* of 'consideration;' and the same judicious principle which made him turn a cold shoulder on those whose *cents* were not forthcoming, may be presumed to have dictated a decorous amenity towards those whose bags were less strait-laced. Besides, in this case also, due allowance must be made for the humanizing influence of 'well-developed' Self-esteem. Many people pass for goodnatured in this world, merely because their vanity reflects a portion of its radiance on surrounding objects.

Though both of these travellers had generally a hospitable reception, it is apparent that in any place where they passed more than a few days, their private society was to a great extent engrossed by circles to which their peculiar tenets were especially congenial. We presume it is much the same with all such lights, whether at home or abroad. They can only breathe freely in the atmosphere of the *coterie*—but the most perfectly 'self-contained house' of all is, we fancy, the No. 1 of the Phrenological family.

That authors so circumstanced would furnish a pleasing contrast

trast to the bejaundiced pages of the Halls, Hamiltons, &c. &c., was a natural prognostication; and yet—though neither the sanguine exuberant Buckingham, nor the somewhat dry and dogmatical Combe, left America with one iota of his credence in the republican polity disturbed—our augury has not proved entirely correct.

Mr. Silk Buckingham, justly estimating the weight of his own authority, expresses his hope, in an Introduction, that nothing published by him about the Americans may

‘weaken our reciprocal regard, or render my name and memory less revered among them or their children than *it* has hitherto had the honour and good fortune to be.’—vol. i. p. 11.

We have not the least doubt of Mr. Buckingham’s sincerity in the hope thus gracefully expressed—but if it be ‘realised,’ our reverence for American philosophy will be deepened.

He is modest enough to say—

‘To suppose that I may not in some cases have received imperfect impressions, and in others have formed erroneous conclusions, would be to suppose a freedom from the ordinary frailty and fallibility of mortals.’—*ibid.* p. 9.

But still he does not hesitate to lay claim to better preparation for his task than any preceding traveller could pretend to, more copious opportunities for observation while in the country, and a ‘more Catholic spirit of impartiality.’ (p. 6.)

In selecting extracts from the work thus prefaced, we shall adopt a method to which the author cannot refuse his approbation. His INDEX is a very elaborate one—evidently done by his own hand—an example which every bookmaker, who reveres himself, ought to follow. We turn to the head ‘Americans’ in this careful *précis*—it being obvious that the passages referred to in its 39 articles are those which, on revising the whole mass of his lucubrations, Mr. Buckingham desired to stamp with the highest importance as characteristic of ‘the Americans’—and we shall either transcribe simply the summing up of the Index, or quote or abridge the page to which it so authoritatively directs our attention. One or two *items* may be thought insignificant—but we shall exclude not one of them, lest we should afford any handle for being charged with the want, in our own humble department, of ‘Catholic impartiality.’

1. ‘AMERICANS—*peculiarly sensitive to the censures of foreigners, especially English*, vol. i. p. 9; ii. p. 449.’

2. ‘AMERICANS—in general either hostile or indifferent to the abolition of slavery, vol. i. p. 78, 83.’

In the pages here indicated the statement is distinctly made, and supported by several anecdotes of arson and murder, perpetrated with the connivance (at least) of every legal and administrative authority, and with the general approbation of the press and of society, upon the houses and persons of abolitionists—particularly one Mr. Lovejoy, whose own article in the *Index* is in these words:—

‘Lovejoy, Rev. Elijah, persecuted for his advocacy of slave emancipation—and finally murdered.—vol. i. p. 81.’ ‘His murder in general noticed by the Americans either with slight censure or approval, *ibid.*’

3. ‘AMERICANS—liberal supporters of benevolent institutions, vol. i. p. 128.’

The chapter referred to is a very pleasing one—embracing Mr. Buckingham’s visits to and accounts of—‘Alms-house for the poor at Bellevue’—‘Dutch farm for charitable labour’—‘House of refuge for destitute boys and girls’—‘Asylum for the insane at Blooming Dale’—‘Institution for deaf and dumb’—‘Institution for the support and education of the blind’—‘Asylum for lying-in women and Dispensary’—‘Society for the reformation of juvenile delinquents’—with various ‘Benevolent Institutions for seamen,’ all in or near the city of New York. Mr. Buckingham says that the support of such institutions as these is a ‘very prominent feature of the national policy.’ There is no doubt of the fact—and the same may be said with equal truth of the policy of every civilised community in the world. According to the ratios of population and wealth, New York is, we believe, on a par as to this ‘prominent feature’ with Liverpool, Glasgow, or Bristol. We met with nothing very ‘peculiar’ in our author’s narrative of his visits to these places, except that in the ‘House of Refuge, to which all youths of both sexes, under maturity, who have been convicted of crime, are taken for reformation’—‘the coloured delinquents are made to sit in a different part of the room from the whites.’—vol. i. p. 130.

4. ‘AMERICANS—deplorably indifferent to sanguinary outrages, vol. i. pp. 133, 137, 155.’

The pages contain elegant extracts from the ‘Planter’s Intelligencer,’ the ‘New York Transcript,’ ‘New York Sun,’ &c. &c. For example, we have a paragraph headed ‘Fatal Rencontre,’ and detailing the slaughter of Mr. Reeves, ‘an elderly gentleman of 60,’ by Mr. Fisher, ‘a young man of about 23,’ who stabbed him with a bowie-knife on a race-course, the provocation being some words said by the elderly gentleman ‘playfully and in jest.’ The newspaper says—

‘Fisher ran him through the body—Reeves arose, remarking that he was

was a dead man. Fisher immediately gave himself up to the magistrate, who acquitted him. Public opinion, it appears, fully justifies him in the act.' (*Plant. Intel.*, Nov. 1837.)

Then comes what the New York editor calls 'a very savage act of assassination,' which occurred on the 7th of the same month at Clinton, in Kentucky—performed by Judge James on 'Mr. Binford, candidate to fill a vacancy in the House of Representatives.'

'Judge James was arrested, tried, and acquitted by an examining court consisting of four highly respectable magistrates—the killing of Mr. Binford being considered justifiable homicide.'—*N. York Transcript*, Nov. 30, 1837.

Next we have—

'The Speaker of the House of Assembly in Arkansas, having taken offence at something said by one of the members of that legislative body, instead of calling him to order, or appealing to the sense of the House, went deliberately from his chair towards the member, and then drawing a bowie-knife, plunged it into his bosom, and killed him on the spot.'—vol. i. p. 135.

Mr. Buckingham quotes on the next page a subsequent paragraph, stating that Mr. Speaker 'was forthwith arrested by the civil authorities, and his name stricken from the roll of the House by nearly a unanimous vote.' He adds that Mr. Speaker was speedily released 'on a bail of about 400*l.*;' and at p. 201 in vol. ii. he quotes this paragraph:—

'The trial of John Wilson, Speaker of the Arkansas House of Representatives during the last legislative session of that State, who, on a certain occasion, walked down from his chair and slew Major T. T. Anthony with a bowie-knife, on the floor of the House, took place a few days ago. The verdict of the Jury was—"Not guilty of murder, but excusable homicide."—*Louisville Journal*.'

Be it observed it is not the occurrence of such outrages with such results to the perpetrators, that Mr. Buckingham is commenting on—they in fact mostly belong to very rude parts of the country—what he complains of in his text and points to in his Index, is the cool, indifferent, sometimes even jocular, style in which the affairs are mentioned by his friends the New York editors. His next reference leads us to their own long-peopled and civilized region.

5. 'AMERICANS—too much characterised by an inordinate love of gain and mania for speculation, vol. i. pp. 160, 171, 172, 173.' 'And too often fraudulent effect, vol. i. p. 164.'

6. 'AMERICANS—Deplorable demoralisation among them, vol. i. p. 168.'

We hope none of our readers will for one moment fancy that
we

we are disposed to give an undue breadth of application either to the statements accumulated under these heads by Mr. Buckingham, or to the deductions which he draws from his various facts and quotations. We are aware how easy it would be for an American critic to compile from the English papers of 1825-6 a series of mercantile insanities and frauds hardly less deplorable than that supplied to Mr. B. by the New York press of 1837 and 1838. With this explanation, however—passing over the long detail of particular absurdities and delinquencies—we must copy part of an extract from the New York Sun of Feb. 2, 1838—a print enjoying, it seems, the immense circulation of 30,000 copies daily.* The passage may be read with profit in London.

'Enterprise has long been spoken of as a characteristic of our nation; and in the way of enterprise Uncle Sam certainly deserves the credit of having outstripped his older neighbours. No undertaking which promised any adequate return has in any difficulty short of impossibility found cause sufficient to deter us Americans. Even impossibility must be demonstrated beyond a question, by a score or two of abortive attempts, before it is admitted. "Try" is the first word the meaning of which is thoroughly mastered. Boys are men before they are loosed from their leading-strings. They are educated in the belief that every man must be the architect of his own fortune. There is, to be sure, a limited class, who look forward to the arrival at majority, or to the decease of parents, as the commencement of an era in which they will have no duty to do but to enjoy the property bequeathed them. But as a class, it is too small to be considered in the estimate of national character. The great majority look forward to manhood as the time to act, and anticipate it by juvenile participation in the events of busy life. Boys argue upon polemics, political economy, party politics, the mysteries of trade, the destinies of nations. Dreams of ambition, or of wealth, nerve the arm which drives the hoop—the foot which gives the ball its impetus. Toys are stock in trade. Barter is fallen into by instinct, as a young duck takes to the water.

'There is scarcely a lad of any spirit who does not, from the time that he can connect the most simple ideas, picture to himself some rapid road to wealth—indefinite and obscure, it is true. But he reads the history of Girard, and of others who have amassed wealth. He sees the termini of the race,—poverty at one end, affluence at the other,—and jumps the intermediate years. He fancies that the course of amassing will be as easy as imagination. He dreams of dashing into a fortune by some lucky speculation. Contentment with competence he learns to regard as a slothful vice. To become rich, and, of course, respected—influential, great, powerful—is his darling object. He contemns the

* It appears, from a valuable article in the last Number of the 'Transactions of the London Statistical Society,' that one New York paper has a daily average of about 1200 advertisements, while 'The Times' seldom exceeds 800—unless, indeed, when the great London journal favours us with a Supplement, in which case its average reaches 1400.

honest labour which was considered the road to wealth before enterprise was so rife, and, if he respects his father, he respects him as a good, honest old drudge, with old-fashioned notions, but altogether barbarous, and behind the age. If maternal fondness, and juvenile pertinacity in preferring requests, succeed, he is launched, at one-and-twenty, on the sea of enterprise, with all his father's available capital embarked with him. If the old gentleman is too stubborn to yield his opinion, or if other circumstances make it imperative that he should for a while be content with honest but sure gains, the result of industry, he embraces the first opportunity to leave his craft for speculation—to throw a bird in the hand away, and commence the pursuit of those in the bush.

‘One great cause of our present state is the almost universal contempt into which industry in producing has fallen. The agricultural States—those we mean which produce the direct necessities of life—are not half cultivated. The youthful energies, which should be devoted to improving lands and the mode of culture, to embracing and practising the lessons of experience, to blending and testing the discoveries of agricultural theorists with practical cultivation, are devoted, instead, to speculating in the scanty product which old lands yield under partial improvement. Even the old farmers themselves, men, one would think, clear enough of *enterprise*, betray that national characteristic, in their grasping for territory. They measure the value of farms, not by their productiveness, but by their extent. They grasp territory, till the taxes on its nominal value are, contrasted with its actual wealth, a serious burden. They pursue even a more foolish course than the hoarder of inactive money, because, while the miser's gold pays him nothing, it costs him nothing for keeping; while the farmer's pride, in the addition of acre to acre, is an expensive investment, even aside from the purchase-money.

‘In our cities, a natural consequence of this mania for speculation was the increase of banks, and the distention of their issues. Banking facilities were in everybody's reach. Almost everybody was on some board of directors, or had a father, brother, cousin, friend, or acquaintance there. Where that was not the case, an endorser could be had for a premium, or the money of banks could be obtained through broker jackals.

‘Now Speculation in her glory walked. Joint-stock companies of every possible description started into existence. City lots, town lots, highland lots, swamp lots, granite quarries, India-rubber companies, railroads, canals, and every possible description of investment were offered, to absorb this redundancy of nominal currency. Associations to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, *à la Swift*, and moonshine from sunbeams; Texas speculations, cotton speculations, and fancy stock-gambling, drove out the legitimate business of the merchant; and even coaxed the mechanic, the student, and the professional man, into the vortex—to be ruined.

‘In the midst of this glare of fictitious business, luxury has been appealed to to evade thought of the future, as the gambler drinks deep while his all is at stake. Luxury and extravagance have been the curse
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of all classes, from the richest down almost to the very poorest. European nobles and princes, with sure incomes and immense, have been taken for models; and with true American enterprise the models have been outdone. Troops of servants have taken the place of the cook, the chambermaid, and the boy John. Three have been installed where one formerly served. High-seasoned dishes and expensive knickknacks have driven out the plain joint. Silver services have supplanted china, delft, and Britannia ware. Expensive carriages have taken the place of the comfortable old family coach; and coaches and chaises have been set up by families who are really puzzled to find a use for them. The fine arts, which are capable of exerting a refining and excellent influence, have only served to minister to the insolvency of those whose only standard of value is price, and whose rules of taste are graduated by dollars. Travelling in foreign countries has been abused. Once it was a great means of improvement. Now our young men are returned rogues and fops, with extravagant anti-American notions, and a disposition to hug and imitate all the follies of European travellers in this country. The heads of American wives and daughters are turned, and infant children look forward to travel to *finish* them. Amusement has been eagerly sought at any cost; and the more extravagant its price the more genteel.⁷

Mr. Buckingham is, as we have already mentioned, a strenuous apostle of *free trade*, and, above all, an implacable enemy of the English system of corn-laws. Mr. Buckingham, however, quotes, without drawing any sort of *home-lesson* from it, the following very remarkable facts respecting the commercial mania of the Atlantic cities, in its effects on the supply of food:—

‘The instances of death from destitution and want are much more numerous than I had thought possible. This indigence in a country where food can be raised so cheap, where labour is in such demand, and always paid so well, would seem unaccountable, but for the fact, that in the late mania for speculation the cultivators of the soil, instead of following up their agricultural pursuits, had left off farming, to become speculators in stocks, buyers of shares in railroads never begun and canals never opened, as well as purchasers of lots of land on which towns were *intended* to be built; in which extravagant schemes they spent all their time and money; so that agriculture, the great basis of the national wealth, and the surest and steadiest security of individual prosperity in these fertile States, was so neglected that the country was obliged to import grain for its own consumption, instead of supplying, as it ought to do, from its own surplus, the older countries of Europe.... It is stated in the public journals of this city, that in the year 1837 the single port of Baltimore alone received 800,000 bushels of wheat, and 140,000 bushels of rye, from Europe.’—vol. i. p. 160, 161.

7. ‘AMERICANS—amusing specimen of their inflated language, vol. i. p. 180.’

This is the description of the procession at New York on
‘Evacuation

'Evacuation Day'—November 26th—the anniversary of the evacuation of the town by the British forces in 1783. 'Two sentences will do:—

'First came a band of youthful heroes arrayed with cap and plume, and braided coats, and knapsacks at their backs, unshrinkingly encountering the fury of the elements, without great-coat or cloak, or even worsted comforter to guard their throats against the damp and cold; then followed the bold musicians, pouring the martial strain from fife and drum and trumpet—giving old winter blast for blast; then came the grim and frowning cannons—two of them—each with its tumbril, charged with the fiery dust that emulates the volleying thunder; and last, though far from least, the sturdy veterans of the ancient corps, disdaining all the foppery of Mars, and breasting the pitiless northern wind and driving sleet, in their plain blue coats. And so they marched along, unmindful of the storm, while the shrill notes of the trumpet struggled through the snow-encumbered air.'—vol. i. p. 180.

We find quoted by Mr. Buckingham, a little farther on, these paragraphs from a Washington paper:—

"THE WAR OF THE GIANTS.—The debate among the great men of the Senate still continues, and continues to be distinguished by passages of arms, of unexcelled skill and ability. Yesterday, Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Webster encountered, and held a large audience wrapt in admiring attention to the conflict for several hours."

"Mr. Boon commented with great severity on Mr. Halsted's speech of yesterday, and avowed his intention 'to skin' that gentleman. He said his speech evinced the advantage of being high-born and college-bred; characterised its strain of language as low and vulgar, and every way unworthy of a representative; referred to Mr. Halsted's consumption of pens and paper, as being ten times greater than his own; he remarked upon his dress as being that of a dandy, &c.; and concluded by comparing the whole speech to butter churned without a cover, which splashed on all around," &c.—*Ib.*, vol. i. p. 370.

8. 'AMERICANS—their reading of a light and trifling character, vol. i. p. 210.'

9. 'AMERICANS—their views erroneous and prejudiced, vol. i. p. 210.'

The text says:—

'The only reading in which the bulk of the community indulge is that of the newspapers, the reviews, and the novels of the day. . . . The reading of graver and more important works, in their complete state, even when these are attainable, which is but rarely, is thought too great a labour for any but professors and heads of colleges to undertake. . . . Thus the most erroneous ideas are engendered and propagated respecting men and things, which strengthen into prejudices, and take such deep root as to defy all logic, reason, and experience.'

10. 'AMERICANS—have in general made very limited progress in the fine arts, vol. i. p. 212.'

11. 'AMERICANS—

11. 'AMERICANS—are fond of music, though never having produced any one eminent in it, vol. i. p. 212.'

12. 'AMERICANS—have made some progress in painting, vol. p. 213.'

13. 'AMERICANS—have made some progress in architecture, vol. i. p. 216.'

14. 'AMERICANS—fond of a quaint and ludicrous style, vol. i. pp. 226, 229, 451.'

The corresponding text is occupied chiefly with the small bombast of newspaper editors about their own importance; but we cannot think this an American peculiarity. Two-thirds of the 'leading articles' in our own papers seem written upon the supposition that the public feel a profound interest about editorial squabbles, explanations, and recriminations, though beyond their own circles no human being cares one fig about any such concerns. What is *peculiar* is the editorial indulgence in a species of fun and drollery, not tolerated on this side the water, except in the society of provincial clubs, and now and then, perhaps, in a local unstamped broadside. The fine arts, too, are enlisted in this mummery. One American newspaper always repeats above each marriage announcement a wooden cut of 'a large trap sprung,' with this motto, '*The trap down—another fool caught.*' There is plenty more of the same stuff. Elsewhere Mr. Buckingham gives an account of several bodies of negroes being found packed in barrels on board a small vessel about to start from New York for some town where there is a medical school. Not the least inquiry was made as to the deaths of the blacks; and the editor headed his paragraph with 'MORE PORK FOR THE SOUTH.'

15. 'AMERICANS—Have a nasal tone, vol. i. p. 238.'

16. 'AMERICANS—Uncle Sam, familiar national name, corresponding to *John Bull* in England, vol. i. p. 171.'

17. 'AMERICANS—Extremely jealous of foreigners, and especially the English; vol. i. p. 283-285.'

18. 'AMERICANS—Far advanced in the skill and arts subsidiary to war, vol. i. p. 367.'

He instances some liberalities to an officer, Mr. Bell, who had invented some improvement in artillery;—but our author is too candid not to add:

'How liberally the arts of destruction are rewarded, compared with the arts of preservation, one need not visit America to learn. All Europe furnishes many striking examples of the same kind; but while such is the perverted taste and judgment of mankind, that the warrior, whose life is devoted to the slaughter of his fellow-men, shall be crowned with honours and rewards—while the schoolmaster who instructs them shall
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pine in neglect and obscurity—who can wonder that it is deemed less honourable to *save* than to *destroy*?’—vol. i. p. 368.

It is a pity that the title of Duke of Buckingham is pre-engaged.

19. ‘AMERICANS—their profound veneration for the memory of Washington, vol. i. p. 378.’

It would be idle enough to multiply illustrations of this undoubted truth. One fact, however, we must record here—namely, that the remains of General Washington, who died near forty years before, were at last, during Mr. Buckingham’s stay in America (December, 1838), transferred from the wooden box alluded to more than once by Sir A. Foster, and the event is thus described in the *Gazette*:—

‘GENERAL WASHINGTON.—The remains of this illustrious man, the father and saviour of his country, were recently placed in the sarcophagus made by Mr. Struthers of this city, from whom we learn that when the vault and coffin were opened, “where they had lain him,” the sacred form of Washington was discovered in a wonderful state of preservation. The high pale brow wore a calm and serene expression, and the lips, pressed still together, had a grave and solemn smile, such as they doubtless wore when the first President gave up his blameless mortal life for an immortal existence,—

“When his soft breath, with pain,
Was yielded to the elements again.”

‘The impressive aspect of the great departed overpowered the man whose lot it was to transfer the hallowed dust to its last tenement, and he was unable to conceal his emotions. He placed his hand upon the ample forehead, once highest in the ranks of battle, or throbbing with the cares of an infant empire, and he lamented, we doubt not, that the voice of fame could not provoke that silent clay to life again, or pour its tones of revival into the dull cold ear of death. The last acts of patriotic sepulture were thus consummated; and the figure, which we can scarcely dissociate from an apotheosis, consigned to its low dim mansion, to be seen no more until mortal shall put on immortality and the bright garments of endless incorruption.’—vol. i. p. 380.

This *Gazette*-writer is evidently above his business. Silk Buckingham goes on to say—

‘Next to General Washington, Lafayette ranks higher than any other public man in the general estimation of Americans. About Jefferson and Madison, Monroe and Adams, there are still differences of opinion, and still greater differences respecting General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren. But Lafayette, like Washington, seems to unite all suffrages; and accordingly the portrait of this venerable Friend of Liberty is generally to be found accompanying that of his *hardly more illustrious companion in arms and partner in glory*.’—vol. i. p. 380, 381.

20. ‘AMERICANS—

20. 'AMERICANS—superior to all other people in disinterested benevolence, vol. i. p. 199—vol. ii. p. 81.'

At the page first indicated we find a long list of the sums subscribed at New York in 1837 for 'the printing and distributing of missionary tracts'—the amount being 35,000 dollars. No one can dispute the benevolence thus shown; and its disinterestedness is meant, we presume, to be made peculiarly striking by the order in which the various sums are printed. We have for 'Tracts in China, 4000 dollars'—'*Tracts in Singapore and Indian Archipelago, 3000 dollars*'—'*Siam, 2000—Birmah, 4000—Ceylon, 2000—the Shans, 800—Smyrna, 1000—Greece, 2000—Constantinople, 1000—Russia, 3000 dollars, &c. &c. &c.*—and at the close of the catalogue this item:—

'FOR NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS—200 dollars.'

21. 'AMERICANS—instances of coarseness and violence in their manners, vol. ii. pp. 198, 209.'

The former reference guides us to a variety of scenes—one in the Supreme Legislature at Washington, sitting of 1st June, 1838—to wit—

'INDIAN HOSTILITY APPROPRIATION BILL.

'Mr. Turney resumed the floor, and finished his speech in support of the bill.

'Mr. Bell rose, and, having complained of the attack of his colleague as unprovoked and unexpected, disclaimed any particular ill-will to him, on the ground that he was acting only as a conduit for the concocted and long-cherished malice of others, who had never thought proper to meet him personally. His colleague was acting as an instrument—as a tool, as the tool of fools.

'Here Mr. Turney (who sat immediately before Mr. Bell) rose, and, looking him in the face, said "It is false, it is false!"

'Mr. Bell thereupon struck at Mr. Turney in the face, and blows were for a short time exchanged between them.

'Mr. Turney repeated his assertion that it was false, and the attack was renewed.

'Great confusion ensued. Members rushed from their seats, and cries were heard for the "Speaker," and the "Sergeant-at-arms!"

'Mr. Duncan said that such things must be the consequence of the abuse which was going on. One or two other members, while crowding to the spot, had some rather sharp verbal encounters.....

'Mr. Bouldin moved that the House adjourn. The motion was negatived without a count.

'Mr. Pennybacker said that it was a farce that the House should have rules and refuse to enforce them. He then moved the following resolution:—

'The Hon. H. L. Turney and the Hon. John Beil having violated the privileges of this House by assaulting each other in the House whilst sitting, it is therefore

' "Resolved,

“Resolved, that the said H. L. Turney and John Bell do apologise to the House for violating its privileges, and offending its dignity.”

‘Mr. Bell then rose and said he had been ready, at any moment, to acknowledge that he had violated the order of the House. He, however, appealed to the older members of the House to say whether it had been his habit to use unparliamentary language in that House. He regretted extremely that he had violated the decorum and offended against the dignity of the House.

‘Mr. Turney followed, but in a tone so low that but little of what he said could be heard. He was understood to say that he had no intention to insult the House or to violate its rules.

‘The resolution was then laid on the table, and the House went back into committee of the whole.’—vol. ii. p. 198.

The other page treats us to this interlude—

St. Louis, May 1, 1838.—The following particulars of the drowning of a negro, named Tom, cook on board the steam-boat Pawnee, on her passage up from New Orleans to this place, are as near the facts as we have been able to gather them. On Friday night, about ten o'clock, a deaf and dumb German girl was found in the store-room with Tom. The door was locked, and at first Tom denied she was there.—The girl's father came, Tom unlocked the door, and the girl was found secreted in the room behind a barrel. Tom was accused of having used violence to the girl, but how she came there did not very clearly appear. The captain was not informed of this during the night. The next morning some four or five of the deck-passengers spoke to the captain about it; this was near breakfast time. He heard their statements, and informed them that the negro should be safely kept until they reached St. Louis, when the matter should be examined, and if guilty he should be punished by law. Here the matter seemed to end; the captain after breakfast returned on deck, passed the cook's room, and returned up to his own room. Immediately after he left the deck a number of the deck-passengers rushed upon the negro, bound his arms behind his back, and carried him forward to the bow of the boat. A voice cried out, “Throw him overboard,” and was responded to from every quarter of the deck—and in an instant he was plunged into the river. The captain hearing the noise rushed out in time to see the negro float by. The engine was stopped immediately. This occurred opposite the town of Liberty. Several men on shore seeing the negro thrown overboard, pushed from shore in a yawl, and arrived nearly in reaching-distance of the negro as he sunk for the last time. The whole scene of tying him and throwing him overboard scarcely occupied ten minutes, and was so precipitate that the officers were unable to interfere in time to save him.’—vol. ii. pp. 202, 203.

This *murder*, the reader will observe, is given as an instance of ‘coarseness and violence of manners.’

22. ‘AMERICANS—*prone to have faith in quacks*, vol. ii. p. 210.’

This is a stingy reference.

23. ‘AMERICANS—

23. 'AMERICANS—*sciolists in gastronomy*, vol. ii. p. 254.'

We did not expect to find such an article as this in our philosopher's budget. He quotes a solemn diatribe from a newly published work of Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper, the novelist, who, among other things, says :—

'The Americans are the grossest feeders of any civilised nation known.' And he adds in his own person :—

'I feel persuaded that one of the most valuable reforms that could be effected in America would be a reform in the culinary and dietetic system of the country.'—vol. i. p. 254.

24. 'AMERICANS—their great dislike of domestic service, vol. ii. p. 231.' See Trollope.

25. 'AMERICANS—their excessive national vanity, vol. ii. p. 332.'

This again strikes us as a penurious article. He gives us, however, at the page in question, *Mr. Nicholas Biddle's* speech to the '*Alumini*' of the college at Princetown in New Jersey, wherein the Bank-President says :—

'Startled at first by language which when addressed to other sovereigns we are accustomed to ridicule for its abject sycophancy, constant repetition makes it less incredible. By degrés, although we may not believe all the praise, we cannot doubt the praiser, till at last we become so spoiled by adulation that truth is unwelcome. If it comes from a stranger, it must be prejudice—if from a native, scarce less than treason; and when some unhappy traveller ventures to smile at follies which we will not see, or dare not acknowledge, instead of disregarding it, or being amused by it, or profiting by it, we resent it as an indignity to our sovereign perfections. This childish sensitiveness would soon be only ludicrous if it did not expose us to the seduction of those who flatter us only till they are able to betray us—as men praise what they mean to sell—treating us like pagan idols, caressed till we have granted away our power—and then scourged for our impotence.'

26. 'AMERICANS—*sedulously inculcate lessons of freedom on the young*, vol. ii. p. 350.'

27. 'AMERICANS—their bitter mutual recriminations, vol. ii. p. 449.'

'If a collection could be made of all that the American speakers and writers say of all parts and sections of their own country in turn, it might be pronounced, upon their own respective authorities, to be worse than Sodom and Gomorrah in the very height of their wickedness. While this warfare against each other still goes on, however, let but an English traveller venture to express an opinion of the inferiority of the American people to his own countrymen, in any the most trifling particular, whether in beauty or healthiness of appearance, dress, manners, accomplishments, taste, or any other quality, and every one will be up in arms against him.'

28. 'AMERICANS—*progressive deterioration of manners among them*, vol. ii. p. 440.'

29. 'AMERICANS — *forwardness of young people among them*, vol. ii. p. 441.'

'The inferiority of the young to the old among the men in high life is as great in their conversation as in their manners. Even Mr. Cooper, a writer of their own nation, has remarked upon this degeneracy or decline, and all I have seen fully justifies his remarks. He says,

"There is no doubt that, in general, America has retrograded in manners within the last thirty years. Boys, and even men, wear their hats in the houses of all classes, and before persons of all ages and conditions. This is not independence, but vulgarity; for nothing sooner distinguishes a gentleman from a blackguard than the habitual attention of the former to the minor civilities established by custom. It has been truly said, that the man who is well dressed respects himself more, and behaves himself better, than the man that is ill dressed; but it is still more true that the man who commences with a strict observance of the commoner civilities, will be the most apt to admit of the influence of refinement on his whole character. The defects in American deportment are, notwithstanding, numerous and palpable. Among the first may be ranked insubordination in children, and a general want of respect for age. The former vice may be ascribed to the business-habits of the country, which leave so little time for parental instruction, and perhaps in some degree to the arts of political agents, who, with their own advantage in view, among the other expedients of their cunning, have resorted to the artifice of separating children from their natural advisers, by calling meetings of the young, to decide on the fortunes and policy of the country. Every advertisement calling assemblies of the young to deliberate on national concerns, ought to be deemed an insult to the good sense, the modesty, and the filial piety of the class to which it is addressed."

To this quotation from Mr. Cooper his English admirer adds:—

'The young, indeed, of both sexes carry on matters just as they please, the young women reigning supreme in parties of pleasure, as the young men do in deciding on political affairs; so that the old seem either to be laid on the shelf altogether, or only brought upon the stage to look on, bestow their approbation, and pay the expense.'

30. 'AMERICANS—*singular haste, coarseness, and discomfort with which they dispatch their meals*, vol. ii. p. 442.'

See also Hall, Hamilton, Trollope, and Co.

31. 'AMERICANS—*characterised by feverish bustle*, vol. ii. p. 444; vol. iii. pp. 340, 341.'

'We are born in a hurry (says an American writer); we are educated at speed. We make a fortune with the wave of a wand, and lose it in like manner—to re-make and re-lose it in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is a locomotive, travelling at the rate of ten leagues an hour; our spirit is a high-pressure engine; our life resembles a shooting star; and death surprises us like an electric shock.'—vol. ii. p. 444.

32. 'AMERICANS—*their fondness for dramatic effect and pageantry in public ceremonies*, vol. iii. p. 74.'

Here

Here is the account of the procession, dinner, speechification, &c., at the opening of a new railway. Mr. Buckingham benignly adds that there is still much of the same folly in the Old World—instancing particularly the ‘Pageantry of a Coronation;’—which touch might not, perhaps, have been ventured upon had Mr. Buckingham, when the sheet went to press, thought of inscribing his book (which he does in fulsome enough style) ‘To His Royal Highness Prince Albert.’

33. ‘AMERICANS—*decay of military spirit among them*, vol. iii. p. 160.’

The author in his text refers to the ‘testimony of most persons;’ but the only specific fact he gives is, that most persons who can afford it prefer paying a fine to attending the quarterly muster of the militia.

34. ‘AMERICANS—*instances of grossness in their manners*, vol. iii. p. 339.’

He quotes a paragraph from the ‘Boston Evening Gazette’ of Oct. 27, 1839, beginning: ‘We shall really be compelled to invite Madame Trollope to pay the country another visit;’ then come ‘hats in the dress-circle at the theatre,’ ‘wrap-rascals in a ball-room,’ ‘chewing tobacco in the house (Qy. playhouse?)’ &c. &c.

35. ‘AMERICANS—*much addicted to verbosity*, vol. iii. p. 223.’

Here he gives a very good extract from Nicholas Biddle, Esq.—the same Princetown Address.

‘A crude abundance is the disease of our American style. On the commonest topic of business, a speech swells into a declamation—an official statement grows to a dissertation. A discourse about anything must contain everything. We will take nothing for granted. We must commence at the very commencement. An ejection for ten acres reproduces the whole discovery of America—a discussion about a tariff or a turnpike summons from their remotest caves the adverse blasts of windy rhetoric—and on those great Serbonian bogs, known in political geography as constitutional questions, our ambitious fluency often begins with the general deluge, and ends with its own. It is thus that even the good sense and reason of some become wearisome, while the undisciplined fancy of others wanders into all the extravagancies and the gaudy phraseology which distinguish our western Orientalism. The result is, that our public affairs are in danger of becoming wholly unintelligible—concealed rather than explained, as they often are, in long harangues which few who can escape will hear, and in massive documents which all who see will shun. For this idle waste of words—at once a political evil and a social wrong—the only remedy is study. The last degree of refinement is simplicity; the highest eloquence is the plainest; the most effective style is the pure, severe, and vigorous manner, of which the great masters are the best teachers.’

36. 'AMERICANS—surpass all people in supporting humane and charitable institutions, vol. iii. p. 354.'

Mr. Buckingham is of opinion that the abundance of such institutions in America 'speaks volumes in favour of the Voluntary System.' If so, the at least equal munificence of *Rome*—the Rome of the Popes—the Rome of 1841—(to say nothing of other cases) must be attended to *per contra*. All this has nothing to do with systems of ecclesiastical management and discipline, any more than with forms of civil government.

37. 'AMERICANS—according to Mr. Orville Dewey, much addicted to over-reaching, vol. iii. pp. 423, 424.'

Mr. O. Dewey is, it seems, a writer of 'deservedly high reputation,' author of 'Moral Views of Commerce, Society, and Politics in America.'

38. 'AMERICANS—fastidious in their notions of exclusiveness and sensitiveness as to rank, vol. iii. pp. 426, 427, 429, 430.'

These pages all belong to the chapters on Boston; and though the author quotes abundance of native eloquence on the absurdity of 'the wife and daughters of the man that sells by the bale, refusing to associate with the wife and daughters of the man who sells by the yard,' &c. &c., we beg to assure the ex-member for Sheffield that he need not have crossed the Atlantic for the discovery of such 'absurdities.'

39. 'AMERICANS—a larger proportion of both sexes among them have more delicate health than among European nations, vol. iii. p. 432.'

If so, we are sorry for it. Of course tea-totalism is the panacea. See '*America Descriptive*,' &c., *passim*.

This is the last item in the Index; and we think no one can doubt—certainly no one who has studied the book can possibly do so—that by exhausting, as we have done, this emphatic catalogue, we have placed before our own congregation the *cream* of Mr. Buckingham's '*America-Descriptive*.' The '*America-Statistic*' and the '*America-Historic*' we must leave for the present untouched—being anxious to save a few pages for Mr. Combe.

With the most decided faith in the abstract merit of the American institutions—and being evidently a cold, phlegmatic person, not only not pretending to anything like delicacy of taste, but throughout sneering at all such pretensions—it seems to us, nevertheless, that his report confirms, as to almost every point of *mere detail*, the accounts of various preceding travellers of different tastes and entertaining opposite opinions. We could, at all events, produce parallel passages from Mr. Combe for every article in our catalogue of observations from Mr. Buckingham; and

and probably the contrast of the two lecturers' styles might have made a little of such an exhibition somewhat entertaining. Only a little, however—for Mr. Combe is not a better Radical than Mr. Buckingham, and he is, perhaps, still more dull.

The novelty and amusement consist in this being the record of a 'phrenological tour' in the States. The incidents on which alone he dilates *con amore* are those indicative of his own success in the application of his master-science. The only delineations of men of mark which have any particular force are done with the assistance of the cranioscope. Indeed the Preface sufficiently prepares us for all this. It contains a short abstract of the Science for the use of the uninitiated, illustrated with two cuts of model organisations—the low type being the skull profile of Hare, the partner of Burke in the Cowgate murders—the happy extreme, that of 'the Rev. Mr. Martin, a highly amiable and respectable dissenting minister'—of what particular persuasion the author does not state.

On the 4th of February, 1839, he is at Philadelphia, and his journal says—

'Dr. Parrish, jun., called and introduced a man of slender stature, bilious and nervous temperament, retreating forehead, and prominent eyes, a policeman, about thirty-eight or forty years of age, who, after sleeping in a very cold bed in December last at Harrisburg (whither he had been conveyed as a soldier to suppress the riot), had felt some uneasy sensation in his head, and then discovered that he had lost the use of words. Although he understood language, and could articulate, he could not find words with which to express his own ideas. He saw distance erroneously: a house distant one street appeared distant a mile or a mile and a half; he lost the perception of numbers also, and could not reckon. He felt no pain in any particular part of the head. He gradually recovered the use of the lost faculties; but even now he cannot use numbers readily. He calls numbers "times." In endeavouring to name dates, he says it was "last time," or "a time before that." The lower part of the anterior lobe is narrow, and projects considerably. If one may hazard a conjecture, I should say that the intense cold had produced congestion of some of the intellectual organs; those most affected being the organs Language, Size, and Number; the other intellectual faculties were unimpaired. The cause of these affections is obscure; but the fact of only three faculties, and these so distinctly marked, being involved in this case, not only confirms the general principle of a division of the brain, but affords grounds for presuming that the phrenological divisions are real.' —Combe, vol. ii. pp. 50, 51.

We think Mr. Combe 'affords grounds for presuming' that this case required more sifting. First of all, we should have liked to be told in how far the policeman was remarkable, before going to Harrisburg, for command of language. Secondly, we should have wished

wished to be told how, when a policeman can no longer command intelligible language, doctors conversing with him can ascertain the exact number of his mental faculties that are in a disturbed condition. Thirdly, if allowed the honour of cross-examining the policeman himself, we should have taken the liberty of inquiring whether, during the *row* at the seat of the State legislature, no blows had been sustained in the region of the retreating forehead, and also what potations were indulged in after 'the suppression of the riot.' As the report stands, we should like to have it explained why, if the injury inflicted by the cold bed affected only one particular department of the policeman's cerebral organization, he felt 'an uneasy sensation in his head,' but 'no pain in any particular part of the head.' And we should also wish to be told how so much injury was done to 'the lower part of the anterior lobe,' while regions that would naturally come into closer contact with the cold bed had escaped. Mr. Combe will probably answer that the patient, especially if groggy, might have lain with his face to the pillow; but a 'bilious and nervous' policeman had, there seems reason to conjecture, opposed his 'anterior lobe' and 'projecting eyes' to the bludgeons and brickbats of the *locofocos*.

At Philadelphia Mr. Combe had large audiences. Baltimore, to which he thought of proceeding, appears to be more backward. His journal of the same date has this entry:—

'*Phrenology in Baltimore*.—After repeated advertisements in the Baltimore newspapers, requesting those citizens who desired that I should lecture there, to enter their names at a book-store, twenty-six individuals have appeared, and this success has been reported to me. As the number which I require is 150, I have declined to lecture in that city.'—*Ib.*, vol. ii. p. 50.

Nevertheless the traveller is found by-and-by at Baltimore; and though the general indifference remained, he was there welcomed by a small circle of admiring adepts, including 'several eminent medical men,' and among these Dr. Stewart, to whom Mr. Combe expresses his sense of obligation for the following extraordinary fact:—

'He mentioned to me that some years ago he had removed a tumour from the head of a man, a manager of slaves on a plantation, who, when in health, was remarkable for steadiness, firmness, and decision of character. The tumour was situated externally over the Organs of Firmness, and after it was formed he lost these characteristics of mind, and became undecided, and finally imbecile. He lingered for some weeks after the operation, and died. A *post-mortem* examination of the head showed that the convolutions of the brain below the tumour, and constituting the two Organs of Firmness, were disorganised by suppuration. Dr. Stewart received the report of the state of the brain from a country

country surgeon who knew nothing about phrenology, and the account of the change of character from the gentleman who had employed his late patient. Neither of these knew the relation of the fact which he communicated to the fact communicated by the other.'—*Ib.*, vol. ii., pp. 82, 83.

Now we, though not perhaps 'eminent medical men,' have read of, and even observed sundry cases of tumour on the head—we mean visible and tangible external tumours—and as far as our experience and memory serve us, whenever such a malady extends to 'suppuration in the brain,' it signifies little, as to the effects on the patient, through what particular bit of the skull the tumour has struck root. Whether the mischief has its seat in the anterior or the posterior lobe, and whether the sufferer was or was not distinguished in health for 'steadiness and decision of character,' the result is the same. There ensues either intolerable agony and *phrenzy*, or *ramolissement de cerveau*, and consequent *imbecility*, that is, *idiocy*. The symptoms are often alternated; but whichever prevails, there is equal destruction to 'Firmness.' Death is at hand. According to Mr. Combe and Dr. Stewart, Cæsar's disease of course confined its influence to 'the convolutions of the brain constituting the two Organs of Firmness,' when he called for 'a little drink, like a sick girl.' We, on our part, should not have been astonished if he had behaved himself in much the same manner after sustaining the blow of a Nervian hammer on the Ideality or Causality bump of his laurelled head-piece—or on his hucklebone.

We must now treat our readers to a small specimen of Mr. Combe's own delineations:—

'Feb. 20, ther. 29°. *The Capitol and Congress*.—This morning we proceeded to the Capitol. In approaching it I could not help feeling ashamed of the barbarism of my countrymen, who, in the war of 1814, consigned it to the flames. The external walls have been painted white, to obliterate the smoky traces of that unworthy deed. The grand vestibule is under the dome, and has no opening upwards to allow of the escape of air. The consequence is, that the effluvia of human bodies and of tobacco-juice greet the nostrils and afflict the lungs the moment it is entered. We found also that the senate-chamber and house of representatives are, in this weather, hermetically sealed, except at the doors and chimneys. Although these may provide some change of air for the members, who are all accommodated on the floor, the unhappy visitors in the galleries receive all the vitiated air from below, render it worse by their own breathing, and are nearly doomed to suffocation. The ladies are accommodated with the front seat, and occasionally faint from the impurity of the atmosphere. I sat three hours in the gallery of the senate-chamber to-day, and afterwards experienced those debilitating, irritable, and unpleasant sensations, which are generated by imperfectly decarbonized blood.

'Mr.

'Mr. Calhoun of South Carolina spoke two or three times. He seemed to be about sixty, tall and slender, and of a highly bilious and nervous temperament [like the policeman]. The lower ridge of his forehead projects much [as in the policeman], indicating great powers of Observation; but the superior ridge, devoted to Reflection, is much smaller. Although the latter region looks narrow and retreating, yet there is enough of brain to give average power to his reflecting faculties. He has very large Self-Esteem and Firmness. The head indicates much Self-will and Determination; great powers of Perseverance; a capacity for details, but little profound judgment.

'I saw also Mr. Clay, but he did not speak. He is nearly bald. The anterior lobe of his brain is long and high, the middle perpendicular portion predominating. He seems to have large Acquisitiveness, and considerable Ideality. In him also Self-Esteem and Firmness are large. The coronal region rises moderately high above Cautiousness and Causality, and the head altogether is high and long, rather than broad. It is of ample size. His temperament is nervous-sanguine, with a little bilious. He is tall and slender, and apparently between sixty and seventy. This combination indicates great natural vivacity, readiness of apprehension, facility of illustration, with force of character; but there are two defects in the brain which will prevent such an individual from rising to the first class of minds. Causality and the moral Organs do not present the highest degree of development. Men thus constituted do not sufficiently appreciate the influence of the moral sentiments as a natural power, nor do they trace the causes with which they deal to their first elements, nor follow them to their remote consequences. Mr. Clay's head, however, bespeaks a man greatly above an average in point of mental power, and also practical in his tendencies; and therefore well adapted to the general American mind of the present day.

'Here also sits Daniel Webster, looking like an intellectual giant among the senators. His enormous anterior lobe, and generally large head, *reinforced by large lungs*, mark him as a natural leader; but his reflective organs are too much developed in proportion to his Individuality to render his eloquence equally popular with that of Henry Clay. Mr. Webster needs a great subject, involving a profound principle and important consequences, before his strength can be called forth. Give him these, and he will rise to the highest eminence as a pleader and a statesman; but his intellect is too profound and comprehensive to be fully appreciated by the people. On seeing the man, therefore, I am not surprised at a circumstance which I have remarked, that while Mr. Webster is regarded by a few as *the* great political character of the United States, Mr. Clay has at least a hundred devoted followers for each one of Mr. Webster's admirers. Webster, however, like Burke, will be quoted for the depth of principle and wisdom involved in his speeches, when the more fascinating but less profound orations of Mr. Clay have sunk into oblivion.'—*Ib.*, vol. ii. pp. 95-98.

We may be all in the dark; but it certainly seems to us that all this comes simply to translating the results of ordinary observation of life and conduct out of the common language of mankind

kind into the pompous gibberish of a pseudo-science. The Cranioscopist appends this marginal note :

‘Busts and portraits of all the public men whose heads I here describe abound in the United States. As they are thus presented to public inspection, I do not consider myself as guilty of any indelicacy in introducing sketches of them into this work.’

The line he thus indicates would leave a wide scope ; but Mr. Combe's note at least shows that he feels how apt this school of description is to run into insolent personalities. He is himself above wishing to indulge in anything so offensive ; but the inferior doctors of his sect are the pertest little pedantical libellers now on foot among us. By the way, not the least stringent objection to the whole system seems to us to be the adhesion of certain persons of that class to its doctrines. We cannot believe that they would be so zealous in its behalf, if it really had told them what all their acquaintances know otherwise to be the truth about themselves.

Our author has been considerate enough to give in his closing chapter a succinct summing up of the results of his examination of the United States. It is entitled ‘Address to the American People,’ and formed substantially the last of his last course of lectures delivered at Boston and New York. In this address Mr. Combe congratulates America to her utmost heart's content upon the exalted wisdom of her democratic polity, and over and over again asserts his belief that to doubt of its final triumph is to doubt that man is a rational creature ; but he feels himself bound to state here, as he has done in other forms in various pages of his travelling diary, that as yet the practical result of the experiment has not been satisfactory. Mr. Combe *virtually*, nay, scarcely with any shadow of disguise, tells his American People that the pictures of their social condition which have most deeply offended them are in his judgment just representations. The two great blots—which come to one—the tyranny of the populace and the impotence of the law—these he repeatedly assumes to be plain undeniable realities. For example :—

‘It is an evil certainly to live in subjection to an ignorant and self-willed multitude ; but in proportion to the pressure of this evil the desire to escape from it is strong ; and there is only one means of deliverance in the United States, namely, by raising the people in their moral and intellectual condition.’—vol. i. p. 349.

Again—he quotes from the eighth book of Aristotle's ‘Politics,’ as translated by Dr. Gillies, these words :—

‘Above all, *demagogues* must never cease to convince the people that under their favourite democracy they will be at liberty to live as they list ; this will procure for them the assistance of the majority—
for

for the greater part of mankind will always be better pleased to live licentiously than to submit to the restraints of salutary discipline.'

And adds:—

'I have often heard the [American] Judges complain of the want of power in the law, and of the deficiency of the means for executing it, as evils which characterize their institutions. The remarks of Aristotle seem to be recognised by them as too applicable to this country.'—vol. ii. p. 152.

In the solemn valedictory Address itself—after an elaborate series of special pleadings against the civil and ecclesiastical institutions of the old world—Austria, Prussia, but especially Great Britain—he thus speaks to the Americans—

'In Europe, independent courts of justice and a strong executive direct or repress the animal propensities. Here your executive is feeble; and when a general excitement seizes your people, your laws are as cobwebs in restraining the propensities. Your institutions have relied on one sole power to regulate all the faculties in their manifestations,—the power of *Public Opinion*. But what is Public Opinion?'—vol. iii. p. 402.

'*I desire to see Public Opinion*, which is here your great restraining power, composed, not of the sum of the ruling prejudices, passions, or interests of the day, but of the concentrated wisdom and virtue of millions of trained and enlightened minds. Such a Public Opinion *I should regard* as the best and safest of all governing powers. *An ignorant public opinion is, to the wise and good, a revolting tyranny*. In this country you have chosen Public Opinion for your chief regulating influence, and it is impossible for you to substitute for it any other. You have established universal suffrage, placed supreme authority in the hands of your majorities, and no human means short of military conquest can deprive that majority of its sway. You have therefore only one mode of action left to *reach the goal of national happiness*: enlighten your people.'—vol. iii. pp. 404, 405.

The 'Public Opinion,' then, by conceding all power to which Mr. Combe 'desires to see' America in the fair way of 'reaching the goal of national happiness'—that Public Opinion is not yet in existence; and the sway of any Public Opinion but that is 'to the wise and good a REVOLTING TYRANNY.'

In the same Address Mr. Combe says to the Americans:—'One great obstacle to your moral, religious, and intellectual progress, appears to me to be the influence which the *history*, institutions, manners, habits, and opinions of Europe are still exercising over the minds of your people.' (vol. iii. p. 430.) This looks as if our professor had no great respect for *experience* as a teacher of wisdom—since, if the Americans can derive no good from the study of the 'history of Europe,' it is pretty clear that they can learn nothing from any civil or political history whatever, always
excepting

excepting that of their own republic, now of about fifty years' standing. We are at a loss, however, to reconcile this contempt for the aggregate experience of mankind with the reverence which Mr. Combe expresses for the experience of individual men. He says, what the Americans want is *education*—an improved system of schools:—

'In this country you need not only education, but an education *that shall communicate to youth the knowledge, maxims, and experience of age.*'—vol. iii. p. 407.

'As you *do not wait* until your voters, who wield the destinies of your country—who make peace and war—who make and unmake banks—who make and unmake tariffs affecting industry to the core—and who make and unmake even your schools, colleges, and churches,—I say, *as you do not wait until age has given them wisdom and experience*, but place the helm at once in their hands, and allow them to act, while they are still full of young blood, and all the energy, confidence, and rashness that attend it,—you are called on by every consideration to perfect *your schools* so as to communicate to them the dictates of a wisdom which cannot be dispensed with, and which *will not* otherwise be attained.'—vol. iii. p. 409.

Nor does Mr. Combe enable us to see our way in this mystery when he adds—

'In the election which took place in November, 1839, the question of the currency was actually brought to the polls in the State of New York. The mottos were—banks and paper currency on the one side—hard specie and sub-treasury laws on the other. These are questions on which Dr. Adam Smith, Ricardo, M'Culloch, and the profoundest political economists have differed in opinion. Does your education enable your people to understand them and decide on them? No! Yet your people *act*, whether they understand them or not. They vote the supporters of paper into power, and paper flourishes. If evil ensue, they vote the advocates of specie into power; and paper and credit go to the wall. They try the experiment. But what an awful experiment! How many thousands of individuals and families are ruined by the violence of every change!'—vol. iii. p. 409.

We do not understand how the American people, old or young, are to understand Smith, Ricardo, and M'Culloch, and 'decide on them' in such a manner as to avoid the risk of 'awful experiments'—unless they have studied the *history* as well as the *opinions of Europe*. It is from that history that all our political economists pretend at least to draw the facts on which they defend their several theories—and we are obliged to confess that we often do not understand the theories, even with the advantage of not condemning the history.

'Yours is a noble destiny. Providence has assigned to you the duty of proving by experiment whether man be, or be not, a rational and moral being, capable of working out his own way to virtue and enjoyment,
under

under the guidance of Reason and Scripture, unfettered by despotic power, and unchained by law-enacted creeds. Your institutions and physical condition call all your faculties into vivid action. Among these, the animal propensities, as I have remarked, are not dormant; but those observers err who allow their attention to be arrested only, or chiefly, by the abuses of the propensities which appear in your people. Virtue consists in *meeting* and overcoming temptation. As you, then, by possessing freedom, are tempted above other nations, you *will show* a virtue above them all, *if you nobly resist* every seducing influence, and march boldly onward in the paths of rectitude and wisdom. The subjects of a despot, whose every thought and action are ruled by other minds, have little merit in exhibiting order and decorum in their public conduct. You *will prove* the true strength of your moral principles *when* you restrain your passions by your own virtuous resolves, and obey just laws enacted by yourselves. It is to aid you in this *admirable course of action*, in so far as the feeble abilities of one individual will go, that I now address to you these observations. And I again ask, Do your schools teach all that your young voters should know? all that the best of your citizens would wish them to know, when they act as electors and arbitrators of the public welfare?—I believe not. *If you ask how they can be improved, you will be answered by as many projects and proposals for education as if you had inquired for the Philosopher's Stone.* —*Ib.*, vol. iii. pp. 411, 412.

Mr. Combe appears to think that virtue consists in courting as well as in overcoming temptation. For the rest, it is obvious that this is all a prophecy of 'ifs' and 'whens.' He admires their 'noble destiny;' but it is only one of 'proving by experiment' certain things which he *wishes* to see proved. The Past and the Present he is forced to give up;—and it is from intense anxiety about the 'noble destiny,' and the 'experimental proof,' that he proceeds to lecture them as follows:—

'All your aberrations from the dictates of morality; the "colonizing" and false swearing at your elections (see vol. ii. p. 242); the practice of betting on elections; your mobs, your Lynch laws, your wild speculations, your bank suspensions, with the injustice to so many of yourselves which accompany them; your negro slavery; your treatment of the Indians (vol. ii. p. 350); the incessant abuse which the one of your political parties heaps on the distinguished men of the other; the elopements of persons placed in situations of trust with the funds of the nation, or of their constituents; the excessive number of bankruptcies; the very imperfect police for the prevention of crime which characterises some of your great towns, such as New York; the enormous and calamitous conflagrations which scourge your cities, the results either of recklessness or incendiarism; the great self-complacency of the mass of your people, who, although very imperfectly educated, are persuaded by political orators that they know everything, and can decide wisely on every question; the general absence of reverence for authority or superior wisdom, displayed first in childhood, and afterwards in the general

general progress of life; the regardlessness of the obligations of contracts and agreements that occur in trade, commerce, and personal service;—all these, and every other fault and imperfection, real or imaginary, which can be ascribed to you with any shadow of plausibility, are carefully collected, blazoned, and recorded in Europe,—not to *your* disparagement alone, but to the degradation of human nature, and to the unspeakable injury of the cause of liberty all over the civilized world.

‘And I ask,—What have you to oppose to these charges? Generally your press hurls back accusations of crimes and follies as bad or worse, as fairly chargeable against European governments and nations. But admitting this to be true, the philanthropist, using a common phrase, replies that two blacks do not make a white, and that this forms no legitimate defence for your imperfections. You have proclaimed the supremacy of man’s moral and intellectual nature over his animal feelings, and adopted this principle as the basis of your social fabric, and of your hopes.’—*Ib.*, vol. iii. pp. 414, 415.

‘Basis of your *hopes*!’—To come back to the traveller’s main point, however—it is, he thinks, quite obvious that the Americans require some totally new system of education; some schools which shall communicate to youth the wisdom of age, by a summary method: there is no time to wait for the gradual maturing of the understanding by the actual experience of life; that is a slow process: the power of voting is already irrevocably granted to every American the moment he ceases to be a schoolboy; and the school must therefore, if it does its duty, send him forth in full possession of some infallible master-key.—Need we add—this is *Craniology*? He warns them against vulgar professors and lecturers, who will ‘give them as many projects and proposals for education as if they had asked for the *Philosopher’s Stone*.’ The only thing they have any business to ask for is the *Phrenologist’s Gypsum*.

This Science will be found all-sufficient to keep young Americans right in the choice of friends, and especially of wives. When called on to act as jurymen, they will have an easy method by which to estimate the character, not only of the witness in the box, but of the prisoner in the dock, and also of the judge on the bench (vol. iii. p. 431). It will be equally serviceable when they are to exercise the functions of ‘directors of schools and superintendents of education.’ (*Ibid.*) The beardless master will know the calibre and bias of each pupil at first sight—or at least as soon as he has handled his lobes—and be liable to no mistakes as to the direction his education should assume. The same as to ‘visitors of prisons,’—‘inspectors of lunatic asylums;’ and also electors of legislators, governors, and a vast variety of public officers.’ On this last head the lecturer is peculiarly explicit and energetic:—

‘Allow

'Allow me to remark that, as the whole fabric of your institutions rests on a moral basis, and is devoid of artificial supports, you of all nations stand most in need of high moral and intellectual qualities in your public men. It is too obvious that you do not yet possess adequate means of discriminating and selecting individuals possessed of these qualities; for in no country which I have visited has such an array of delinquencies, committed by men in confidential public situations, been exhibited, as has met my eye since I came to the United States. Many of you will smile when I express my opinion that *phrenology* is calculated greatly to aid you in avoiding this monstrous evil. I have stated to you that the native power of manifesting every mental faculty bears a reference, other conditions being equal, to the size of its organs; and that the magnitude of the organs may be estimated. If you wish, therefore, that your public administrators should be vigorous and active, choose men with *high temperaments, large brains, and large lungs*. If you desire that they should possess native integrity, choose men with *predominant organs of conscientiousness*. If you desire that they should possess native benevolence and piety, select individuals in whom the *organs of these sentiments are largely developed*. If you desire that they should be distinguished for intellectual superiority, select persons with *large anterior lobes of the brain*. If you desire to avoid committing your destinies to men of great animal vigour, but deficient moral and intellectual qualities, shun individuals whose heads are developed chiefly in the *basilar region*.'—vol. iii. pp. 432, 433.

He recurs to his previous lectures as having already enabled the hearer to accumulate abundant facts in illustration of this particular function of the Science. For example:—

'You have compared the ample forehead of Napoleon with the moderate *anterior lobe* of his distinguished antagonist William Pitt, and marked the capacious depth of intellect indicated by the one, and the superficial perspicacity by the other.'—vol. iii. p. 433.

It is obvious that no republican, in electing an 'inspector of prisons,' a 'legislator,' or a 'governor,' would hesitate between the man of 'moderate anterior lobe' and him of the 'ample forehead'—whose 'head was not developed chiefly in the *basilar region*.'

The reader may be apt to suppose that, when Mr. Combe had repeated his lectures in thirteen American towns, the difficulty was at an end;—the course had been clearly pointed out—the failure of the experiment hitherto had been expounded—and the sure means of future success had been placed within the reach of 'the American people.' But we are obliged to add that our philosopher himself does not appear to have formed any such very brilliant expectations. He says, on the page which records his departure for Europe—

'In leaving the American shores we were agitated by profound emotion,

tion, awakened not only by parting from many dear and highly valued friends, but by an overwhelming impression of the grandeur of the moral experiment which is now in progress in the United States—glorious and cheering hopes for its success mingled with fears lest it may have been *begun too soon*. As we receded from the scene, however, we reflected that Providence has granted to this people, for their moral training and intellectual improvement, *the period between the present day and that on which their vacant lands shall be fully settled*, and that *existing circumstances indicate* that they will employ this interval with a deep sense of its importance, and in the end prove true to themselves and to the cause of universal freedom.’—vol. iii. p. 378.

Of the ‘existing circumstances’ to which Mr. Combe here alludes, the chief is, no doubt, the favourable reception which his lectures on phrenology met with in the United States. We are, however, we must acknowledge, inclined to fear that the success or non-success of the ‘grand moral experiment’ must be decided considerably before the Anglo-Americans shall have ‘fully settled’ all the lands between the Atlantic and the Pacific, Canada and Mexico.

Mr. Combe is so good as to favour the British people also with a parting address; and in this he again touches on the effect of ‘unsettled lands:’—

‘I acknowledge that the great cause of the prosperity of the people in the United States appears to me to be their contiguity to extensive regions of fertile and unsettled land, which drain off the restless spirits from the older States, absorb the population as fast as it increases, pour in plenty to every market, and still preserve the wages of labour high. I met with few British subjects who, however much they might have advocated Universal Suffrage at home, continued to admire it after experiencing its effects in the United States.’—vol. iii. p. 373.

Notwithstanding these admissions, Mr. Combe considers a large and immediate extension of the electoral franchise as clearly indispensable to the welfare of ‘the masses’ here at home. They are, he asserts, treated, as things stand, with gross ‘injustice’ under a ‘vicious system,’ which loudly demands to be ‘purified and adapted to the wants of increasing civilization.’

In this country, therefore, where there are new ‘lands to be fully settled,’ Mr. Combe is for commencing without delay the ‘grand moral experiment,’ by entrusting the election of *one hundred* members of Parliament to as many districts, in which each male of twenty-one years who has resided six months ‘within his ward or county,’ and has not been ‘convicted of felony,’ shall have the right of suffrage—whereupon

‘There would be no non-represented class to foment secret discontent and resistance to the laws; and there would be no danger of anarchy,
because

because the members who represent the property of the country would still constitute a large majority in parliament.'—*Ibid.*, p. 376.

Mr. Combe admits that, in so far as the influence of his Universal Suffrage members could go, it must be expected to favour *anarchy*; and what *he* means by ANARCHY is not an obscure point: he evidently means the destruction of all law, government, and *property*. We apprehend that a body of 100 *anarchists* would be rather a formidable feature in the House of Commons—and we also doubt whether the masses would be entirely freed from 'secret discontent,' if they saw their holy band thwarted on any important occasion by the 'representatives of property' to whom Mr. Combe's constitution would still allow seats in the house. Into such details, however, it is not worth our while to enter at this moment.

Perhaps the reader, admitting the difficulties we suggest, may say to himself—Yes, but Mr. Combe means that all his new electors, or at least all his new members, are to be *phrenologists*. That, of course, would alter the case—but it is not so. In his 'preface'—which was, no doubt, written after his 'conclusion,'—Mr. Combe says:—

'I returned persuaded that, in the United States, *probably earlier than in any other country*, will Phrenology be applied to practical and important purposes. To save my readers on both sides of the ocean, however, from unnecessary alarm on this head, I may here mention that I do not consider that *the generation is yet born* which is destined to carry this science into practical effect in public affairs; but I entertain the conviction that, *within a century from this time*, Phrenology will be so applied in the United States.'—vol. i. pp. xxi., xxii.

ART. II.—*Patchwork*. By Captain Basil Hall, R.N., F.R.S.
London. 3 vols. 1841.

WE do not see why this author might not have stuck to his old title, 'Fragments of Voyages and Travels.' The three series put forth under that heading were made up of materials not more heterogeneous than the new mosaic—all collected in the course of his wanderings by sea and land—all, in fact, scraps from his pocketbooks—and all brought into sufficient harmony of tone and effect by the veracious reflection of an odd and interesting character, which does not seem to have been much altered since he first took pen in hand.

Few writers lay themselves more open to quizzing: few can
prose

prose and bore more successfully than he now and then does ; but the Captain's merit is real and great. He can draw with the pen as truly as Brockedon can write with the pencil. In the volumes now before us, he mostly goes over trodden ground ; but, whenever he really is himself, and exerts his talents, he imparts a freshness to whatever spot he touches, and carries the reader, with untiring good-humour, cheerily along with him. Turn where we will, we find posies of variegated flowers presented to us ; and though the *florilegium* becomes embarrassing from their abundance, we are sure to find in every one of them, whether sombre or gay, a sprig of *Basil*. We like this individuality. If he writes about a breakfast, there is a hearty relish in the page—putting us in mind of *Waiter, be always continually bringing up more dry toast*. In one of his adventures, when on the road from Naples to Salerno, you are beginning to shudder at the danger of an upset, the question being whether the carriage is to be hurled over the cliff, three or four hundred feet high, to the right, or crushed up the bank to the left—but no ! it is the Captain's good pleasure that the whole of your alarm and concern should be, like his own, centered upon the ruin of a capsized pie, from whose savoury interior the rich gravy rains as it is reversed in the air,—and he succeeds. Had he been in Byron's devoted long-boat, how truly would he have

‘griev’d for those who perish’d with the cutter ;
And also for the biscuit-casks and butter !’

Indeed, for a gentleman by no means indifferent to creature-comforts, he is somewhat unfortunate in the matter of pasties. During his ascent of Etna, the piece of resistance—a noble beef-steak pie—was half sacked by those *chevaliers d'industrie*, the ants ; and as the party did not consider formic acid an appetising sauce, the rest was entirely spoiled.—We have a whole chapter devoted to the anxieties and toils which the gallant author underwent in consequence of hearing at the eleventh hour that he could not with propriety attend a *soirée* of the Duchess of Berri's otherwise than in *smallclothes*—with which article, in spite of Yorick's preaching and practice, he had not provided himself before he approached the territory of Grisettes. The difficulties he encountered in hunting out the actual working tailor in the obscurest *mansarde* of an unfathomable alley—the patience with which he waited till the last button was secured—the triumph with which he dropped his black trousers, and hastened to exhibit his sturdy shanks in a then unusual garb—all is depicted just as fully and vividly as if he had been dealing with the chase of a French privateer in St. George's Channel.—He spares none of his own small miseries—a feature, in its own way,

heroic—and entitled to be carefully considered by those critics who have sometimes been so very severe on his free and easy method of tampering with the private feelings, and what most men (to say nothing of women) would have guessed to be the sore points, of other Europeans. His cuticle is, in some parts, of a peculiarly dense construction, and he takes it for granted that the rest of his race are constructed upon the same pattern. This is the head and front of his worst offendings—which we regard, not indeed without special wonder sometimes, but on the whole with charitable placidity.

But enough of preface.—On turning over volume the first, the first 'patch' we find pencilled down *secundum artem* with marks of particular approbation, is the account of a cheerful August day, spent in exploring the delta of the Rhone, now in process of formation at the upper end of the Lake of Geneva. We believe the Captain is allowed to be a fair *working* geologist; but there can be no doubt that he possesses, in a very remarkable degree, the power of making scientific subjects intelligible, and therefore captivating to unscientific readers—a power which many great masters of science utterly want, and which we are not sure that any first-rate geologists of our time are very highly distinguished for—except, indeed, Dr. Buckland and Mr. Lyell. The passages now to be quoted seem to us quite admirable for clearness; and we therefore conclude they must have cost the author great pains, for, according to wise Menander—

Πάντα τὰ ζητούμενα
δεῖσθαι μερίμνης φάσιν ὁ σοφώτατοι.

'The Rhone at this part of its course is highly turbid, and at certain seasons of the year, when swollen by floods and accelerated in its course, bears along with it materials of considerable magnitude. At all times and seasons, indeed, it carries with it, farther or nearer into the bosom of the lake, the ruins of a hundred hills, and quietly deposits them on the bottom, at distances varying inversely as the magnitude of the particles forming the sediment. The larger ones, such as blocks of stone, and fragments of shingle, after rubbing and grinding against one another over many a turbulent league of the steep bed of the river, at length find a resting-place near the upper edge of the delta. Then follow pebbles and coarse gravel, which are borne somewhat farther into the lake; next fine gravel,—sand still further,—while mud is carried further still; the dividing line between each pair of these deposits being sometimes quite indistinct, though at other times it is very clearly marked. These and some other features in the formation of a delta depend upon the volume as well as speed of the river, the inclination of the ground forming its bed or channel, the peculiar nature of the soil brought down, the height of the circumjacent mountains, the latitude of the district, and various other circumstances modifying the climate. After the stones, gravel, sand,

sand, and the coarser sorts of mud have been successively deposited at the bottom of the lake, a whitish, milky-looking set of clouds may be observed to extend for a considerable distance beyond the outer edge of the delta. These clouds roll about independently for a time in the eddies caused by the influx of so great a stream, as if unwilling to mingle with the pure waters of the lake. In point of fact, they do not mix, for the particles which form the subaqueous clouds alluded to are merely very finely powdered limestone, granite, schistus, and other rocky materials, are all heavier than water, and have quite as decided a tendency to reach the bottom as the larger masses have. Owing, however, to their extreme minuteness, their weight becomes disproportionately small compared to the resistance which their surfaces offer to the fluid in which they seem to be floating; and thus, though they are all the time sinking, and must eventually reach the bottom, their downward motion is imperceptible to the eye.

‘If you take a boat, which I strongly recommend, and not only skirt along the outer edge of the delta, and cross it in various directions, but row off to some distance, you will perceive the gradual diminution of the turbidness in the supply of water coming from the Rhone, till at last you will scarcely be able to perceive any impurity in it at all. If, when you reach that point, viz., the extreme outer edge of the delta, you sink a lead to the bottom, prepared with a little grease (or *arming*, as we call it at sea), you will fish up some mud, which, though abundantly visible, will be almost if not totally impalpable or insensible to your touch when rubbed between the finger and thumb. If now you begin at that point, and steer directly for the mouth of the river, you will find at each cast of the lead not only a diminished depth, but you will also observe an increased size in the particles forming the floor of the lake, till at last the bow of your boat will rattle amongst the shingle, or grate along a bed of gravel. You will now be in front of a natural plantation of willows, alders, canes, and other thirsty, deep-drinking plants, which, both by their growth and by their decay, co-operate with the stream in producing dry land over districts where but a few years before, geologically speaking, the lake may have measured many fathoms in depth. If you now row to the other or south-western end of the lake, you will find the Rhone, which entered as thick as pea soup, running out through the middle of the city of Geneva, as clear as the deep blue sea itself, all its contaminating materials having been long ago deposited at the bottom.’—vol. i. pp. 12-14.

He pauses to remind us that, besides the mighty Rhone, a hundred minor streams are all rushing from the Alps into the Lemman lake—all performing, according to their resources, the same species of work within its bosom; and he then invites us to accompany him up the valley of the great river, that is above the lake. Here, he says,—

‘We shall find many extensive ranges of perfectly horizontal alluvial ground, now thickly covered with vegetation, which had evidently, in old times, been the basins of lakes into which the very same Rhone

must have flowed, and gradually filled them up from end to end, by slowly protruding its delta or deltas into each of these lakes in succession, precisely as the great delta above described is now filling up the Lake of Geneva. In those remote days, the deposit of materials in the present lake was probably very insignificant compared to what it now is, since the grand cargo of materials brought down from the hills was arrested by some one or other of the intervening lakes (now alluvial plains), which then acted the part of sess-pools, higher up the valley. So, in future times—(the distance of which from our epoch is perhaps not utterly beyond the reach of a bold geologist's computation)—the inhabitants of Geneva will see a magnificent plain where they now behold a magnificent lake; while the great Mediterranean delta will then receive the whole burthen of materials brought down by that stream and all its tributaries, the greater portion of which is now arrested by the Lake of Geneva, and must be so till it is entirely filled up. This process must go on until all the inequalities are worn away, and the mighty Alps themselves are either reduced to level plains, or degraded into gently-sloping banks. Such scenes will bear no resemblance to what we see now; for when the snow-topped mountains and their attendant glaciers—the sources of the stream—are gone, the Rhone will have dwindled into a pretty rivulet, and the grassy or wooded ground stripped of its snows, and basking in a more genial, perhaps a torrid climate, will afford few materials for removal.'—vol. i. p. 15.

Another chapter, headed 'An Alpine Debacle,' well demonstrates the power of moving water as a geological agent, and the description is set off by some gracefully expressed thoughts:—

'The river Dranse, which has its origin in the two glaciers of Chermontane and Mont Durant, lying at the very top of the glen, flows along the Val de Bagnes till at Martigny it meets the Rhone, of which it is one of the principal feeders. The banks of this river, or, to speak more properly, of this mountain torrent, are at most places precipitous. But the ground occasionally becoming less steep, admits of the formation of soil, and this, even if it be too steep for the purposes of agriculture, is richly clad with the larch, a tree which loves to root itself in such commanding positions. If, then, by any possibility, the industrious and hardy Switzer can either plough up, or delve into such a spot, he eagerly takes possession of it, and presently converts it into a garden, in the midst of which he builds up of dark red logs of larch one of those charming cottages, so well known all over the world for their picturesque beauty, and which, unlike so many other edifices, lose no portion of their interest on a closer inspection. Indeed I am sure every Alpine traveller will agree with me, that they are often a hundred times prettier in the reality than in those tawdry paintings where the artist strives in vain to impart to his would-be Swiss cottages the inimitable graces—the boundless and ever fresh variety of Alpine scenery. To connect these eagle-nest patches together, bridges are thrown across the ravine; and to supply them with bread, mills are constructed as near the edge of the stream as the experience of ordinary floods has taught the inhabitants that

that they may venture to place their wheels. Thus, wherever it is possible, amongst the Alps, for the foot of man to plant itself, little villages start up, enriched by gardens, and decked by the church steeple, which never fails to meet the eye in a Swiss community, however small or however poor, or, I may add, however exposed it may occasionally be to the ravages of such a debacle as swept out the poor valley of the Dranse in 1818.

‘Until the fatal moment of destruction arrives, or at all events, till the hour of danger approaches, mankind, all the world over, are pretty nearly equally indifferent, and go on dancing and singing, marrying and giving in marriage, under the very ribs of death, with as much unconcern as if they were living in perfect safety! The inhabitants of Portici and Resina, for instance, living at the base of Vesuvius; or those of Catania, at the foot of Mount Etna, where torrent upon torrent of lava has flowed in endless succession,—never dream of an eruption till the parched volcano drinks up their wells, and, in the language of Scripture, “fire runs along the ground!” In like manner I have observed the gay voluptuaries of Lima scarcely disturbed in their reckless enjoyment of life by the shock of an earthquake, which interrupted only for a transient moment of fear and impatient prayer their darling “*Tertullus*,” while the ceilings and walls of their houses cracked in their ears, and church steeples toppled round them! So with ourselves—the coasts of our own country, strewn every winter with wrecks, suggest no ideas of danger to the British seaman, nor make him one whit less anxious to leave the wearisome land for the merry sea. Precisely in the same spirit of confident and happy security an inhabitant of the Val de Bagnes prefers living amongst his cold and almost barren, but much-loved, mountains, in a situation of constant danger with which he has become familiar from his infancy, rather than dwell in perfect security on the rich adjacent plains of Lombardy.’—vol. i. pp. 23-25.

Captain Hall arrived at Martigny on the 5th of August, just seven weeks after the catastrophe.

‘Many of the houses had been swept away, and all the remaining habitations gave token of having been invaded by the flood which, even at the lower extremity of the town, where the valley is widest, had risen to the height of ten feet, as we could remark by the traces left on the walls. Higher up the torrent had been much deeper; and the inhabitants pointed out to us the manner in which a considerable district of houses had been saved from destruction by the intervention of the village church, a compact stone building, placed—perhaps not accidentally—with one of its corners directed towards the adjacent gorge, out of which the overcharged torrent of the Dranse burst with such violence on the 16th of June. Had the side or end of the church faced the stream, it is supposed that not only must it have given way, but, in its train, all that quarter of the village would have been overwhelmed. The strong angle of the church, however, seems to have divided the waters; and as the valley at this point begins to spread itself out, the stream readily obeyed the new direction given to it, and flowed to the right
and

and left. With some difficulty we made our way into the church, which was nearly half full of sand, mud, and stones, brought there by the flood. The pulpit just peeped above the mass of rubbish, but the altar was no longer visible, being quite buried under the mud. This very substantial building, indeed, had acted its part so firmly in the hour of need, that the old man who acted as our guide patted the wall familiarly with his hand, saying, "The church was, and is, after all, our chief reliance in the hour of danger!"—something figurative, perhaps, mingling with the poetical sentiment.

'All the hedges, garden-walls, and other boundary lines and landmarks of every description, were of course obliterated under one uniform mass of detritus which had levelled all distinctions in a truly sweeping and democratic confusion. In every house, without exception, there lay a stratum of alluvial matter several feet in thickness, so deposited that passages were obliged to be cut through it, along the streets, as we see roads cut in the snow after a storm. On that side of every building which faced up the valley, and consequently against which the stream was directed, there had been collected a pile of large stones under all, then a layer of trees, with their tattered branches lying one way, and their roots the other. Next came a net-work of timber-beams of houses, broken doors, fragments of mill-wheels, shafts of carts, handles of ploughs, and all the wreck and ruin of the numerous villages which the debacle had first torn to pieces, and then swept down the valley in one undistinguishable mass. The lower part of the bark had been completely stripped off all the trees still standing, each one being charged on the side next the torrent with a singular accumulation of rubbish, consisting chiefly of uprooted trees, and those wooden portions of the buildings which were bolted together. I ought to mention, also, that from every house, and behind every tree, circumstanced as I have described, there extended down the valley a long tail or train of diluvial rubbish, deposited in the swirl, or, as a sailor would say, in the eddy, under the lee of these obstacles. All over the plain, large boulders or erratic blocks lay thickly strewed: these varied in size from a yard to a couple of yards in diameter; but just at the point where the ravine of the Dranse leaves the mountains and joins the open valley of Martigny, I examined some enormously large masses of granite, which the inhabitants assured me had been brought down and placed there by the sheer force of the debacle.'—vol. i. pp. 33-35.

Let us now see in how short a period nature perfects her restorative process, and how soon human industry obliterates desolation, making the ruined valley smile in its renovation.

'I can find no adequate terms in which to describe the sort of hopeless feeling which filled our minds as we viewed the total, and, as it seemed, irremediable nature of the misfortune which had befallen the inhabitants of Martigny. We said to ourselves, that no time could ever restore their town to prosperity or re-clothe their fields with verdure. Yet, only fifteen years afterwards, when I again visited this scene of utter, and, as it seemed, hopeless desolation, I could scarcely, by any effort of the imagination

imagination, recall the spot to my mind, or be persuaded that it really was the same ground I had seen laid waste. I knew very well, because I found it so set down in memorandums made on the spot, that a huge debacle, or mountain torrent, had burst over the hapless village, swept away all its herds and flocks, utterly destroyed its gardens and fields, drowned not a few of the inhabitants, and caused infinite distress; and I well remembered thinking it almost impossible that any length of time could effectually remove the traces of this gigantic misfortune. In spite of this prophecy, the only circumstance which I could now discover to mark the event of which I supposed the visible effects were to exist for ages, consisted in a black line painted on the wall of one of the hotels, at the height of ten feet from the ground, to point out to travellers that such was the limit to which the inundation had reached! The fields were all again matted thickly with verdure; the hedges and dividing walls appeared never to have been disturbed; flower-gardens, and kitchen-gardens, and grass plots smiled on every side of the happy valley; apple-trees laden with fruit, and rows of tall poplars, marked out many lines of new and better roads than before, leading from new bridges which formerly had no existence! On examining matters more closely, I discovered one, and only one, remarkable trace of the debacle. All the old trees remained still stripped of their bark on the side which had faced the stream; and though a new coating had gradually formed itself, the rough handling of the torrent was still deeply marked on the trunks of all the trees which had been alive at that period, and had possessed strength enough to resist the flood. In one of the gardens also, I came upon an erratic block or boulder of granite, so nearly hid in a mass of flowers and foliage, that I could not for some time recognise it as one of my old friends of the Dranse flood. So many young trees had been planted, and so many new houses built, and such had been the regeneration of the cornfields, vineyards, and orchards, that it required the retrospective, theoretical optics of a geologist to discover any symptoms of diluvian action at all. Indeed, I much question whether even a practised geologist, unless put upon his guard and his curiosity roused, would now be able to infer, from the existing appearances, that such a catastrophe had occurred; and we certainly might defy him to affix a date thereto. Even I, who can almost say that I witnessed the catastrophe, and took a careful survey of the attendant circumstances when they were all fresh and obvious, could scarcely help fancying that the account I had myself recorded, and which I carried in my hand, must have been exaggerated, though written in good faith, and, if anything, short of the reality.'—vol. i. pp. 36-39.

After the vivid contrast of these two pictures, we can forgive the nautical F.G.S. for a page or two of solemn reclamation against the hastiness with which unskilled critics reject the accounts of grander and infinitely more varied revolutions on the earth's surface, which they encounter in works professedly devoted to the arcana of geology. He resumes all his life and vivacity

vivacity when he attacks another great class of 'modern causes' of change. He does not seem to have read Captain Marryatt's late *patchwork*, the 'Olla Podrida;' but his expatiation on the beauty and grandeur of *the glacier* might well have been designed as a reproof of his brother-sailor's heresy on that subject. The descent itself, too, is very strikingly told, and the sounds described recall Coleridge's dreamy lines—

'The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound.'

'During winter, when no movement of any kind is to be perceived, the most profound silence reigns over every part of the glacier. But the moment the warm weather commences, the glacier is not only in motion, but gives forth sounds which are exceedingly unlike any others I am acquainted with. If we listen attentively we can always hear some sounds—often like that of distant thunder—caused by the ice breaking across from side to side: these sounds are generally accompanied by a kind of faint, earthquake sensation. At others, we can hear a sort of mysterious groaning produced by some unseen, internal mass giving way, or perhaps by pieces rolling into the numerous vaults, scooped out by the running water which insinuates itself into the glacier on all sides, eating out its very vitals! We are sure also, at such seasons, to distinguish, almost without interruption, the noise of avalanches, more or less distant; but these sounds afford no evidence of the glacier itself being in motion. There is, however, one very palpable symptom of its locomotion, which I have often watched with singular interest. It is only necessary, when on the top of a glacier, to place yourself by the side of one of those long ridges of broken stones called *moraines*, and to fix the attention to that part of the bank which is nearest. Many minutes seldom elapse before some one or more of the fragments detaches itself and rolls down; or a tremulous motion of the glacier itself imparts a slight shake in the whole mass of rubbish, and causes a faint grinding sound amongst its parts, which is abundantly significant.

'But the most obvious of all the proofs of the progression of the glacier is the manner in which its enormous snout ploughs up the ground before it. Of this strange process we had an opportunity of examining a remarkable instance in the lower part of the Allée Blanche, where the glacier de Brenva falls into the valley, overturning and destroying everything before it, and having fairly crossed from one side to the other, a distance of a mile at least, is so irresistibly pressed onwards by the enormous weight of snow on its shoulders, high up the sides of Mont Blanc, that its lower end, on reaching the opposite side of the valley, actually travels for a considerable distance up the bank! So complete a barricade was formed by the glacier at one place, that we found some difficulty in getting past; for though the road, purposely contrived to be out of the reach of such accidents, had been carried
forty

forty or fifty feet in perpendicular height above the bottom of the valley, it was all rubbed away by the glacier having slowly climbed up to it. The guides pointed out the corners of green fields peeping out from the sides of the glacier in the middle of the valley, and showed us traces of walls and fences which had belonged to large villages now entirely obliterated by the moving mass! I took notice of one circumstance which told the fatal story very well. We had walked along a well-worn footpath till our course was abruptly stopped by the edge of the glacier; but, on crossing over it, we re-discovered our footpath, which had been quite hidden by the intervening mass. In like manner, the river Doire, which takes its rise from the lake formed by the glacier de Miage, a few leagues higher up the Allée Blanche, finds its way partly through and partly under the ice, and dashing along an archway or tunnel, which it has scooped out for itself, sweeps past Courmayeur in grand style.'—vol. i. pp. 106-108.

This excellent chapter shows that the Captain is well read in the works of Lyell and Darwin, to whose pages he often refers, especially upon the subject of moraines, icebergs, and erratic blocks; it is also evident that he has given considerable attention to the new glacial theory broached by Professor Agassiz, and pushed by that extraordinary genius, as Captain Hall thinks (and we agree with him), to a startling extent. The theory, however, is full of high interest, and it is already adopted in great part by both Buckland and Lyell. We have reason to believe that the latter geologist would require no greater a degree of cold than that actually existing on the globe to produce the effects required, *so far as he would carry them*. On the other hand, Mr. Murchison seems disposed to contest the new theory stoutly—or at least to confine its application within very moderate limits. The parallel between the glacier and lava-stream (vol. iii. pp. 118, 119) is very good—as far as it goes;—but the most striking resemblance between these opposite agents seems to have escaped Captain Hall's notice. They both stop up rivers and form lakes. The lake Aidat, on whose borders the poet Sidonius Apollinaris resided, owed its existence to the damming up of a river by a lava-current. Thus the extremes of frost and fire produce precisely the same results.

Skipping lightly over the Alps, we are carried to Aosta and the Great St. Bernard. The dogs, immortalised by Edwin Landseer, and the prattle of every nursery, are so well touched that we cannot omit them.

'Far up in the clouds, and well above these imaginary terrors, we found the excellent monks of the Great St. Bernard plying their generous and truly public-spirited calling. I believe our chief object in this part of our expedition was to see the celebrated dogs, whose exploits amongst the snows of winter have endeared them to every one's childish recollections.

lections. Indeed, I do not suppose there are any quadrupeds alive more *fêlés* than these fine animals, and it gives one a good idea of the Christian spirit of the worthy priests to observe the indulgent manner in which they submitted to the undisguised interest shown by every guest in the dogs more than for them.

‘I have met with monks possessed of piety, good nature, learning, intelligence, and active benevolence, in various parts of the world; and I have seen countries in which they formed, almost exclusively, the educated class; but I have nowhere seen men of this stamp so thoroughly devoted to the service of mankind as the good fathers of St. Bernard.

‘We took a sunrise walk with the prior, accompanied by three of his principal dogs, and listened with an interest I cannot describe to his account of the manner in which he and his brethren, assisted by these faithful attendants, hunted among the snow for fainting passengers during the long and dreary winter. He pointed out to us many scenes of suffering and of death; some where the dogs had succeeded in carrying provisions to persons too much exhausted to walk further, but who were instantly sought for by the monks on the dogs returning with their empty baskets, and appealing for further assistance. It would appear that these noble animals enter fully into the spirit of this singular species of hunting—in which the object is to save, not to destroy; and that their natural sagacity is so sharpened by long practice and careful training, that a sort of language is established between them and their masters, by which mutual communications are made, such as few persons, living in situations of less constant and severe trial, can have any just conception of.

‘I remember hearing Sir Walter Scott say that he would believe anything of a St. Bernard dog; and certainly, if half the stories told us are true, this eulogium is not exaggerated. I have sometimes wondered that, amidst all the odd freaks which come into the heads of English travellers, it has not occurred to any one to pass a month or two in the depth of winter on the summit of this pass. I feel sure that the current incidents of the day would furnish admirable sport, with the super-added advantage of a highly-exciting and praiseworthy purpose.’—vol. i. pp. 128, 133, 134.

We strongly recommend the pleasing experiment of ‘a month or two in the depth of winter’ to the amiable Skipper himself.

At Leuk, it seems, the bathing is conducted on the Socialist principle:—

‘On reaching at last, in safety, the baths of Leuk, lying near the foot of this extraordinary mountain-pass, I managed, by the help of a stick on one side and a friend’s arm on the other, to crawl into one of the large bath-rooms, where rather a comical sight met our eyes. The heads and shoulders of between twenty and thirty persons might be seen above the surface of a great reservoir or bath, of a square form, all the party being immersed nearly up to their throats in water so hot that the steam rose from it in clouds, while they seemed to be patiently under-
going

going the process of parboiling! The ladies and gentlemen, mixed indiscriminately together, were surrounded by children, romping and splashing through the water near their parents. Each patient, of course, wore a long robe or bathing-gown, and most of them some kind of head-dress. Before them floated small tables, on which the ladies placed their work, the gentlemen their books and newspapers, and children their toys. Some of the company sipped their chocolate; others passed their time in clipping different coloured papers, and pasting them into artificial flowers; and certainly the greater number, though merely chatting together, appeared to be enjoying themselves greatly. In short, it was like an ordinary assembly, seated in different parts of a large drawing-room, with only the queer addition of hot water as a medium of communication! In a low gallery, extending along the four sides of the bath, sat groups of other persons, friends of the invalids, who, without entering the water, lent their society to keep up the spirits of the patients whom the protracted discipline of this strange method of cure requires to remain soaking from eight to ten hours a-day!—vol. i. pp. 148, 149.

The author advises his readers to try this bath—nay, he says, there seemed to be ‘such a merry sort of innocent indecorum about the whole of this transaction,’ that he himself felt strongly tempted to join the party in the hot water. Again we regret that the Captain’s practice should not have corresponded with his preaching.

His jolting on the Gemmi pass seems to have had its due effect, and he thus breaks out into road-rapture:—

‘*Poor Bony!* how naturally one forgets the faults and forgives the injuries of such a *magnificent fellow* as could first conceive and then execute a road like this! A fico for those who whine and cant, and say “that it was all done to serve the purposes of his own ambition.” It was done to serve those purposes which he considered *the best for his country!* But, after all, is it not petty work to stop on the Simplon to consider what were the motives which induced its projector to construct so stupendous a work? Surely ladies and gentlemen ought to be sufficiently thankful for the journey, without pecking at the dead body of *the lion*, who, when alive, with a single playful pat of his majestic paw would have crushed a hundred thousand cockneys, had they dared to cross his path!”—vol. i. p. 151.

This is very fine, though we think ‘tiger’ would have been more germane to the matter than ‘lion;’ and with all due deference we fancy that Captain Hall and Co. were indebted for the road rather more to Buonaparte’s ambition than to his love of country or of mankind, though Young France, with her usual piety, does call him a *Christ armé*. As for the ‘cockneys,’ and the ‘playful pat,’ Buonaparte had enough of the former when a very few of them crossed his path at Waterloo. England does not owe him much; but we have a higher respect for the mighty dead than to tolerate

tolerate his being thus *magnificent-fellowed* and *poor-Bonyed*, even though the praise and the pity be Captain Hall's.*

In the second volume there are some very good sketches of Paris and its society—and in the midst of these gaieties comes the darkest chapter in the book, and, notwithstanding its faults, the best. The very title, 'The Gallows and the Guillotine,' seems to blot the page.

The frequent agitation of the great and awful question regarding the abolition of the punishment of death argues well for the humanity of the age in which we live. Much had been done, before the last session of Parliament, to mitigate the severity of our criminal code, and, as we think, wisely and well; but it now seems as if we might live to see the extreme penalty wiped from the statute-book altogether. For the last outrage of ferocious man upon feeble woman, and for all cruel violences where the sufferers are left in such a state

'That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live or die,'

we had hoped never to see it abolished; and we humbly think that

* We take this opportunity, in case a better should not immediately occur, of laying before our readers a document which was not in our possession when we reviewed, in a late Number, Dr. Henry's account of Sir Hudson Lowe's conduct, as governor of St. Helena, during the detention of Napoleon. We owe it to the courtesy of a distinguished person, not connected in any way with Sir Hudson Lowe:—

'Sir,

Downing Street, London, 10th July, 1821.

'I have received and laid before the King your despatches, of the dates and numbers specified in the margin, in which you communicate the intelligence of General Bonaparte's death, and the arrangements made by you both previously and subsequently to that event.

'I am happy to assure you that your conduct, as detailed in those despatches, has received His Majesty's approbation. It is most satisfactory to His Majesty to observe that no measures were omitted by you for the purpose of placing at General Bonaparte's disposal the best medical advice, and of affording every relief and alleviation of his sufferings, during the latter period of his life, of which his state admitted. After the discussions which have taken place between yourself and General Bonaparte's attendants, it is no inconsiderable gratification to observe that, if your offers of service and assistance were latterly declined, the refusal to accept them seems to have arisen not from any unwillingness on the part of General Bonaparte to do justice to your motives, but from the satisfaction which he expressed himself to feel in the talents and conduct of the medical officer who had been already selected to attend upon him.

'His Majesty has further commanded me to avail myself of this opportunity to repeat that general approbation of your conduct during the time that you have administered the Government of St. Helena which I have on particular occasions had so often the pleasure of conveying. Placed as you have been in a situation which must, under any circumstances, have been one of heavy responsibility, but which particular events contributed to render yet more difficult and invidious, you discharged your arduous trust with strict fidelity, discretion, and humanity, and have effectually reconciled the two main duties of your command, combining the secure detention of General Bonaparte's person, which was of necessity the paramount object of your attention, with every practicable consideration and indulgence which your own disposition prompted, and your instructions authorized you to show to his peculiar situation.

'I have the honour to be, Sir,

'Your most obedient humble servant,

'Lieut.-Gen. Sir Hudson Lowe, K.C.B.'

'BATHURST.

the

the House of Lords has now gone too far—but such steps are hard to be retraced.

It being still allowed, however, that the punishment of death is a necessary evil in some cases, few, we think, will be found to renew the proposition lately brought forward by Mr. Rich, for converting the execution of the blood-stained felon into a little private exhibition within the gaol—a *tableau-mourant* to be contemplated only by the duly appointed authorities and a small circle of individuals. The only legitimate object of punishment is to deter from the commission of crime; and that paramount consideration forms the only ground of justification for taking away life. To say nothing, then, of the odium with which any such select death-commission must be always regarded in this country, and the dangerous practices to which it might lead, what becomes of the example if the criminal be executed in private? We are aware of all the thousand-times repeated objections about ‘brutalising,’ &c.: but the general effect produced is the point; and we are of opinion that the good greatly overbalances the evil.

We willingly give to those who are constantly mooted these and similar questions credit for their humanity: but it is not to be concealed that the besetting sins of the present day are mob-worship and felon-sympathy. There is nothing greater than the people of this country; there is nothing so base as its mob, except those who pander to it. We respect the sincere politician, however we may condemn his opinions: but the gorge rises equally at a Radical fawning on a lord, or a Tory begriming himself in order to propitiate the many-headed monster. As to the other spot—it is impossible not to see that, with a certain class of persons, indifference to the loss of human life is gaining ground, *except* in the case of ruffians and assassins, for whose fate a maudlin lament is drawled out by morbid sentimentalists and disappointed men, mortified into patriots. No thought is wasted on the victim hurried ruthlessly to his account, full of bread; nor on his desolate hearth, nor on his ruined family: but the murderer immediately becomes an object of interest, and even tenderness. No wonder that novelists enough should be found to flatter this villainess in the selection of their heroes and heroines: it is, however, too bad to find real genius stooping to such a traffic.

Captain Hall had, as he tells us, long felt a great desire to compare together the methods of execution adopted in England and France. He, accordingly, lays before us both of these dreadful scenes, and so vividly that his reader may spare himself the pain of ever actually beholding either. Powerfully, however, as these pictures are branded upon the imagination, Captain Hall has not, in our opinion, been fair in his choice of examples—

nor

nor has he introduced one of them in a manner worthy of his good sense.

His English scene is the execution of Thistlewood and others in 1820 for high treason.

'In judging of these unfortunate men,' says Captain Hall, 'it ought to be borne in mind, that, although they were most justly condemned to death for their wicked designs against the king's government, they may have acted under the full persuasion of their objects being not only just, but highly patriotic. Many brave and good men have died on the scaffold for offences equally criminal, who have handed down to posterity names of enduring renown; so that, without seeking for one moment even to extenuate their crime, we may, without inconsistency, yield a certain degree of our sympathy to men so grievously mistaken, but who believed they were sacrificed in a great and praiseworthy cause.

'It is true that in *the course of their proceedings, in the scuffle caused by their arrest*, a policeman was killed; and therefore, even had they not been convicted of high treason, they must have been found guilty of murder, and most justly executed for that crime. But *this circumstance was what may be called accidental*, and formed no part of their plan, which, it must be owned, was black enough, being no less than to subvert the government, by putting the cabinet ministers of the Crown to death. Nevertheless, their crime, wicked and preposterous as it was, belonged to a class which, when the leaders are men of name and substance, is far removed in the estimation of the world from those which spring out of the base love of money, or the demoniacal impulses of revenge.'—vol. ii. p. 71, 72.

We know Captain Hall to be an honest man, and moreover a good sound Conservative—he was originally a Whig, but America thoroughly converted him—and therefore we do not for a moment dream of charging him with the deliberate design of pandering to any of the folly and cant above alluded to. But we must say his language here is exceedingly rash, and likely to be misinterpreted. No human being, who has considered the facts of the case as detailed on the trial of Thistlewood, can have the slightest notion that *his* treason originated in any nobler feelings than those of personal disappointment—the bitter fruits of extravagant vanity and self-will. He was simply a ruined and desperate coxcomb, animated by 'diabolical impulses of revenge' against the society in which he had lost his place—the rest of the crew were mere brutal ruffians, incapable of all reasoning—blood-hounds eager for prey. Upon what grounds Captain Hall awards any of his 'sympathy' to 'these men, so grievously mistaken,' &c., we confess we cannot conjecture; nor is it easy for us to understand how such a writer comes to speak of the deliberate murder of a brave, unarmed Bow-street officer, while in the discharge of his duty, in terms which might designate a mere affair of chance-medley—

chance-medley—‘a policeman killed—in the course of their proceedings—in the scuffle caused by their arrest!’

‘The conspirators had taken the precaution to place a sentinel below, and the only approach to them in the loft was up a ladder, not wide enough for more than one to ascend at a time. Ruthven went first, followed by three other officers, Ellis, Smithers, and Salmon. Thistlewood was nearest the door of the loft, armed with a drawn sword: the whole number of conspirators in the room was twenty-five. Before the officers ascended the loft, they secured the sentinel placed at the foot of the ladder, but we suspect he contrived by some means to give those in the loft notice of the approach of the officers. The whole party in the loft were hastily arming: some with belts, and pistols stuck in them; others were loading hand-grenades and muskets. There was a large quantity of ammunition in the room, and a sack full of combustibles. Ruthven, the officer, was the first that burst into the loft. Thistlewood was nearest the door with a drawn sword; he made some attempt at Ruthven, but failed. Ellis, Smithers, Salmon, and others, followed close, with the magistrate, Mr. Birnie. The conspirators were ordered to lay down their arms, and to surrender themselves, warrants being issued for their apprehension: while Ruthven was trying to secure the door, so as to prevent escape that way, Smithers advanced to secure Thistlewood. The latter immediately made a lunge at the officer, which unfortunately took a fatal effect. The sword went through his body, and Smithers fell back instantly into Ruthven’s arms, crying out “Oh, God! I am—.” He spoke no more, but died instantly. *Thistlewood then called to his party to put out the lights.* Ruthven, on Smithers falling into his arms, pointed a pocket-pistol at Thistlewood, which missed fire. Ellis then discharged his, and missed him. The Guards arrived about the time Thistlewood murdered Smithers. Captain* Fitzclarence headed them, and when they entered the loft it was filled with smoke, so that objects were not discernible. One of the ruffians made a dash at the captain, and another pointed a pistol at him, which he was on the point of firing, when a serjeant of the Guards, named Legge, rushing forward to put the pistol aside, received the fire in his arm, which was wounded, but in a slanting direction; shots were exchanged between the officers, the Guards, and the conspirators, for some minutes; but it is not known whether any of the latter were wounded. One of the officers was wounded in the forehead. In the confusion of the scene, and in the darkness (for the candles were put out, and there was no light but what was produced for a moment by the flash of pistols), fourteen or fifteen of the conspirators made their escape by a back window. Thistlewood escaped in this way. Nine of the conspirators were taken. These nine were immediately handcuffed, and sent off under a strong escort to Bow-street. The loft was then searched, and all the arms and ammunition taken off with the prisoners. There was a quantity sufficient to arm 100 persons.’—*Annual Register*, 1820, vol. lxii. Part i. p. 52.

* Now Colonel Lord Frederick Fitzclarence.

It is clear, from this account, which accurately reflects the evidence given on the trial, that the lights were not put out till after the death of Smithers. The '*circumstance* may be called accidental!' The murder was resolutely and deliberately done.

Captain Hall thinks proper to put forward as a specific object of sympathy the most bloodthirsty of all the crew—one, to use the not exaggerated expressions of a witness at the trial, 'whose whole blood and soul boiled for murder.'

'Next came one whose behaviour was so different from that of the others, that I should have said he had been drinking, were not this impossible. Looking towards St. Sepulchre's, he gave three cheers, talked a great deal, and wished to address the people. Thistlewood repeatedly desired him to be quiet, with the air of a man accustomed to be obeyed by those under him.

'The whole deportment of this man on the scaffold was apparently reckless; and it was impossible, when viewing his indecent behaviour, with his foot literally touching the coffin he was soon to inhabit, not to suppose him destitute of any right moral feeling. And yet all this was *mere external show*. On the evening before his death he wrote three letters, —one to his wife, one to his daughters, and one to his son, a little boy to whom he seems to have been much attached. There is no doubt of the authenticity of these documents, and they show us, in the first place, how little we can sometimes judge of men by outward appearances; and secondly, how small a chance even the best feelings of our nature have for celebrity, when developed by persons in vulgar life. Had the following letter been written to his son by a Jacobite nobleman of 1745, about to expiate on the scaffold the crime of high treason, instead of by a poor Radical butcher of 1820, how different a place would it hold in our estimation!

"My little dear boy William, I hope you will live to read these few lines, when the remains of your poor father is mouldered to dust. My dear boy, I hope you will bear in mind the unfortunate end of your poor father, and not place any confidence in any person or persons whatever. For the deception, the corruption, and the ingenuity of man, I am at a loss to comprehend—it is beyond all calculation. My dear boy, I hope you will make a bright man in society; and it appears to me the road you ought to take is, to be honest, industrious, sober, and upright in all your dealings; and to do unto all men as you wish they should do unto you. My dear boy, put your trust in God; and be cautious of every shrewd, designing, flattering tongue. My dear boy, be a good, kind, obedient child to your poor mother, and comfort her; and be a loving brother to your sisters. My dear boy, I hope you will regard these my last instructions. From your loving and unfortunate father, ———. — Newgate, Sunday night, 8 o'clock, April 30th, 1820."

'Who is there that, on reading these pathetic lines, would not like to know what was the effect of instructions such as these, delivered at such a moment? It is now twenty years and upwards since they were penned,—the crime and its penalty are alike forgotten,—but the boy must

must be grown to manhood, and who shall say how useful and virtuous a citizen he may not have become?"—vol. ii. pp. 73—75.

We touch on this part of the subject with great reluctance, for we have reason to believe that the son is now a good and useful member of society; no thanks, in our humble opinion, to his father's example, whose last months, as well as his last moments in the prison and out of it, were spent in a defiance of all laws human and divine: but Captain Hall writes with too great effect not to make it imperative upon us to quote the evidence as to this individual. One witness, Robert Adams, saw this 'Secretary of the Provisional Government,' as he signed himself, accoutre himself for the slaughter:—

'He put a black belt round his waist, in order to contain a brace of pistols; another black belt he hanged upon his shoulder, to support a cutlass; he next placed on each shoulder a large bag, in the form of a large haversack. When he had done this he viewed himself, and he said—[we omit a blasphemous exordium]—"I have not got my steel, I am not complete—never mind." He directly draws a great knife from his pocket, and begins to brandish it about, swearing at the same time that was the knife he procured to cut off the head of Lord Castlereagh, and the rest as he came at them. On being asked what he intended them bags for that he had about him, he positively swore that he intended to bring away the heads of Lord Castlereagh and Lord Sidmouth in them.—The witness, being asked what sort of a knife it was that he brandished, answered, "it was a large broad knife that he said he had prepared for the purpose, and bound round the handle with wax-end to prevent its slipping in his hand *when*, he said, *he should be at work*."—*Howell's State Trials*, vol. xxxiii.

And this is the 'unfortunate man' that Captain Hall places side by side with the Jacobite noblemen who laid down their lives for him whom they had been taught from their infancy to regard as their true and lawful prince; such spirits as the great magician embodied in Fergus M'Ivor:—the noble, the brave, the generous, associated on the same page with the off-scouring of the slaughter-house—Lord Balmerino, and this butcher!

' Powers

Eternal, such names mingled !'

and by a Scotch gentleman, too, with the blood of Douglas in his veins!

We purposely pass over the execution itself: we have not space to give it entire; and to garble it would be to destroy the effect of the whole. Captain Hall's reflections after the fatal bolt had been withdrawn are these:—

'The whole sight up to this terrible moment, and for the next hour, was one in the highest degree solemn and impressive; and I could not help

help believing, as I looked over the silent crowd, and observed their awe-stricken gaze, that, although there must of course have been among so numerous an assemblage some hardened breasts, incapable of being moved even by such a sight, the vast majority could not possibly remain unmoved during the very long hour in which they beheld these five lifeless bodies suspended high in the air over their heads. For my part, at least, I can say with truth that I have never beheld anything nearly so impressive as the whole of this painful tragedy; and judging from what I could detect of the sentiments of the crowd, I should say that they were as deeply moved as it was possible for persons of their class and habits to be moved by anything. I consider, accordingly, that the instruction and warning, the moral lesson, in short, which it is the sole purpose of the laws to inculcate by such dreadful examples, were as fully imparted to the populace as the nature of things will admit of.

‘I afterwards heard it remarked by an acute observer of men and manners in different countries, that, revolting as capital punishments sometimes are, and of doubtful utility in certain cases, there is nothing which tends so indisputably as a public execution does to prove to the mass of the people that there is actually a government in the country, willing and strong enough to enforce the laws. Up to the period of the ceremony, therefore, to which I have now brought the description, and which it is of importance to bear in mind terminates all ordinary executions in England, nothing can be conceived more effective or better calculated, by the awful solemnity of its details, to advance the ends of justice. What follows in cases of high treason, after the punishment of death, is of far more questionable propriety; not only from its shocking the feelings of the multitude, but which is a still more important consideration, from its tendency to remove, or at all events essentially to weaken, the impression made by what has gone before:—the effect being more or less to draw the sympathies of the spectators from the side of government to that of the sufferers, instead of linking them cordially with the offended laws of their country.

‘It seems quite obvious that, whenever in a free country the execution of justice is severe, it ought to be divested of everything which looks vindictive—precisely as it is of importance in the preliminary administration of justice to carry on all the proceedings not only with patience and temper, but with a constant leaning towards the accused party; nor is this done from any over-refined tenderness to “poor suffering guilt,” but solely for the purpose of carrying the sympathy of the people along with the acts of those to whom they have delegated the duty of administering the government.’—vol. ii. pp. 81-83.

The French execution, and its effect on those who witnessed it, form a strong contrast with the English example. As Captain Hall described Thistlewood’s *exit* in London, we could have wished that he had in Paris selected a criminal or criminals of the corresponding class—Fieschi and his associates, for instance. Nothing, however, but the author’s own words can convey any idea of the truth with which the spectacle is brought before our eyes;

eyes; and we must present it, though it absolutely seems to make the page run blood:—

‘On a bitter cold day in Paris, in the beginning of December, some years ago, I was present at the execution of a murderer, one Daumas Dupin, by the guillotine, which in those days used to be erected in the well-known Place de Grève, now called the Place de l’Hôtel-de-Ville. This situation, which is one of the most central in Paris, has recently been changed to one of the places (I forget its name) at a distance from the populous parts of the town, and one better adapted, in many respects, to the purpose.

‘My object in going to such an exhibition was two-fold. I had a great curiosity to see the instrument which performed such an important part in the French revolution, at a period when the greater part of the executive functions of the administration resided in the very edge of the knife; to what purpose the world has seen. In the next place, I wished to establish, by actual observation, a fair comparison between the French and English methods of carrying the extreme sentence of the law into effect. I had heard many arguments in favour of the French system, chiefly grounded on two points: first, on the rapidity of its action, and the consequent diminution of suffering of the unhappy object of the punishment; and, secondly, from its being preferable, as a matter of taste, to what is called the dog-like death and protracted exposure of the culprit on the English scaffold.

‘The prisoner was brought along the quais from the Conciergerie in a common cart, such as the billets of fire-wood used in Paris are carried about in. He was seated on a cross bench with his back turned to the horse, and by the side of a priest, who every now and then held a cross to his companion’s lips, but he did not receive this act of attention in a very edifying manner. In spite of the severe cold, the prisoner’s head was left uncovered, and his neck also bare, in ominous preparation. The crowd along the different quais had become so dense that the mounted guard who accompanied the cart had enough to do to clear a passage, which was closed again behind the instant the cart had passed. It seemed a very bad regulation that a prisoner under such circumstances should be paraded for so great a distance through the crowd, and certainly it would facilitate any attempt at rescue, should such a measure be contemplated. The transit of every other kind of conveyance had been intercepted, so that the only sound of wheels came from those of the cart bearing the culprit to the place of execution. Every one, I am sure, will remember the descriptions given of this lugubrious sound, which, during the reign of terror, gave dreadful note of preparation at a certain hour every day.

‘On entering the Place de Grève, or rather that part of it which the mounted gendarmes managed with considerable difficulty to keep clear, the surrounding crowd took off their hats, and remained uncovered during the remainder of the ceremony. The effect of this movement was striking enough; but it would have been greater had it been accompanied by any cessation of the universal talking which prevailed from first to last over the whole assembly. More than one-half of the crowd

consisted of women and children. The cart drew up at the foot of a short ladder, reaching from the scaffold to the ground, a height of about six feet. The prisoner and priest then got out, and the poor wretch's hands being tied, and his neck and shoulders still more effectually bared, he was desired to ascend the ladder. On reaching the platform at top, he was placed on a small step or shelf fixed to the lower end of an upright board about five feet long, to which he was instantly bound by means of two straps. This board was then turned down, with the man attached to it, by means of a hinge or pivot, in such a way that he was stretched along horizontally, at full length, with his face downwards. A slight push by the executioners impelled the board along a grooved plane, till the man's neck came directly under the fatal knife, suspended high in the air, between two upright posts. In the next instant the cord which held the bolt was pulled—the weapon descended, and in the twinkling of an eye, the murderer's head, separated from the trunk, fell into a box placed at the further end of the scaffold. It took exactly fourteen seconds from the time the prisoner's foot first touched the scaffold till he lay a lifeless corpse before us.

'The next proceeding was to draw back the board on which the headless body now lay, to unstrap it, and to trundle it in the most unceremonious way possible, all gory and horrible as it was, into a large oblong basket on one side. The box into which the head had fallen when separated by the blade was then lifted up, and its ghastly contents pitched, with equal unconcern, into the basket. All this was fearful enough; but when the basket, streaming with gore, was lifted off the platform into the cart, and driven away, its ghastly track could be followed all along the quais!

'The gendarmes now gave the crowd free permission to approach the scaffold; a licence of which they availed themselves with the greatest eagerness, apparently desirous of gloating their sight with a nearer view of the actual evidences of what had taken place. In this they were amply gratified; for the crimson flood was still streaming along the flooring, and dripping between the planks on the streets. The huge knife, too, and the ponderous mass of wood and metal to which it was fixed, as well as the pillars of the horrible machine, being literally bathed in blood, were very terrible to behold.

'Meanwhile the executioners set to work, with the utmost *sang froid*, to wash the guillotine; and a row of persons, all chattering and laughing, as were the rest of the crowd, having been stationed between it and the Seine, a series of large buckets full of water were handed up. I counted no fewer than twenty-four of these, which were required before the whole machine could be purified from the stains left upon it by the execution. During the half-hour which elapsed while this was going on, I caught myself repeatedly saying, with Lady Macbeth, "who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?" But the consequences of this process of ablution were such as I certainly had never contemplated, nor have I ever heard them described, though they serve to explain, in a perfectly intelligible manner, a well-known characteristic expression of the French revolution, which up to that time I had considered as merely figurative;

figurative; I allude to the descriptions of the "streets running with blood."

'It must be understood that since a large quantity of water is contaminated, or rendered red, by a few drops of blood, the effect of dashing upwards of twenty bucketsful of water on the scaffold was to fill all the gutters in the neighbourhood with a red stream. Now, as the rush of men, women, and children to the point of attraction was so great that they neither saw nor cared for what was under-foot, the whole place, and even the pavement of the adjacent streets for some distance, was covered with footmarks, every one of which told its separate tale of horror.'—vol. ii. pp. 88-93.

Now, what effect had this bloody business upon the people present?

'During the whole *ceremony* the sound of the most animated general conversation never ceased for a *single moment*; and altogether, I must say, that anything less impressive, in the way of example, I never beheld. In the first place, the procession from the prison to the guillotine, in an ordinary wood-cart, would have been ludicrous, had it not been for the terrible end of the journey. Secondly, the excessive hurry of the final proceedings, by which the unhappy man was hurried out of the world in less than a quarter of a minute after he mounted the scaffold, gave an air of rude and savage precipitancy to the action, very hurtful, I thought, to the effect on the minds of the spectators. Then came the fearfully shocking scene of the basket, and, lastly, the washing, which really looked more like the cleaning out of a shambles than anything else; followed up, as it was, by the paddling of the feet of the multitude in the streams which flowed from the place of execution.

'It might be possible, no doubt, to remove some portion of these disagreeable accompaniments of this method of inflicting capital punishments; but I should say that the worst points about it, namely, that very haste which is sometimes pointed out as its chief recommendation, and the hideous quantity of blood which is spilt, can never be got rid of; and I am quite convinced, from what I then saw in Paris, that the corruption of taste, and the induration of feeling, together with the total absence of all solemnity and of any instruction derivable from impressive example, are sufficient to outweigh every advantage which can be imagined to belong to the guillotine, as compared to the gallows. Besides which, I am thoroughly persuaded that by the English method of execution, as now arranged at the "new drop," the sufferings of the unfortunate culprits are to the full as brief as they are in the case of the guillotine. It is dreadful to think that the punishment of death should ever be necessary; but as long as civil society exists, there will be some crimes which can be kept in check only by means of this extreme measure. If this be true, as the best authorities on such subjects seem to be agreed upon, it becomes a most important consideration to decide which method is the least painful to the unhappy sufferers, and at the same time the most calculated to leave on the minds of the spectators that impression of awe and respect for the laws of the country, to produce which appears to be the only legitimate object of judicial punishments.

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'To talk of hanging being "a dog-like death" is quite to mistake the nature of cause and consequence: for surely if a man commit a murder, or stir up a rebellion, or otherwise conduct himself much worse than any dog, he forfeits all claim to delicacy on that score. And if the question of bodily suffering were settled to be equal in both cases, as I believe it is, it seems to be a waste of sympathy to consider the matter in the light alluded to.

'I can only say that I have used no exaggeration whatever in describing these two terrible scenes,—the one in England, the other in France; nor have I a moment's hesitation in saying that while the French method is not only unimpressive but disgusting, and calculated to shock the feelings of the multitude, and to corrupt their manners, the solemn ceremony of an English execution is not only one of the most striking and awful scenes in the world, but is essentially instructive, from being directly calculated to vindicate the outraged majesty of the laws, and thence to deter the turbulent and wicked from interfering with the well-being of society.'—vol. ii. pp. 93-96.

In these observations we concur; we think Captain Hall has set this dreadful question at rest. There is a curious branch of the subject into which he hardly enters; we mean the amount of suffering actually inflicted by the cord and the knife. It is a dark and disgusting one; but without going into the details which a recent French author has accumulated and sifted *con amore*, we may state our opinion that, even on the score of *humanity*, the gallows is far preferable to the guillotine.

The great attraction of the last volume is the ascent of Mount Etna: and it is amusing to observe how earnestly the author tries to persuade Mr. Burford to give the world a panorama drawn from the top of 'Mongibello,' whilst he himself is painting it with his pen in the most masterly style.

'In spite of our hurry, or perhaps in consequence, it was necessary to stop for breath at the end of every ten or twelve paces; and as the footing was among loose ashes, and the wretched sea-sick feeling increased, our utmost efforts brought us only within about fifty or sixty paces of the top, when the sun leaped up from the eastern sea; and long before the plains of Sicily, or even the mountains of Calabria, spread out at our feet, caught the least touch of his direct rays, the whole top of the volcano was bathed in gold. This effect of height we often see from below, and always admire, but it is very rarely that we are made actual sharers in the anticipated splendour. The physical superiority in level then gives us a feeling of moral elevation above the rest of the world, and mingles with the other sources of interest which crowd about the imagination at such a moment, and amply repay the fatigues of the ascent. What struck me most was the map-like appearance of Sicily, with a considerable part of which, but only round the coast, we had already become familiar. The Lipari Islands, the sea near the Faro of Messina, the ports of Catania and Syracuse, the highlands over Girgenti, and

and even those near Palermo, and the Mediterranean lying beyond those places, together with an immense range of the Calabrian mountains capped with clouds, but several thousand feet below us—to say nothing of the rich fields of the interior of Sicily spread like a carpet—all filled the eye and rather embarrassed the attention, by bringing at once into one enormous panoramic view so many objects widely separated, geographically speaking, never seen together upon any other occasion.

‘The moment of the sun’s disk showing itself above the sea is, no doubt, the grand object; still I have invariably found, when watching for this splendid phenomenon from great elevations, that the hour, or three-quarters of an hour, before the sun’s actual appearance, possesses a wonderful degree of interest, and amply repays the additional exertion of reaching the highest point in good time. The gradual manner in which the curtain of the night is drawn up, and the enormous landscape exposed to view, from such an elevated station as Etna, is what no imagination can pretend to conceive—no experience in the smallest degree prepare us for. We have the authority of Captain Smyth, the great surveyor, for saying that the radius of vision from that spot is about one hundred and fifty miles—or, in other words, that the eye takes in, at one view, a range of the earth’s surface three hundred miles in width! It will be easily understood that certain parts of this gigantic panorama enjoy the touches of the coming day long before others. The highest and the most eastern, of course, are the first lighted up—but owing to the shaded sides of all objects situated in that direction being turned to the spectator, very curious modifications take place, and give to those elevated spots which lie to the westward a priority of distinctness in their details which we should not have anticipated. As the fields and towns, and the various indentations of the coast become visible, and the colours of the foliage begin to show themselves, we are apt to fancy the sun must be close at hand; but it is generally long after this period that he actually appears—such is the surpassing splendour of his rays. This effect is perhaps increased by the clearness of the air at great altitudes.

‘After the sun has fairly risen, I think the most interesting thing to look out for is the shadow of the mountain, which is flung upwards of a hundred miles over the western country. It is true, its edges are ill defined in the distance, and at some places can scarcely be made out; but still the general effect is very grand, and as the sun gradually gets higher, and the light reflected from the clouds, and from the sky, even when there are no clouds, is distributed over the earth, the parts under the shadow of the mountain become so softened in their tints, as to engage the attention even of those who have least feeling for the beauties of nature.’—vol. iii. pp. 37–52.

This is the last *patch* we can afford; though much of high interest remains untouched, particularly a notice of some recently discovered manuscripts of Tasso (vol. iii. p. 197), which prove, as the Captain says, ‘that the poet was not only in love with the lady Leonora of Este, but, what is agreeable enough, was beloved again.’

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The chapter 'On the Improvements which have been introduced into the arts of Seamanship and Navigation of late years' should be read and acted on by every one who has the welfare of our marine at heart. It makes us long to have the gallant Captain afloat again; for, pleasant as he is on shore, he is without a rival on 'the merry sea,'—and smart will be the ship and happy the crew, monkey and all, which may have the good fortune to be under his command. With this valuable essay ends a book full of varied information, rich in materials for thinking, and certainly, as a whole, far more amusing than any novel or romance of recent manufacture that we have happened to encounter.

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- ART. III.—1. *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.* By William Carleton. 4th Edition. 4 vols. 12mo. London. 1836.
2. *Tales of Ireland.* (By the Same.) 12mo. Dublin. 1834.
3. *Father Butler, the Lough Dearg Pilgrim: being Sketches of Irish Manners.* (By the Same.) 12mo. Dublin. 1829.
4. *Rambles in the South of Ireland.* By Lady Chatterton. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1839.
5. *Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections.* By Lady Chatterton. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1841.
6. *A Tour in Connaught, comprising Sketches of Clonmacnoise, Joyce Country, and Achill.* 12mo. Dublin. 1839.
7. *Sketches in Ireland, descriptive of Interesting Portions of the Counties of Donegal, Cork, and Kerry.* By the Author of 'A Tour in Connaught.' 2nd Edition. 12mo. Dublin. 1839.
8. *Sketches in Erris and Tyrawly.* (By the Same.) Dublin. 1841.
9. *Historical Sketches of the Native Irish.* By Christopher Anderson. 2nd Edition. Edinburgh. 1830.
10. *Ireland: its Scenery and Character, &c.* By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. Illustrated by distinguished Artists. 8vo. Nos. I.—VI. London. 1841.
11. *A Tour round Ireland, through the Sea-coast Counties, in the Autumn of 1835.* By John Barrow, Esq. 12mo. London. 1836.
12. *Pastoral Annals.* By the Rev. J. Spenser Knox, Vicar-General of Derry. Second Edition. 12mo. London. 1841.
13. *Researches in the South of Ireland.* By Thomas Crofton Croker, Esq. 4to. London. 1827.
14. *The Popular Songs of Ireland.* Collected by T. C. Croker, Esq. 12mo. London. 1839.

IT is a remarkable feature in our English John Bull character, that we are singularly incapable of understanding, or accommodating ourselves to, the characters of others. This arises partly from our sturdy, uncompromising, and rather arrogant conviction, that there is no nation upon earth so rich, so free, so happy, and so virtuous as our own—a doctrine which is studiously enforced upon us in some shape or another at most popular meetings, and especially at contested elections—when both parties are severally informed that they are the most honest, liberal, and independent men in the world; and then by a little paralogism, the two imperfect halves are construed into a perfect whole. A worse source is to be found in the inordinate love of comfort, and the self-centralising principle, which animate most Englishmen. Happily this principle takes most frequently the form of domestic enjoyment, otherwise it would become intolerable. As things are, it is productive of no little good. It stimulates our industry, steadies our exertions, and checks many tendencies to vice. But the results are often ludicrous. We smile at an Englishman's travelling apparatus, contrived for carrying with him a little England wherever he moves, and at his criticisms on foreign languages, foreign manners, foreign cookery, and foreign everything; which generally end in one condemnation, that they are not English. But under some circumstances this exclusiveness becomes a very serious evil.

There are two things in order to which it is essential that we should comprehend, and conform ourselves to, characters different from our own,—government and co-operation. Now Providence has thought fit to bring together into one British empire three classes of people of very different constitutions and habits. The contrast indeed between the Scotch and the English is less felt—because fewer circumstances produce competition or collision;—and there are certain bonds, such as prudential, thoughtful habits, and a common antagonism to Popery in religion, which wonderfully tend to create mutual intelligence. Besides, the Scotch character in itself is of no very perplexing nature. But the case is far otherwise with Ireland: and—without acknowledging that there exists in England any disposition to depreciate the *genuine* Irish character, as exhibited fairly, and not in hybrid specimens, nor in the caricatures which amused the last century—it must be confessed that Englishmen must divest themselves of many prejudices, and see things in new points of view, before they can be quite competent, either as legislators or as landlords, for a task to which they are no longer indifferent,—the improvement of Ireland.

It is therefore highly satisfactory to see the number of popular
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works which have recently been published with a view to exhibit the genuine features of the Irish peasant in their true light. For it is with the Irish peasant that England has to deal. It is the peasantry, to whom the wisdom of our regenerated constitution has devolved the burden of government, and submitted the decision of all important affairs of state, including the management of themselves;—and it is on the peasantry that the landlord must act, in introducing habits of order, prudence, and regular industry into that distracted country. Happily also, the peasantry of Ireland, with all their faults, are that part of the nation on which the eye can rest with most satisfaction for many past centuries. Of the upper classes, whatever be the truth of the facts, few pictures have been drawn by writers, until the last twenty years, which are not stained with dark colours, and descriptive of corruption, debauchery, extravagance, neglect of their tenantry, absenteeism, and even oppression. If the sons of such men, however excellent those sons may be, are now reaping the whirlwind, it is because their fathers before them have sowed the wind. We fear, even with such men as the race of landlords now rising up in Ireland, it will take many, many years, and laborious and thankless efforts, to place their own character in its true light before either their tenantry or the public.

Most of the landlords, who are now exerting themselves so generally for the good of Ireland, are either partly English by descent—or, from their property, connexions, and education, are deeply imbued with English notions. And undoubtedly English notions, not exclusive, and not carried too far, but introduced only in such degrees as will amalgamate with the peculiarities of the Irish national character, and correct its excesses without destroying its nature, will be valuable aids in the work of improvement. And most of the theories of improvement naturally come from England, because it is England in fact, as much as Ireland, which is now groaning under the evils which require to be remedied; England that must supply the means of improvement; and England, we may hope, which is becoming more and more sensible every day of her own duties and responsibilities to a nation which, having once incorporated with herself, she cannot now neglect or abandon without great criminality.

But the late legislative theories of England on the subject of Ireland, as they have been most thoroughly English, so, to some future generations, who, having recovered from the smart, may find time to laugh at the blow, they will probably appear a subject for no little ridicule. The fundamental principle proposed—that of bringing two discordant bodies into harmony by assimilating all their outward circumstances, leaving their interior unchanged

—is somewhat new. Whether a system of poor-laws, framed for a country where employment can be obtained, is equally good for one where it cannot be obtained—whether a body of freeholders, entirely controlled by the curses of their priest, is equally calculated to give effect to the principle of popular representation, with a body who are supposed to elect and cashier their own teachers at their will—whether municipal corporations are as innocuous in the hands of Romish priests as they may be amidst the divisions of Protestant dissenters—and whether railroads and cotton-mills must be a panacea for the evils of Ireland, because they have created for us those paradises of England, Birmingham and Manchester, Leeds and Sheffield—all these are questions not unworthy of consideration: but they are political questions, and we have no intention at present of entering into politics.

There are, however, questions of the same kind which occur to the English landlord and English traveller, who view things on a smaller scale, and yet may often fall into similar errors. We are all inclined to see things with English eyes only, and to improve only after an English model;—and many of the disappointments and failures which have occurred in the zeal for reformation may be traced to this cause.

The first lamentation of a traveller—(we speak of the ordinary superficial observer who runs through the country and remarks on it as he would turn over the pages of a novel)—is that he sees no large flourishing towns, meets no bustle of drays and waggons and carriages, to indicate commercial wealth. The peasants go barefooted—each cottage has its attendant dungheap—the labourers live upon potatoes, and not on beef and pudding—they are slaves to their priest, and crowd to mass round the outside of a chapel, instead of sitting listlessly in the pews of a meeting-house. They exhibit a singular indifference to what are called the comforts of life, especially the eating part of them—marry so early as to encumber the ground with population—then support themselves with begging—love to crowd together, and form associations, whether secret or not—and are at the beck of any violent worthless agitator, who trades upon their sedition. If the traveller is a landlord, his first resolution is to work a complete change. He will have a town and a market, introduce manufactures, and shoes and stockings—remove the dungheap—get rid of potatoes—annihilate the influence of the priest by schools and the Bible—give the poor a taste for comfort by erecting ornamental cottages, with trellis-work and Gothic chimneys, and roses and flower-gardens—put a stop to early marriages, confine beggars in the stocks or in a poor-house—and quiet all political agitation by the introduction of capital and industry.

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The town is commenced, the filth swept from the cabin door, the cottages erected, the school established, wages distributed—and for a few months everything looks smiling and happy. Then comes a grumbling and obstruction. The landlord, perhaps, is called away—his agent is unable to stem the torrent of opposition—and when he returns, it is to see the school dispersed by the priest, his ornamental cottages abandoned to decay, the Gothic chimneys stopped up to keep out the cold, the attics abandoned because it is too much trouble to go up stairs to bed—the rose-trees rooted up by the pig—and the same important animal once more installed in full possession of the house, and rioting with the children over his feast of potato-parings as ‘the gentleman who pays the rent.’ Then come anger and disappointment—then despair—the work of improvement is abandoned, as hopeless amidst an unthrifty, ungrateful peasantry—and the whole blame is thrown either upon the manœuvres of the priest, or the folly of Government, or the irreclaimable vices of Irishmen, or even on some mysterious curse; which has lighted on the soil and on the race, as, hypothetically, descendants of the children of Ham.

We believe much of this waste and disappointment might be avoided, if it was remembered at the first that Englishmen and Irishmen are formed with very different temperaments, and require different treatment. And though it is highly desirable and very possible, by proper means, to bring them to assimilate and co-operate together cordially, as members of one great nation, it never will be possible, and perhaps is not desirable, to make their characters bear to each other more than a sisterly resemblance;—

‘*facies non omnibus una,*

Nec diversa tamen, qualis decet esse sororum.’

Some of the chief peculiarities of the Irish peasantry, as they are described by Irish writers, it may not be uninteresting to touch on.

In the first place, then, whereas the mode of influencing Englishmen is through their head, by appealing to an ambition, and desire of comfort and advancement, not altogether free from selfishness, the way to govern an Irish peasant is through his heart. He must have some one to look up to, to love and devote himself to, and then he may be governed and educated. Which character is to be preferred, and which might be made, by proper treatment, the foundation for the highest virtues, may be a question—but the difference is obvious. For this reason, until something of the principle of feudalism is restored in Ireland, the Irish peasant will be like the wasp, which the experimentalising entomologist cut in two, and saw the body and wings wandering blindly about the table in order to find the head. And by the principle of feudal-

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ism we do not mean, as some may affect to understand, the privilege of applying the thumb-screw, or racking the vassal, or extracting Jews' teeth in a baronial dungeon, but the principle that 'property has its duties as well as its rights,' and that the master of the soil should stand to his tenants as much as possible in a fatherly, and almost a regal relation, as their best friend, their protector, and their guide.

We confess we are sufficiently in love with the good portion of feudalism to delight in such a sketch as the following which Lady Chatterton supplies, and which we do not believe to be uncommon:—

'On Friday last we went to Cratloe woods to pass a day with its young and interesting owner, Mr. Augustus O'Brien. It is opposite to Vermont, on the other side of the Shannon; but we drove round by Limerick, and crossed the fine new bridge, which has been lately built there. I was curious to see a place which has such attractions for its youthful proprietor as to induce him to forego all the pleasures which have been inviting him to London during the season. Of neighbours, at least rich ones, he has few; but he is surrounded by the interesting, intelligent, grateful Irish peasantry; and for them, for the pleasure of doing them good, and receiving their adoring affection, he gives up all those amusements of the world which are most attractive to youth, as well as the intoxication of shining in, and being admired by, the most polished circles in Europe. But after what we witnessed in the delightful walk we took with him when at Cratloe, I almost ceased to wonder so much at his choice. He has there a most original and unexplored field for benevolent exertions, and meets with innumerable instances of generous devotion, of warm-hearted gratitude, and all those traits which render the Irish peasantry so highly interesting. The real pleasure he finds in all this is a proof of what I have often said, that to a person of good taste and good feeling Ireland offers a more interesting field for benevolent exertion, and for speculation on character, than any European land. On our return from our walk in the Cratloe woods we made a detour, and followed a little path by the side of a clear stream, which flows from the "Squire's Well." It led us sometimes through fine forest-trees, through dark glens, and sunny slopes, to where openings had been cut in the woods, and where rustic seats were placed to enjoy the distinct prospect of the lordly Shannon, Carrig O'Gunniel Castle, and the far-off range of the Galtee mountains. At last it emerged into some fields; and at the end of one we suddenly came upon the door of a little cabin, the abode of a poor widow, who received the young squire and his party with a thousand blessings showered upon the former for restoring her son to health, whom it seemed he had himself attended, and prescribed for, during a dangerous illness. The next cottage we visited was of a better class; a well-dressed woman was ironing her husband's linen, and her old mother-in-law was sitting in a comfortable chair near the fire. She showed us her inner room, where two pretty twin-children were asleep in a nice cradle. Besides a china-press and

and wardrobe, this room contained a bookstand filled with religious books. But it was the old grandmother's countenance which riveted my attention more than all these refined wonders of an Irish cabin. She was deaf, and could not hear the musical voice of the young squire; but her eyes were fixed on him with a look of intense gratitude and delight. As we went away, she said so touchingly, "God Almighty bless the young master,—I can do nothing but pray for him," that I almost envied him the feeling he had excited. At the last election one of the sons of this old woman came to his beloved young landlord, and was mortified beyond measure at not being allowed by him to subscribe the, to the poor man, large sum of three pounds towards the election expenses. . . . Our host at Cratloe met with several such traits of anxious generosity at the same election. We heard among others that one of his tenants who had amassed a hundred pounds, the savings of his life, for his old age and large family, came forward and offered all to his beloved landlord.'—*Rambles*, vol. ii. p. 170.

However, Lady Chatterton does not forget to add that this 'sanguinary and rapacious landlord,' as all Irish landlords, who are neither Romanists nor Whigs, are asserted to be, was nearly torn to pieces at the same election by an infuriated mob, which had been properly drilled for the occasion.

We can imagine the principle carried out still farther. We can imagine an Irish tenantry formed into something like a yeomanry corps by their landlord, and thus attached to him by one of their first propensities, the love of fighting, and at the same time this love of fighting subdued into a proper, disciplined courage, and ranged on the side of law, instead of against it. We know more than one landlord, thoroughly conversant with the Irish character, and devoted to the improvement of his tenants, who has established, with admirable results, a little court of equity, in which he presides himself as arbitrator, and thus realises another important principle of a good feudalism. Among the noble castles and seats which are now rising in Ireland, it would be well to see more frequently a baronial hall, in which the tenantry might meet together, and feel themselves under a common roof with their chief, for other purposes than paying rent. In fact, it is the landlords who must govern the people, and govern them by their affections, if they are to be governed at all. The army, and the police, and the courts of justice, and the ministry, may be all very well for England, where we understand what law is, and can see beyond our homes; but in Ireland, convulsions, and absenteeism, and religious animosities, have obstructed the growth of such a knowledge; and the clannish, feudal feeling is still alive, and ought to be cherished by every means in our power. It would be well if even in England we could extend and strengthen it. But England is too far gone in money-making, manufacturing habits; and
perhaps

perhaps the natural spirit which ought to hold together society in its subordinate grades is, in some districts at least, lost for ever.

But for an Irish landlord to stand in this relation he should be himself Irish in heart—if he lives amidst an Irish-speaking population, himself also speaking their language—sympathising with their feelings, conforming to their habits, where their habits do not require correction, and identifying himself as much as possible with their national and local associations.

The illustrations of this which we might draw from the inimitable works of Miss Edgeworth are numberless; but these have attained such universal circulation that it might seem idle to multiply references to their pages. Miss Edgeworth, besides, was born and bred in the highest rank of Irish gentry, and this is another reason for turning rather to other authorities. Let us take, for example, Lady Morgan:—

“Irish!” (says one of her best characters, when the question is put of the head of his clan),—“Irish!” exclaimed O’Leary, with a burst of emotion beyond all power of control, and darting forward, “ay, troth, is she Irish, body and soul. Irish by birth, by blood, and by descent. Irish every inch of her, heart and hand, life and land! And though the mother that bore her was Iberian born, Bachal Essu! she was Milesian, like herself, descended from the Tyrian Hercules; and there she stands, the darling of the world, with the best blood of Spain and Ireland flowing through her veins. A true Irish-woman, that loves her country, and lives in it, long life to her! and an ancient ould countess, to boot, in her own right, anno 1565, Elizabeth Reginæ vi.; the lineal heir of Florence Macarthy More, the *fogh na galla*, and the King of the Desmond, to this blessed hour.” . . . “And who am I, madam, is it?” said O’Leary, firmly, but respectfully,—“I am Terence Oge O’Leary, plaze your ladyship, of the Pobble O’Learys, of Clancare, county Kerry, anciently Cair-Reight, from Cair-na Luochra Macarthy, who was King of Munster anno mundi 1525, Noah rege, and am tributary, and seneachy, or genealogist to the Macarthys, before the English was heard of, anno Domini 1166, Hen. Secundo rege . . . and am at the present speaking a poor Irish schoolmaster, Ludi Magister of Monaster-ny-Oriel; and, lastly, plaze your ladyship, madam, I am a servitor in the great Norman family of the Fitzadelms, being fosterer”—his voice faltered—“fosterer, madam, of him who though he now lies low in the ocean, with none but myself and the winds of heaven to moan over him, yet if he had his right would now be reigning here in this very castle.”—*Florence Macarthy*, p. 259 (edit. 1829).

Lady Morgan is no feudalist, but she is a shrewd observer and lively describer of her countrymen; and she has seized on this nationality of the Irish character, their recollections of antiquity, and their attachment to an ancient nobility, to give a depth and feeling to her tales, as they would give the same depth and

and feeling, if properly employed, to the attachment of the peasantry in general to their legitimate landlords. Even now it is felt and cherished. Not even the most brutal commands of a notorious demagogue could induce the people of Carlow to insult the remains of a Cavanagh. And the apparent servility of language and homage with which persons of rank are treated, however inconsistent with other feelings which now are taught to lurk beneath it, is not mere hypocrisy, but the expression of a natural bias, which under other circumstances would become a genuine and honourable loyalty.

Closely connected with this nationality is the attachment which the lower orders of Irish bear to the name and bearing of a gentleman. They have not yet learned that differences of birth are immaterial in the formation of character, or that mankind are likely to benefit by the doctrine of equality:—

‘There is something remarkable,’ says Mr. Crofton Croker (in his “*Researches in the South of Ireland*,”) ‘in the ideas of freedom and independence vaguely floating in the mind of an Irish peasant. . . . “I would, since your honour bids me, but that I scorn to demean myself,” is a reply proof against any argument that reason or propriety can suggest. Bishop Berkeley has mentioned a kitchen-wench in his family who refused to carry out cinders, because she was descended from the ancient kings of Ireland. . . . The usual language of condolence on a change of fortune is “he whose father was a real and undoubted gentleman, and whose mother was born and bred a gentlewoman, ay, and her mother before her.” Every person, therefore, in Ireland is a gentleman, or was a gentleman, or is related to a gentleman. . . . In communicating with the peasantry every account given by them is in a strain of hyperbole. I have heard the resident of a mud-cabin speak with perfect assurance of his “drawing-room,” an apartment in the roof to which he ascended by means of a ladder; and the footway through his half-acre of cabbage-garden has become “the road through his farm.” As a fair specimen, perhaps I may be excused for the introduction of the well-known answer, “timber and fruit,” given from a coasting-vessel freighted with birch-brooms and potatoes, when hailed by a revenue-cruiser off Cork harbour to ascertain her cargo.’—*Researches*, p. 225.*

Even in their intercourse with each other Lady Morgan remarks the same tendency:—

‘The guide, who, as he proceeded through this disgusting suburb, saluted several among those whose idle curiosity had drawn them from their sties, betrayed a courtesy of manner curiously contrasted with his own appearance and with that of the persons he addressed. Everybody

* We are surprised that this most entertaining work, which contains, too, a great deal of valuable historical information, should never have been reprinted in a cheap and portable form.

was "Sir," or "Madam;" and the children were either "Miss," or "Master," or were saluted with epithets of endearment and familiarity. "Morrow, Dennis, dear, how is it with you?" "Morrow, kindly, Mrs. Flanagan; I hope I see you well, Ma'am." "Oh you're up with the day, Mr. Geratty. How's the woman that owns you?" "Here's a fine morning, Miss Costello, God bless it: is your mother bravely, Miss?" "Eh! then, Paddy, you little garlagh, why isn't it after the cockles ye are the day, and the tide on the turn?"—*Florence Macarthy*, p. 16.

Thus exhibited, the feeling may seem ludicrous and contemptible; but though it may, in some degree, encourage those 'Irish gentlemen,' so named in Queen Anne's act of parliament, who, on the strength of their gentility, 'would not work, but demanded victuals and coshering from house to house,' a feeling is not lightly to be trifled with, which gives to a poor man dignity, and keeps before him a higher standard and law for action than mere animal necessity. It is a relic of the old spirit of clanship, by which the poorest man shared in the honours of his chief; and, instead of being despicable, may be turned to great account in the re-construction of society in Ireland.

Hitherto, also, little has been thought of the importance of the Irish language as a key to the heart of the peasantry—that heart which occupies so large a part of their nature, that it is made the seat of all their ailments, and was the excuse given for their former habit of drunkenness. But England is at last beginning to open her eyes to this great instrument for the improvement of Ireland; and there is, we understand, in the north of Ireland one excellent nobleman, Lord George Hill, who has recently learned to speak Irish, with this very view, and we sincerely wish his example was followed generally. Let it be remembered that the notions of England and of the English language have by the priests been studiously connected in the minds of the peasantry with every hostile prejudice against foreigners and invaders—that a common tongue is one great bond appointed by nature to draw men's hearts together—that the possession of a language unknown to their superiors creates a most dangerous facility for secret combinations, and insulates them as if for the very purpose of conspiracy, a purpose to which it is unscrupulously applied—that, although sufficient English may be acquired by the peasantry for mere business, English is wholly inadequate to express the natural warmth and quickness of Irish feeling—that the Irish is identified with all their old and most gratifying associations—that there is a wide difference between using a language so as to be understood by others, and understanding it well ourselves—and that, instead of perpetuating a barbarous language, the use of Irish will tend to preserve from destruction many most valuable

records of interesting history, and finally, as it has proved in the case of the Gaelic, will render the English prevalent, by encouraging a love of learning. The author of '*Sketches in Ireland*' has given an anecdote which we gladly transcribe:—

'A shower of rain drove us to seek shelter in the hut of the man who looks after the pheasants [on Lord Bantry's domain]. He was alone, and with all the civility that never deserts an Irishman, he welcomed us in God's name, and produced stools which he took care to wipe with his great-coat before he permitted us to sit on them. On inquiring from him why he was alone, and where were his family, he said they were all gone to the Watch Mass (it was the Saturday before Easter-day). "And what is the Watch Mass?" He could not tell. "And what day was yesterday?" He could not tell. "And what day will to-morrow be?" He could not tell. "What! cannot you tell me why yesterday has been called Good Friday and to-morrow Easter Sunday?" "No!" Turning to my companion, I was moved to observe, with great emphasis, how deplorable it was to see men, otherwise so intelligent, so awfully ignorant concerning matters connected with religion. "Not so fast with your judgment, my good sir," said my friend; "what if you prove very much mistaken in this instance concerning the knowledge of this man: recollect you are now speaking to him in a foreign tongue. Come, now, I understand enough of Irish to try his mind in his native dialect." Accordingly, he did so; and it was quite surprising to see how the man, as soon as the Irish was spoken, brightened up in countenance; and I could perceive from the smile that played on the face of my friend, how he rejoiced in the realization of his prognostic; and he began to translate for me as follows:—"I asked him what was Good Friday? It was on that day that the Lord of Mercy gave his life for sinners; a hundred thousand blessings to him for that. What is Watch Saturday? It was the day when watch was kept over the holy tomb that held the incorruptible body of my sweet Saviour." Thus the man gave, in Irish, clear and feeling answers to questions concerning which, when addressed in English, he appeared quite ignorant: and yet of common English words and phrases he had the use; but, like most of his countrymen in the south, his mind was groping in foreign parts when conversing in English; and he only seemed to think in Irish. The one was the language of his commerce, the other of his heart.'—*Sketches, &c.*, p. 311.*

This anecdote might be illustrated by many similar instances of the influence of the Irish language, especially from the journals of the Irish Society. Address the peasantry on the subject of religion in English, and the ear is averted, and the heart hardened, and perhaps the hand uplifted. But the moment that Irish is heard, they gather round, suspend their work, send for their neighbours, sit round the reader of the Bible, alter-

* This and the volume placed next to it in our list have the initials 'C. O.' to their prefaces. They are both highly creditable to the Rev. Cæsar Otway.

nately weeping and praying, for hours; convert into refreshment for him the boiling water, which, in conformity with suggestions from authority, they had placed on the fire in order to scald 'the heretic teacher:' and entreat from him the gift of the Bible or Prayer-book in Irish, which nothing will persuade them to give up even to the priest, and which, if they are prevented by the threats and importunities of wives or mothers from reading it at home, they hide for private opportunities in some secret place, and carry about with them to their work ready for use when the teacher comes to hold his little school by the side of a bog, or in some remote cabin far away from the observation of the priest.

We cannot refrain from quoting one passage on this subject from the appendix to Mr. Barrow's Tour:—

'The Irish Society appears in some districts to be producing very important and beneficial effects. Its agency is chiefly carried on by Scripture readers in the Irish tongue, both Roman Catholics and Protestants, who go from house to house (usually in the evening) and read to all who are willing to listen, or teach such as are desirous of reading for themselves. On leaving one house, the place and time are appointed for the next meeting, and generally the house is crowded, the desire to hear and learn being so great that the people bring with them candles and little baskets of turf, as the householder's small means would not allow of his supplying them. Owing to the quietness and privacy of these proceedings, the priest is often ignorant of what is going on till it has made considerable progress. This occurred in a certain district, where, when it came to the knowledge of the priest, it was denounced, or as the Irish say, "spoken against," from the altar; and all those who were possessed of Irish Bibles were ordered to bring them to chapel the next Sunday, and deliver them to the priest. In consequence of this order the reading people assembled in numbers along with the Scripture readers, when they agreed to search the Bible for passages forbidding, or even discouraging the general reading of the Scriptures. None such being to be found, but many on the contrary side, their minds were much quieted, and the following Sunday, when the priest called for the Bibles, the chief reader stood forward before the altar, and, drawing his Bible from his breast, declared that, if his reverence could point out one single verse prohibiting or discouraging its being read, he and his friends would give up their Bibles to him at once. The priest, unable to point out any, resorted to violence and abuse. The Scripture reader therefore put back his Bible into his bosom, and with his followers quitted the chapel in a body, and have never submitted to the ecclesiastical mandate.'—*Barrow, App.*, p. 35.

For the general accuracy of this statement, and its applicability to a considerable district in Ireland, we can vouch ourselves. Nothing seems wanting to the still greater success of this valuable society but what may easily be done:—1. The placing it under proper episcopal and diocesan superintendence, so as to

harmonize its movements with the organization of the Church; 2. The giving a sound education, sound not merely in point of religious feeling, but in principles of order and discipline, to the readers employed; 3. The placing them under the regular control of the parochial clergy, and sending them out under episcopal sanction, as readers and catechists are employed by the colonial bishops; 4. The raising up a body of Irish-speaking clergy to receive the converts into the bosom of the Church, and to preserve them in it subsequently by a continuance and enlargement of the same ministrations in their native tongue; And 5. The providing some kind of refuge for the converts—who are now for the most part deprived of all their means of subsistence as soon as their resolution to read the Bible is discovered. This last point would require great care and vigilance in the management, and must be principally accomplished by the landlords and by the clergy: and the plan might be extended to receive those priests whose minds are open to the truth, but who cannot even think of leaving their present system without certain ruin. Many such minds there must be, uncorrupted even by the violence of political popery—clinging to it from necessity, not from choice. The chief difficulty would be to provide a place where they might enjoy opportunities of study and retirement, previous to undertaking ministerial duties in our own Church; and where sufficient shelter would be offered, without any temptation of worldly advancement. This could only be accomplished by placing them in the bosom of some collegiate body properly organised, and we cannot but hope that some such plan may be soon devised.

Of the extent to which the Irish language might thus be employed in obtaining access to the natives, some idea may be formed by the tables given in Mr. Anderson's excellent '*Sketches of the Native Irish.*' (p. 223.)

County.	Persons speaking the		Total.
	English Language.	Irish Language.	
Louth	50,506	50,505	101,011
Meath	45,481	113,702	159,183
Dublin	314,462	21,430	335,892
Wicklow	94,944	15,823	110,767
Wexford	128,104	42,702	170,806
Kilkenny	68,576	113,370	181,946
Carlow	74,511	22,559	97,070
Kildare	84,913	14,152	99,065
Queen's	95,911	38,364	134,275
King's	93,536	37,552	131,088
Westmeath	36,805	92,014	128,819
			Longford

County.	Persons speaking the		Total.
	English Language.	Irish Language.	
Longford	53,785	53,785	107,570
Antrim	206,533	56,327	262,860
Down	232,436	92,974	325,410
Armagh	149,044	56,406	205,450
Tyrone	120,861	141,004	261,865
Derry	166,173	27,696	193,869
Donegal	106,401	141,869	248,270
Fermanagh	112,283	18,714	130,997
Cavan	83,604	111,472	195,076
Monaghan	74,870	99,827	174,697
Leitrim	8,913	115,872	124,785
Sligo	10,444	135,785	146,229
Roscommon	14,909	193,820	208,729
Mayo	20,936	272,176	293,112
Galway	49,889	287,485	337,374
Clare	44,589	163,500	208,089
Limerick	105,851	171,626	277,477
Kerry	46,323	169,862	216,185
Cork	235,610	494,834	730,444
Waterford	56,072	100,449	156,521
Tipperary	74,334	272,572	346,896
	<u>3,061,610</u>	<u>3,740,217</u>	<u>6,801,827</u>

‘Such,’ says Mr. Anderson, ‘were said to be the proportions ten years ago.’ Mr. Anderson’s book was published in 1830.

The calculation of one half the population as speaking Irish may seem to be exaggerated; but, considering that, to come under this class, it is not necessary to be ignorant of English, and that as a means of secret communication the Irish is employed generally by the lower orders, we think it not unfair. In this calculation must be included the numerous islands off the Irish coast, which to most Englishmen are as much a *terra incognita* as the archipelago of the South Sea: and yet there can be scarcely less than six hundred, including those in the inland lakes; and the position of those on the coast, exposed to the waves of the Atlantic, renders them peculiarly inaccessible, and has therefore preserved their manners in a primitive and most interesting state. Lady Chatterton, we think, mentions the alarm of one native at having to mount up the stairs of a house—and that which another expressed, the first time he saw trees by the roadside, lest they should fall upon him. What shall we think of fishermen driven from Tory Island into Ards Bay, and so astonished at the same sight, that they filled their pockets with leaves

leaves and branches to show as wonders to their friends? How have we provided for the religious wants of these integral parts of the British empire—when no clergyman has ever set his foot in many—when of others, as of Achill, it is not well known to what parish they belong—when even the priest comes to many of them only twice a-year to *collect his dues*; and if the weather is stormy, mass is celebrated on the mainland, and a flag hoisted to give due notice of the ceremony to the congregation in the island; and when ignorance is so rife in others, that, not to mention the ordinary superstitions of pilgrimages, and penances, and holy wells, no one will venture out after nightfall for fear of the fairies—and the boatmen who have to cross to the mainland before sunrise will not go down to the shore except in a procession headed by a man bearing a lighted turf in a saucepan in order to drive away devils?—‘Of these islands,’ says Mr. Anderson, writing in 1830, ‘one hundred and forty were inhabited, seven years ago, by an aggregate of not less than 43,000 souls;’ and ‘in these, Irish is as prevalent as Gaelic in the Hebrides.’

But the Irish peasantry are also a religious people. We may call it superstitious—for superstition is the belief, not in an unseen world and in supernatural powers, but in a world and in powers for which we have no evidence, authority, or promise. But superstition implies religion—and any attempt to govern the Irish, without religion, will be as futile as the attempt to improve without being first able to govern. If indeed their character and conduct were formed upon calculation and selfishness, there might be some kind of excuse for supposing that they might be educated and guided by treatises on political economy. But creatures as they are of impulse, feeling, and imagination—credulous as children—timid and indolent, and conscious of their own weakness, except when nerved by some occasional inspiration—throwing themselves out of themselves upon external objects, and resting on any arm but their own for support and guidance—religion in some shape or another must rule their lives. It does therefore become a most serious question, how to indulge this natural disposition, and give it proper scope and play, without encouraging the grossest errors. On this point, indeed, Popery, as may well be anticipated, has exhibited no scruples. To govern is its object; to govern for the supposed benefit of man’s soul, the object of the good amongst its members; to govern for their own benefit, the object of the bad. And it would indeed have been an extraordinary self-denial to have abandoned the admirable materials for a spiritual tyranny, furnished by the character of the Irish. To secure this tyranny, Popery has adopted its usual policy of allowing man’s natural disposition its full indulgence; not perhaps directly

directly and obviously inculcating errors—the *worst errors at least*—in its formularies, so much as permitting them, and creating facilities for their promulgation; and satisfied with the toleration of any abuses so long as the one condition is observed, of obedience to the priest. This is the only mode of accounting for such scenes as the following. They are painful to read and think of; but the strange mixture in the Irish character cannot be understood without visiting their patterns, wakes, stations, purgatories, and other scenes of the kind, where it is exhibited most openly.

We borrow a sketch of the notorious Patrick's Purgatory of Lough Dearg—a sketch as faithful as it is striking—from Mr. Carleton, than whom no one has caught more accurately the lights and shades of Irish life; though at times, perhaps, from the very nature of the facts, he exhibits a certain degree of irreverence, which to English ears is painful, even when the subjects spoken of are the worst errors of Rome. But his tales are full of vigour, picturesque description, and genuine pathos. They may be referred to, with Mr. Britton's, as furnishing a very correct portrait of the Irish peasantry; and they make us regret that he does not write tales *for* them as well as of them. Of this Purgatory or place of penance, we can only say that it was in full vigour in the last year—1840!—so the account is no antiquated fiction.

'As soon as we ascended the hill,' says Mr. Carleton, 'the whole scene was instantly before us; a large lake, surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, bleak, uncomfortable, and desolate. In the lake itself, about half a mile from the edge next us, was to be seen the "island," with two or three slated houses on it, naked and unplastered, as desolate-looking almost as the mountains. A little range of exceeding low hovels, which the German dwarf could scarcely enter without stooping, appeared to the left; and the eye could rest on nothing more, except a living mass of human beings crawling slowly about like worms on a dead dog. The first thing the pilgrim does when he gets a sight of the lake, is to prostrate himself, kiss the earth, and then on his knees *offer up* three *paters* and *aves*, for the favour of being permitted to see this blessed place. When this is over, he descends to the lake, and after paying tenpence to the ferryman, is rowed over to the purgatory

The first thing I did was to hand over my three cakes of oaten bread which I got made in Petigo, tied up in a handkerchief, as well as my hat and second shirt, to the care of the owner of one of the huts; having first, by the way, undergone a second prostration on touching the island, and greeted it with fifteen holy kisses and another string of prayers. I then, according to the regulations, should commence the stations, lacerated as my feet were after so long a journey, so that I had not a moment to rest. Think, therefore, what I must have suffered on surrounding a large chapel, in the direction of from east to west, along a pavement of stone spikes, every one of them making its way along my nerves and muscles

muscles to my unfortunate brain. I was absolutely stupid and dizzy with the pain, the praying, the jostling, the elbowing, the scrambling, and the uncomfortable penitential whining of the whole crowd. I knew not what I was about, but went through the forms in the same mechanical dead spirit which pervaded all present. As for that solemn, humble, and heartfelt sense of God's presence, which Christian prayer demands, its existence in the mind would not only be a moral but a physical impossibility in Lough Dearg. . . .

'When I commenced my station, I started from what is called the "beds," and God help St. Patrick if he lay upon them: they are sharp stones placed circularly in the earth, with the spike ends of them up, one circle within another; and the manner in which the pilgrim gets as far as the innermost, resembles precisely that in which school-boys enter the walls of Troy upon their slates. I moved away from these upon the sharp stones with which the whole island is surfaced, keeping the chapel, or "prison," as it is called, upon my right; then turning, I came round again, with a *circumbendibus*, to the spot from which I set out. During this circuit, as well as I can remember, I repeated fifty-five *paters* and *aves*, and five creeds, or five decades; and be it known that the fifty prayers were *offered up* to the Virgin Mary, and the odd five to God! I then commenced getting round the external beds, during which I repeated, I think, fifteen *paters* and *aves* more; and as the beds decreased in circumference, the prayers decreased in length, until a short circuit, and three *paters* and *aves*, finished the last and innermost of these blessed couches. I really forget how many times each day the prison and these beds are to be surrounded, and how many thousand prayers are to be repeated during the circuit, though each circuit is, in fact, making the grand tour of the island; but I never shall forget that I was the best part of a July day at it, when the soles of my feet were flayed, and the stones hot enough to broil a beef-steak!

'The only luxury allowed me was the privilege of feasting on one of my cakes (having not tasted food that blessed day until then)—upon one of my cakes, I say, and a copious supply of the water of the lake, which, to render the repast more stomachable, was made lukewarm! . . .

'At last night came: but here to describe the horrors of what I suffered, I hold myself utterly inadequate. I was wedged in a truckle-bed with seven others, one of whom was a Scotch Papist—another a man with a shrunk leg, who wore a crutch—all afflicted with that disease which northern men that feed on oatmeal are liable to. . . .

'I was just on the point of enjoying a little rest, when a man, ringing a large hand-bell, came round, crying out, in a low, supernatural growl, which could be heard double the distance of the loudest shout, "Waken up, waken up, and come to prison." The words were no sooner out of his mouth than there was a sudden start, and a general scramble in the dark for our respective garments. When we got dressed we proceeded to the waters of the lake, in which we washed our face and hands, repeating prayers during the ablution. This to me was the most impressive and agreeable part of the whole station. The night, while we were in bed, or rather in torture, had become quite stormy, and the waves of the lake

lake beat against the shore with the violence of an agitated sea. There was just sufficient moon to make the "darkness visible," and to show the black clouds drifting with rapid confusion, in broken masses, over our heads. This, joined to the tossing of the billows against the shore—the dark silent groups that came, like shadows, stooping for a moment over the surface of the waters, and retreating again in a manner which the severity of the night rendered necessarily quick, raising thereby in the mind the idea of gliding spirits—then the preconceived desolation of the surrounding scenery—the indistinct shadowy chain of dreary mountains which, faintly relieved by the lurid sky, hemmed in the lake—the silence of the forms, contrasted with the tumult of the elements about us—the loneliness of the place—its isolation and remoteness from the habitations of men—all this put together, joined to the feeling of deep devotion in which I was wrapped, had really a sublime effect upon me. Upon the generality of those who were there, blind to the natural beauty and effect of the hour and the place, and viewing it only through the medium of superstitious awe, it was indeed calculated to produce the notion of something not belonging to the circumstances and reality of human life.

'From this scene we passed to one which, though not characterised by its dark, awful beauty, was scarcely inferior to it in effect. It was called the "prison." . . .

'On entering the prison I was struck with the dim religious twilight of the place. Two candles gleamed faintly from the altar, and there was something, I thought, of a deadly light about them as they burnt feebly and stilly against the darkness which hung over the other part of the building. Two priests, facing the congregation, stood upon the altar in silence, with pale spectral visages, their eyes catching an unearthly glare from the sepulchral light of the slender tapers. But that which was strangest of all, and, as I said before, without parallel in this world, was the impression and effect produced by the deep, drowsy, hollow, hoarse, guttural, ceaseless, and monotonous *hum* which proceeded from about four hundred individuals half asleep and at prayer.'

We should suggest that it is part of the superstition of the place, that whoever falls asleep during his stay in this prison is visited by madness.

'Now the poor pilgrims forget that this strong disposition to sleep arises from the weariness produced by their long journeys—by the exhausting penance of the station, performed without giving them time to rest—by the other natural consequences of not giving them time to sleep—by the drowsy darkness of the chapel—and by the heaviness caught from the low peculiar murmur of the pilgrims, which would of itself overcome the lightest spirit. I was here but a very short time when I began to doze, and just as my chin was sinking placidly on my breast, and the words of an *Ave Maria* dying upon my lips, I felt the charm all at once broken by a well-meant rap on the occiput, conferred through the instrumentality of a little angry-looking squat urchin of sixty years, and a remarkably good blackthorn-cudgel, which, along
with

with its owner, was engaged in thwacking the heads of such sinners as, not having the dread of insanity and the regulations of the place before their eyes, were inclined to sleep. . . . After all, I really slept the better half of the night : nay, I not only slept, but dreamed. I experienced also that singular state of being in which, while the senses are accessible to the influence of surrounding objects, the process of thought is suspended, the man seems to enjoy an inverted existence, in which the soul sleeps, and the body remains awake and susceptible of external impressions. I once thought I was washing myself in the lake, and that the dashing noise of its waters rang in my ears ; I also fancied myself at home in conversation with my friends ; yet in neither case did I altogether forget where I was. Still, in struggling to bring my mind back, so paramount was the dread of awaking deranged should I fall asleep, that these occasional visions . . . and this jumbling together of broken images and disjointed thoughts, had such an effect, that I imagined several times the awful penalty was exacted, and that my reason was gone for ever. I frequently started, and on seeing two dim lights upon the altar, and on hearing the ceaseless and eternal murmurs going on around me, without being immediately able to ascribe them to their proper cause, I set myself down as a lost man ; for on that terror I was provokingly clear during the whole night. I more than once gave an involuntary groan or shriek on finding myself in this singular state ; so did many others ; and these groans and shrieks were wildly and fearfully contrasted with the never-ending hum, which, like the ceaseless noise of a distant waterfall, went on during the night. The perspiration occasioned by this inconceivable distress, by the heat of the place, and by the unchangeableness of my position, flowed profusely from every pore. About two o'clock in the morning an unhappy young man, either in a state of lethargic indifference or under the influence of these sudden paroxysms, threw himself or fell from one of the galleries, and was so shattered by the fall that he died next day at twelve o'clock ; and, what was not much to the credit of the reverend gentry of the island, without the benefit of the clergy ; for I saw a priest, with his stole and box of chrism, finishing off his extreme unction when he was quite dead. . . . The under jaw of the corpse hung down, his eyes were open and stared with the wild glassy look of death, his nostrils were distended and filled with mucus, his hair was on end, and about his brows and the upper part of his face lay the froth of the perspiration which exuded in the agonies of death. There was the priest, rubbing his oil over the dead body of this victim of superstition, confident that such an application would benefit his soul before the awful tribunal of eternal justice.—*Father Butler, the Lough Dearg Pilgrim*, p. 253, &c.

We were on the point of regretting that we had not space to select accounts of the 'patterns,' the stations, the scenes at holy wells and places of penance, from Mr. Otway, Mr. Carleton, and others ; but they are, we hope, diminishing in frequency, and we have little wish to expose more than is necessary of the fearful demoralization which must have fallen upon a Christian ministry
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who can so permit religion to be debased, and excuse it by the necessity of allowing the people whom they govern to do evil, because, otherwise, they would do worse. But the mixture of good and evil in the unhappy peasant is indeed remarkable.

'I looked round,' says Mr. Otway, speaking of the day after the Pattern at Clonmacnoise; 'there were many people in the sacred enclosure, some kneeling in the deepest abstraction of devotion at the graves of their departed friends; the streaming eyes, the tremulous hand, the bowed-down body, the whole soul full of sorrowful reminiscences and of trust in the goodness of the God of spirits, threw a sacred solemnity about them, that few indeed, though counting their acts superstitious, would presume to interrupt: he who would venture so to do must be one indeed of little feeling. I saw others straggling through the place—some, half-intoxicated, sauntering or stumbling over the grave-stones—others hurrying across the sacred enclosure as if hastening to partake of the last dregs of debauchery in the tents of the patron green. . . . Many were still keeping up the deep carouse that had continued all through the sabbath night; and as we passed along by the unseemly temporary dens that are called tents, we could hear the impious blaspheming, the maudlin song, the squeaking bagpipe, and the heavy-footed dance—yes, and now and then we would meet with some straggler, who had spent all his money, or who had come forth from the feverish scene to cool his beating temples, and quaff a draught of the pure waters of the holy well, and he would look on us with a sulky scowl, and so we would move on in all prudence lest the fellow would call forth his faction and proceed to maltreat us. Times are greatly changed in every part of Ireland. The gentleman must formerly have given no small provocation before any of the lower classes, even in their liquor, would proceed to incivility; but now, under very careful instruction, much of former deference is disused.'—*Tour in Connaught*, p. 74.

So also what a mixture in the scene at the stations, as described by the too faithful pen of Mr. Carleton!* The priest at the altar giving directions for the dinner to be prepared for him at the farm-house, where he is to hear confession and celebrate mass; the business-like, perfunctory manner in which these, the most solemn, rites of the church are administered; the ten or five minutes' confession, closed with an absolution which is believed to act as a second baptism, making the soul as whole as if it had never sinned, and therefore allowing it immediately to commence a new account—the belief that in the *confessional the priest is God himself* (we desire to lay a stress upon the expression), and that when he leaves it he forgets all that he has heard—and the day closed with a feast, which renders priest and all incapable of returning home without assistance!

* *Traits and Stories*, vol. ii. p. 265.

So also what a state of mind revealed in the following horrible fact, illustrative of a practice common in Ireland, and connected materially with the practice of the priest to bless the holy clay, which is put into the coffins of the dead!—

‘*Extract from a communication of Dr. Picknell, Physician to the Dispensary at Cork, April 4th, 1823. Published in the Transactions of the Fellows of the College of Physicians of Dublin, vol. iv. p. 189.*

‘This communication states that Mary Riordan, a native of Cork, aged twenty-eight years, was afflicted with a most surprising complaint, whereby at intervals she discharged, by vomiting, &c., quantities of insects of the beetle species, some more than half an inch long, in all stages of their existence—some as larvæ, some as pupæ, and some in their winged state, which, as soon as they were discharged, flew about the room. The doctor, in anxiety to elicit every circumstance which might tend to develop the mode of the introduction of these insects, asked the patient had she been in the habit of eating clay? Her answer was, that, when she was about fifteen years of age, two clergymen of her persuasion died, and she being told by some old woman that, if she would drink daily during a certain period a portion of water in which was infused clay taken from the graves of those clergymen, she would be secured for ever against disease and sin. She accordingly walked to Kiusale, a distance of twelve miles, where one of the clergymen was interred, and succeeded in bringing away an apron and handkerchief full of the clay from the grave; to this she added some mugs full of clay from the other clergyman’s grave, who was buried in the city of Cork. Her practice was to infuse, from time to time, according to the exigency, in a vessel of water, a portion of the holy clay, the mixture being always allowed to rest until the grosser particles of the clay subsided. She had been in the daily use of the water *medicated* according to this disgusting formula. The beetles discharged from the woman were principally of the *bleps mortisaga* species, which is well known to inhabit churchyards.’—*Sketches in Ireland*, p. 237.

But the whole state of Irish feeling in regard to death is strange and paradoxical. They regard it as an entrance into the pains of purgatory, but treat it with indifference—think more of a fine wake than a comfortable life—pay the highest reverence to the remains of the dead, but fight over their coffins—scramble for places in consecrated ground, but allow their burying-places to remain in the most disgusting neglect—wail over the grave with a pathos which would draw tears even from an uninterested spectator, and turn immediately to jest and laugh. But we must refer to Mr. Hall’s work (part v. p. 221) for a fuller view of these singular anomalies. It is only in studying them that we can learn how to develop the Irish character—which hitherto has been suffered, under evil management and for evil purposes, to run wild, and yet is capable of a high perfection.

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The Reverend Spencer Knox, in his 'Pastoral Annals,'—evidently the work of a good, earnest clergyman,—supplies another illustration in describing the violent manner in which priests are allowed to interfere with scriptural schools, and the poor overborne peasant is effectually controlled and thwarted by the sacerdotal tyranny:—

'The unhappy opponent of priestly influence or tyranny feels and sees himself an isolated man. Branded on the forehead as the betrayer of his church; his threshold uncrossed by neighbour or by friend; his hearth cheerless, and unvisited by the former associates of his leisure, in evening, holiday, or Sabbath,—it requires a firmness of purpose which few possess to encounter, without shrinking, so fiery an ordeal. Fiery in all truth it is. Sickness comes, and the minister of Religion sternly withholds her consolatory rites; childbirth comes—the innocent offspring of the perhaps obedient wife is involved in the penalties of the father's obstinacy; death comes—the inflexible ambassador for Christ refuses to the parting soul the passport to a better world.'—*Pastoral Annals*, p. 156.

'Add to these trials apprehensions of civil injury, by no means devoid of foundation. His cattle perish by strange accidents—the people regard it as the judgment of an offended God; his fences are destroyed—no friendly information denounces the perpetrator. In field or highway, in market or at funeral, cold glances and averted eyes await him. He dares not venture from his home after night's shadows have descended, lest her mantle might cover his murderer. Not even his cottage yields him protection from outrage or from fears; full well he knows that many a fanatic or penitent waits the opportunity to wash away the guilt of past crime by some deed of violence against the object of priestly anathema.'—*Ibid.*, p. 159.

And this is the condition of the men for whom these priests and their accomplices are demanding what they presume to call 'their civil and religious liberty;' that is, an extended franchise, to be exercised at the will of the priest; and to whom it has been proposed to intrust the fate of Ireland, and therefore of the empire!

Now one most remarkable feature in all these scenes is the entire unresisting faith, which places the poor Irish peasant at the foot of his priest, without requiring any of those moral qualifications, on which a religious mind naturally would rest. It is the most extraordinary thralldom ever imposed upon a nation. But it does show that any rule, whether of the Government or of the landlord, which is not essentially connected with religion, and any religious system but that of the true Catholic Church, thoroughly brought out, will be powerless to emancipate them from their present slavery, or to govern them when emancipated. This fact is now beginning to be acknowledged. Efforts have been made zealously, but irregularly, and therefore unsuccessfully,

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to release them, but we have not perhaps derived sufficient warning from the past. It is not by endeavouring to extirpate the deep devotional and even credulous feelings of the Irish, but by moderating and directing them into right channels, that true religion will be established in that country.

May we not take warning by the history of the foreign Reformation—a Reformation conducted too much on the principle of running from one extreme into another, and therefore followed immediately by the most melancholy excesses, subsequently by a remarkable revival of Popery, and ultimately by the fiercest outbreak of blasphemy and infidelity? Bishops were then despised, because the Pope was Bishop of Rome. Sacraments were thought light of, because transubstantiation is a falsehood. Forms were set aside, because Popery is a religion of forms. Self-discipline and self-denial were confounded with popish penances. Reverence for holy places, and holy things, and holy men was classed with the superstitions of pilgrimages and relics, and the worship of saints and angels. Appeals to the historical testimony of the first ages of the Catholic Church, on which, together with Scripture, our own wise Reformers re-established the English Church, were abused under the name of *tradition*—as if the popish traditions did not expressly set aside that historical testimony, and rest on modern authorities instead of ancient. The necessity of working always to good was charged with setting up a claim to human merit; and the very notion of a Church was suspected, because Popery also has a Church. They had before them a deadly enemy under the form of a man, and everything in human shape they thought themselves bound to attack.

Perhaps also we have none of us hitherto employed the most powerful weapons in our hands—but have suffered them to lie idle, fearing them without reason, because, not rightfully but wrongly, Popery, which knew their weight, especially with the Irish people, has unsparingly usurped them. Ask the Irish peasant why he adheres to Popery—he answers, as he has been taught by his priest, because it is the old religion—because Luther and Calvin were men, and invented a system of their own—because it was the religion of his fathers—because he is bound to listen to his priests, who are commissioned to him by God—because Henry VIII. had no right to establish a system of religion—because the Scriptures, read without instruction by uneducated men, may lead to error,—and because he ought not to adhere to a sect or a party in the Church, but to the great universal body of Catholic Christians. These are principles taught in the Popish Catechism; and the poorest peasant, who has been taught at all, has been instructed in them.

And instead of recognising these prejudices as sound and true
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in themselves, and showing that, on these very grounds, Popery ought to be abandoned, is not the practice too common to deny them altogether; fearing to make use of them as Christian ministers may and ought to do in defence of the Church? We are bound to adhere to the old religion, as delivered to us once for all; and Popery is a novelty; we can date its corruptions. Luther and Calvin were not apostles; and the Church of England, however deeply sympathising with their struggles against error, was not built upon their foundation. Hereditary religion is a good, and Popery is not the religion of the fathers of the Irish people, nor of those whom they are most bound to respect, their governors and their masters. They are bound to listen to priests who are sent to them from God; but the Romish priests come to them with a commission not from God, but the Pope, and are intruders on the Irish soil in defiance of the laws of God. Henry VIII. was a tyrant, and the State ought not to trespass on the rights intrusted to the Church by God; any such supremacy the Church of England repudiates and abhors. The Bible, read amiss, has been turned by sectarians to mischief. But this is no reason for not reading it at all, but for reading it with proper assistance, such assistance as is supplied by the teaching of the Catholic Church, not with the human interpolations and unauthorised traditions of Popery. And Christians ought *not* to adhere to a sect. But Popery *is* a sect, having severed itself from the old Catholic Church by its arrogant assumption of a right to tamper with her practices and doctrines, and from the present existing branches of that Church by an arbitrary and tyrannical excommunication.

This is the line to be taken—and as it is the true, and just, and faithful line, a blessing will rest upon it. It will not preclude, but compel, a constant reverence for the Bible as the rule of faith, beyond which and contrary to which nothing is to be insisted on as necessary to salvation. It will not throw a chill on the most earnest and genuine piety—it will prove the most effectual guard against the introduction into God's revealed word of human notions and human authority—it will be the strongest bond of union between the English and the Irish Churches in their common danger and distress—it will give order to their movements, security to their faith, discretion to their zeal, precision to their belief, self-forgetfulness to their energy—and the Irish Church will thus accomplish its work upon earth, and win back to truth and goodness a people of all others destined indeed by nature to be a happy, a great, and a holy nation, but for centuries converted into a hotbed of crime, rebellion, misery, and superstition by one all-powerful cause—the *curse of foreign priestcraft*.

But

But we must turn to another feature in the character of the Irish peasantry—their pugnacity. It is a feature of very old date :

‘Never,’—says Peter Walsh, a Romanist historian,—‘never have we read of any people so implacably, so furiously, so eternally set upon the destruction of one another, as the progenies of Heber and Heremon. . . . Never has the sun bestowed its light on any other land to behold 118 monarchs slaughtered by their own disloyal subjects—24 of them in battle, and the rest by downright assassination . . . and besides all this, infinite were the depredations, wastings, burnings of the country, besides the endless harassings of the poor peasants, and even sometimes the violating of sanctuaries, burning of churches, killing of clergymen, and abbots, and *bishops too*, for company ; besides lesser fights and skirmishes without number. By all which you may perceive that Christianity wrought so little on that people, that for 400 years (the most flourishing part of the Milesian history) their princes were more fatally engaged pursuing one another with fire and sword, than their pagan predecessors had been.’ Nay more, ‘not even the great holiness of some of their very meekest and most justly celebrated saints has been exempt from the fatality of their genius of putting their controversy to the bloody decision of battle, though they foresaw that the death of so many thousands must needs have followed. Even Columb Cill himself, so *religious* a monk, priest, abbot, so much a *man of God*, was nevertheless the very author, adviser, procurer of fighting three several battles.’—*Prospect of the State of Ireland*, pp. 77, 101.

If we may trust Mr. Crofton Croker in his comments upon the Popular Songs of Ireland (p. 102), the following directions were given in the will of one of Cromwell’s followers in that country :—‘My body shall be put upon the oak table in my coffin in the brown room, and fifty Irishmen shall be invited to my wake, and every one shall have two quarts of the best *aqua vitæ*, and each a skein, dirk, or knife, laid before him ; and when their liquor is out, nail up my coffin and commit me to earth from whence I came. This is my will, witness my hand, this 3rd of March, 1674. John Langley.’

Some of his friends asked him why he would be at such charge to treat the Irish at his funeral, a people whom he never loved. ‘Why for that reason,’ replied Langley ; ‘for they will get so drunk at my wake that they will kill one another, and so we shall get rid of some of the breed ; and if every one would follow my example in their wills, in time we should get rid of them all.’

Now an Englishman safe under the protection of the new police, confident in the impartiality of a petty sessions, kept in awe by a generally quiet and inoffensive code of honour, and habitually cautious and reserved, and calculating for others as well as for himself, passes over to Ireland, and there finds a nation of men, whose chief pastime (less perhaps now than it was) is breaking each other’s heads. He sees the murderous shillelah, which Mr. Carleton has so portentously described—is present perhaps

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at a dance,* a fair, or a funeral, all of which terminate equally in a fight—witnesses a battle between two factions, which no power can separate but the priest in his vestments, and returns home with disgust and despair at such a sanguinary temperament. We have no wish to undertake the defence either of the shillelah, or of the faction fight; and the instances happily are becoming more rare every day. But we do think that English notions on this subject also are not hastily to be transferred to Ireland.

The Irish have naturally warm and excitable tempers; they are, by their constitution, comparatively insensible to bloodshed, and indifferent to life; and under the influence of whisky they become fearfully cruel. But their love of fighting does not destroy their natural kindness of heart, any more than a boxing-match, or a gladiatorial show, necessarily implies that the parties engaged are bitter enemies. It is an exciting amusement; and the amusement is not deprived of its charm to them by any sense of danger. Society among the lower classes in Ireland is still in a state far less advanced than with ourselves. Law has not yet been firmly established; it is not trusted; party animosity runs high; old traditions and watchwords of tribes and factions are preserved; bitterness of feeling is encouraged by those who are the most bound to correct it. There is a great admiration for courage, and for the exhibition of it, such as we find wherever a national character contains elements of good, and luxury and money-making propensities have not extinguished it. And all these circumstances, with the additional stimulus of whisky, contribute to produce that pugnacious disposition, which by a thoughtless observer is treated as mere savage barbarism. It is no such thing. It is a disposition capable of being trained into a genuine habit of courage; and instead of lamenting it, a wise legislator would seize on it as an admirable element to form a national character. There are no better soldiers than Irishmen when well trained and disciplined. No people bear real suffering more patiently. None meet death with more equanimity—even with the frightful prospect of purgatory before their eyes. All that they require is to see courage and vigour in their rulers; and to have their spirit properly directed: but a weak, vacillating government, or a landlord who shows signs of fear, can never be a proper ruler for the Irish people.

But when the greatest of ancient philosophers was enumerating the elements necessary to form a perfect national character, he requires, besides this physical courage, great natural quickness of in-

* We had included weddings, but we gladly bow to the authority of Mr. and Mrs. Hall, who assure us that Irish gallantry never fights at weddings. And this is a trait of delicacy quite worth recording.

telleet; and no nation, not perhaps even the Greek, ever possessed more of this than the Irish. To an Englishman, if he can see only the dark side of things, it will appear in the shape of cunning, falsehood, a strange ill-regulated imagination and thirst for knowledge, a grotesque humour mixing wildly with bursts of deep feeling, and all the evasive tricks, so frequently ending in perjury, by which an Irishman battles against the law. Even their blunders originate in the same cause. Great quickness of intelligence is seldom compatible with that common sense which is the result of calculation; and the Irish are no calculators.

'Common sense,' says Lady Chatterton (and we gladly use her words, for no one will accuse her of writing under prejudices against Ireland), 'is lamentably wanted. And this occasions all other wants. Want of sense peeps through the open door and stuffed-up window of every hovel. It is plainly stamped on everything that is done or left undone. You may trace it in the dunghoeap, which obstructs the path to the cabin; in the smoke, which finds an outlet through every opening but a chimney. You may see it in the warm cloaks which are worn in the hottest day in the summer, in the manner a peasant girl carries her basket behind her back. This is generally done by folding her cloak, her only cloak, round it, and thus throwing the whole weight of the basket on this garment, of course to its no small detriment. The same want of sense lurks too under the great heavy coat which the men wear during violent exertions in hot weather. In short it is obvious in a thousand ways.'—*Rambles*, vol. i. p. 19.

Yet falsehood, and deceit, and perjury, and blundering, are no necessary consequences of quick intellect.

And how is it that among the most prominent sins of the Irish peasantry is an habitual disregard to truth? We will give the receipt for producing it. Take a man with a natural flow of strong feeling, sympathising with every one who suffers or is in danger, even with a criminal—let him be brought up neglected by his superiors and ignorant of the nature of law—let those who administer it be represented to him daily as his natural enemies and the enemies of his country, whom he is bound to thwart and resist, and let such statements be supported by too many examples deducible from former times—then give him a natural flow of language, rapid powers of invention, shrewdness to amuse himself with evading an attack, and perplexing an adversary—though naturally religious, let his religion be turned into superstition, and his mind be accustomed to notions of compromise for sin, of evading the justice of God as an angry and unrelenting enemy, of mental reservation in promises, and of a power which can always release him from the obligation of any oath whatever, and that power the avowed antagonist of the magistrate and the law—then place him under a solemn obligation to reveal in the confessional

sional all the secrets of his heart to a fallible human being—and let the operation be conducted carelessly and negligently—and, lastly, let him have constantly before his eyes a most awful and tremendous religious system, sadly contradicted by the moral habits of those who administer it—and what reason is there to wonder that *Irish swearing* and *Irish falsehood* can be made, even by an Irishman who loves his country, the subject of an essay, treated, as we regret to find Mr. Carleton has treated it, *with humour*? We extract one graphic sketch of an Irish witness:—

‘ In point of interest, we must admit that his ability in a cross-examination ranks next to his skill in *planning* an *alibi*. There is, in the former, a versatility of talent that keeps him always ready; a happiness of retort, generally disastrous to the wit of the most established cross-examiner; an apparent simplicity, which is quite as impenetrable as the lawyer’s assurance; a *vis comica*, which puts the court in tears; and an originality of sorrow that often convulses it with laughter. His resources, when he is pressed, are inexhaustible; and the address with which he contrives to gain time, that he may suit his reply to the object of his evidence, is beyond all praise. And yet his appearance when he mounts the table is anything but prepossessing—a sheepish look, and a loose-jointed frame of body, wrapped in a frieze great-coat, do not promise much; nay, there is often a rueful blank expression in his visage, which might lead a stranger to anticipate nothing but blunders and dullness. This, however, is hypocrisy of the first water. Just observe the tact with which he places his caubeen upon the table, his kippeen across it, and the experienced air with which he pulls up the waistband of his breeches, absolutely girding his loins for battle. ’Tis true his blue eye has at present nothing remarkable in it, except a drop or two of the native; but that is *not* remarkable.

‘ When the direct examination has been concluded, nothing can be finer than the simplicity with which he turns round to the lawyer who is to cross-examine him. Yet, as if conscious that firmness and caution are his main guards, he again pulls up his waistband with a more vigorous hitch, looks shyly into the very eyes of his opponent, and awaits the first blow.—The question at length comes; and Paddy, after having raised the collar of his big-coat on his shoulder, and twisted up the shoulder along with it, directly puts the query back to the lawyer, without altering a syllable of it, for the purpose of ascertaining more accurately whether that is the precise question that has been put to him; for Paddy is conscientious. Then is the science displayed on both sides. The one, a veteran, trained in all the technicalities of legal puzzles, irony, blarney, sarcasm, impudence, stock jokes, quirks, rigmarolery, browbeating, ridicule, and subtilty; the other a poor peasant, relying only upon the justice of a good cause and the gifts of nature, without either experience or learning, and with nothing but his native modesty to meet the forensic effrontery of his antagonist.’

Mr. Carleton then speaks of the ‘roars of laughter’ which

arise in the course of this examination, and he adds a hint very well worthy of attention :—

‘ It is not impossible that this merry mode of dispensing justice may somewhat encourage Paddy in that independence of mind which relishes not the idea of being altogether bound by oaths that are too often administered with a jocular spirit. To many of the uninitiated Irish an oath is a solemn, to some an awful, thing. Of this wholesome reverence for its sanction, two or three testimonies given in a court of justice usually cure them. The indifferent, business-like manner in which the oaths are put, the sing-song tone of voice, the rapid utterance of the words, give to this solemn act an appearance of excellent burlesque, which ultimately renders the whole proceedings remarkable for the absence of truth and reality, but at the same time gives them unquestionable merit as a dramatic representation, abounding with fiction, well related and ably acted. Thumb-kissing is another feature in Paddy’s adroitness, too important to be passed over in silence. Here his tact shines out again! It would be impossible for him, in many cases, to meet the perplexities of a cross-examination so cleverly as he does, if he did not believe that he had, by kissing his thumb instead of the book, actually taken no oath, and consequently given to himself a wider range of action. We must admit, however, that this very circumstance involves him in difficulties which are sometimes peculiarly embarrassing. Taking everything into consideration, the prospect of freedom for his sixth cousin, the consciousness of having kissed his thumb, or the consoling reflection that he swore only on a *law* Bible, it must be granted that the opportunities presented by a cross-examination are well calculated to display his wit, humour, and fertility of invention.’—*Essay on Irish Swearing—Traits and Stories*, vol. iii. p. 338.

With this sketch before him the reader may turn to meditate on the principle of assimilating all the institutions of Ireland, especially its courts of law, in every point to those of England. Unhappily, if the causes which have produced this frightful evil are complicated and deeply seated, the cure must be slow. And there can be no cure until the religion of the country is brought into harmony with its natural government, and the present character of that religion is changed in its fundamental principles of morality.

When this is done we may hope to see Irish vivacity and imagination developing themselves in healthy and legitimate forms. If ever there was a nation framed for the enjoyment and creation of all the fine arts which are connected with fancy and feeling, it is the Irish. And there are few points of character which would so soon and so well repay a judicious culture. In the vivid perception of the unseen, in the love of the mysterious, in the rapid personification of abstractions, in the invention of facts to account for everything, in the shrewdness of hints and intimations, and in the grotesque mixture of the solemn and pathetic with the most ludicrous

ludicrous extravagances, the common, every-day imagination of the Irish surpasses anything, perhaps, but the Greek comedy. We know a nobleman who has already drawn out considerable talent in the execution of grotesque Gothic carvings, into the spirit of which the poorest labourers have entered with zest and interest. The Irish music well deserves to be revived and encouraged. Architecture, which in Ireland is at the lowest ebb, might be introduced, particularly for ecclesiastical purposes. The Romish priests, however miserable and tawdry the taste which has been displayed as yet, are perfectly alive to the importance of thus working on the imagination. Dr. Mac Hale has built a new mass-house at Tuam, of very ambitious pretensions, though gaudy and fragile. And the author of '*A Tour in Connaught*' mentions having seen at Cambridge an Irish architect taking plans and elevations of King's College Chapel, for the purpose of building a similar church at Dundalk. Such examples may not be the most proper to propose; but, with a due regard to sobriety, there is no country where it would be more easy or more useful to introduce a pure taste for Gothic architecture. It is probable also that nothing would have a more salutary effect in correcting the tendency to idolatrous superstitions than familiarising the people with works of art on legitimate subjects, carefully excluding everything which could foster the present evil.

But it is in their tales and legends that the Irish fancy most delights. Every rock has its story, and a story framed to account for all the peculiarities of the locality as ingeniously as Mr. Carleton describes the framing of an alibi. Lady Chatterton gives us the legend attached to the two furrows in the Sugar-loaf Mountain in Bantry Bay; and we wish we had space to extract it. But we gladly take the opportunity of acknowledging the good which her lively, elegant, and amusing pages are likely to produce, if they induce Englishmen to visit Ireland, with some other thoughts than those connected with religious differences, Captain Rock, and annual famine. Something, we suspect, is due to the softening and refining process of Lady Chatterton's own mind, in turning the whisky-and-potato flavour, sometimes predominating in Irish tales, into roses and milk. But this only induces us to wish that she would favour us with many more specimens of the same power. In England as well as in Ireland we do want tales of an imaginative cast, especially for the education of children. The '*Arabian Nights*' is a precious book; but, perhaps, almost as interesting a collection might be made from Irish stories, embodying good morals, loyal politics, and sound religion, and connecting them all with the realities of local scenery and national history; and Lady Chatterton could scarcely contribute

contribute a more valuable present to England as well as Ireland, though in the shape of a child's book. We are sure she is not a person requiring to be told that to form a children's library is a task of which the profoundest philosopher might well be proud. None but a woman's hand is likely to accomplish it well; and we have met with very few female authors who, by delicacy of touch, freedom from pedantry, elegance of language, and genuine kindness of feeling, appear so fitted for the task as Lady Chatterton.

But besides the imagination there is a still more important faculty which requires to be trained in the Irish peasant's character. This is his love for learning. Compare an Irish school with an English, and the difference in talent is astonishing. Mathematics the Irish peasants are especially fond of.* A little Latin is by no means uncommon.† Even adults will learn to read with as much patience as children. An old man will walk six or seven miles to buy a pair of spectacles, that he may commence his alphabet. We have seen a collection of nearly 100 Irish teachers engaged in learning to read the Irish Bible, who stood up and translated it verse for verse into their own rude but forcible English, exactly as so many boys in a school, answering questions, assisting each other in their mistakes, and exhibiting all the character of clever boys delighted with their task. To learn they will meet together by the side of bogs, in lonely cabins, at nightfall, when

* In carrying on the late survey of Ireland, boys were found in abundance to calculate at a halfpenny a triangle. The poor scholar who supports himself by begging and is relieved with willingness, as a scholar, in these days peculiar to Ireland. The hedge-school, with its pedantic master, its ragged urchins, and its lessons of love to Ireland and hatred to England, carefully mixed up with Latin grammar and Irish songs, deserved a better substitute than the so-called National Schools, where the same lessons of disloyalty will be taught with the addition of religious indifference, or Popish bigotry.

† 'The passion for knowledge received not many years ago a singular and striking illustration. The people who inhabited a rude district of the Comeragh mountains felt the necessity of a teacher for their children. They were a half-savage race who had "squatted" among the rocks and bogs, parts of which they had reclaimed, so as to afford them something beyond the means of existence. They could, however, offer very little inducement to a schoolmaster to settle among them; every temptation was tried without effect; at length they resolved upon a daring expedient to remove the evil of which they complained. They took forcible possession of a Dominie, and conveyed him by night from a distance of several miles to the vicinity of their rude mountain-huts. He was freely and bountifully given everything to make him comfortable; a cabin was built for him; his "garden" was dug and planted; a "slip of a pig" was added to his household goods; and he was told that he had only to order to have aught that the "neighbours" could procure him. But he was closely watched, and given clearly to understand that until he had educated one of his new pupils, and fitted him to supply his place, he was not permitted to wander a mile from his domicile. This imprisonment actually continued for five years; and it will, perhaps, surprise no one to learn that, when the Dominie obtained permission to visit his old friends, and communicate to them the fact of his being still in existence, he positively refused to stir, and died among the people to whom he had become attached, and whose children's children he lived to educate.'—*Ireland*, by Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Part VI. p. 260.

they are not observed by the priest, and sit up for hours together hearing the Bible read to them by the teacher, and this even as Romanists, and before they have arrived at the necessary conclusion of discovering the errors of Popery to have no countenance from Scripture. There may be something that is irregular and unsatisfactory in the present mode by which this process is carried on; but the facts are such as to raise far more sanguine hopes of bringing the Irish peasants to a knowledge of truth than could be entertained as to many districts of England, where the labourer, when his work is finished, thinks of little but his supper and his bed. This fondness for learning among all ages might probably turn the attention of those who are interested in the work of conversion, from the establishment of children's schools, which must be conducted, to say the least, on an imperfect plan, to the multiplication and proper training of teachers for adults—at any rate of a class of men who might mix with the peasantry familiarly, and be, as it were, the fingers in the hands of the clergy, to grasp the poor population by the parent instead of the children. It does appear that the schools hitherto established on the Kildare and Hibernian system have failed in producing conversion. Is not the child the property of his parent? Can the Romish parent, without a violation of conscience, place his child under what he believes heretical and corrupt teaching? And can the Church demand, or even satisfactorily receive, a child from a parent thus acting? If she does, is she not obliged to compromise her own principles by attempting to educate without instructing the child in *the whole of religion*; for instance, in the sin of schism and the errors of Popery, which in a popish country must be as necessary a part of a sound scriptural education? Is it right really to abandon the duty of conversion, or honest to attempt it insidiously; or safe even to effect it upon the erroneous principle of placing the child before the Scriptures to find out its meaning by himself, without any guide or comment? These and many other considerations might suggest themselves; and certainly it is more easy, and more safe, and more in accordance with the history of past national conversions, and with the principles of nature and of the Church, to win over the children through the parents, than to attempt to gain the parents through the children. If the body is to be brought over, begin with the head, and the limbs will follow. But begin with the limbs, and the attempt either fails entirely, or only ends in a dangerous mutilation. And it will be a day of happy omen for the Irish Church and for the British empire, when some plan properly digested is commenced for gratifying this thirst for knowledge among adults as well as children, without compromising the order of the Church, or risking, as is too much the case at present, the un-

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settling of the peasant's mind, by discovering to him the errors of Popery, without substituting for them a clear definite body of truth and discipline.

We might touch on many more peculiarities of the Irish peasantry, which, judiciously watched and managed, might be trained so as to form in truth the finest nation in the world, instead of being hastily condemned, and extirpated—extirpated we should not say, for nature cannot be extirpated; it can only be corrected.

For instance, an Irishman's fondness for potatoes may be a depravity of taste, and it is certainly productive of most serious evils. It is the lowest possible food, and a nation driven to rest satisfied with the minimum of subsistence has nothing else to fall back on, when this fails. It is not portable both from bulk and tendency to ferment. It is subject to constant failures, and therefore produces famine. It teaches the peasantry to depend all of them on their own bits of land; hence no regular wages—no use of money—no thoughtfulness in their character—no habit of prudence—no shops—no taste for comfort—no accumulation of property—but many deeds of violence connected with the possession of land, and a very prevalent habit of mendicancy. But we do not think that Ireland would be improved if beef and pudding were substituted for potatoes, and eating were made to the Irish peasant, as it is now to the English, the chief want of his heart, instead of encouraging and preserving simple and temperate habits of life, and only reconciling them with prudence and neatness.

So also of their mendicancy. Mendicancy is a wretched thing; and yet a nation of which so large a portion of the poor population are supported by the alms of the other—alms indeed given improvidently, but never grudgingly—cannot be without its deep-seated spring of charity; and we doubt if the poorhouse will improve it.

So also of their attachment to land. It runs at present into most mischievous excesses, producing an overgrown population, infinite subdivision of the soil, a bad system of farming, annual famine, early marriages, agrarian outrages, and materials for Ribbon conspiracies. But it would be fatal for Ireland to substitute for an agricultural a manufacturing population. An agricultural population is a far sounder and healthier body than any other. It requires indeed in Ireland a new distribution—the farms to be enlarged—a class of labourers to be formed, with gardens and not small farms attached to their cottages, and little more; and the surplus population to be employed in *domestic manufactures*, or in such as would be required for the home market alone. It is not, most assuredly, from any English jealousy of Irish industry, that we say this; nor do we wish to undervalue

dervalue the good effects which have resulted from the introduction of certain branches of manufacture, with the necessary establishments, into the sister island. But we most deeply and seriously consider the vast extension of the modern mill-system, as constituting the greatest evil under which our own social condition is suffering; and we would fain, for Ireland's sake—for the sake of her morals and her peace—see her escape those melancholy alternations of gluts and over-demands, which are the necessary consequences of an unlimited trade, and must bring infinite dangers to any country, but especially to a nation so excitable and at the same time so prone to self-abandonment as the Irish.

So of their early marriages. They also have produced much mischief. But it would be another evil day for Ireland which should hastily check them, risking the destruction of a comparatively pure morality and of strong family affections, in order to avert the mischief of over-population—a mischief which might easily be remedied, partly—and largely, we are confident—by draining off the crowded districts to the waste lands of Ireland herself—provided only the new colonies were formed upon right principles, and placed under proper superintendence on the model of a good parochial system; and partly, perhaps, as to certain provinces, by encouraging and promoting emigration to our own daily expanding settlements in Australia and America.

So also of the fatalism of the lower orders of Irish. An Englishman is accustomed to think and to act for himself. Put, therefore, opportunities of exertion before him, and he moves spontaneously. But an Irishman has a strange Oriental disposition (and it is only one out of many Oriental features in his character) to allow everything to be done for him. Hence his indolence, patience, disregard to improvement, apparent want of enterprise, coupled at the same time with the paradoxical exhibition of the utmost energy under excitement. The attempt to remove this by simply giving him opportunities of exertion is idle. It must fail. To remove it altogether, and substitute a cold, selfish, and what is called independent spirit, as if the whole world were to be reduced under his power, would be no satisfactory improvement. But stand over him with assistance and encouragement, suggesting exertions, aiding him to maintain himself upon his own footing, as we teach a child to walk, and the Irish indolence, broken as it is now by fits of violent energy, may be trained into settled habits of industry, and the country become rich and flourishing, in the only way in which such an object can be gained, by the steady efforts of its own people, not by giving a false stimulus to manufactures, or introducing a sudden accumulation of capital—a plan which can only end in converting the
Irish

Irish peasant—who, naked and starving as he is, is still, compared with the Socialists of Birmingham, free, innocent, high-minded, and uncorrupted—into the slave of a factory.

And how then, it will be asked, with all these admirable qualities, is the Irish peasant at this moment, in the nineteenth century, and under the rule of a British government, an object not of envy, but compassion—naked, famished, almost houseless, the slave of superstition, notorious for falsehood and perjury, arrayed against the laws of his country, and too often stained with blood? It is because the best faculties and the purest natural feelings, not placed under discipline and directed to right ends, can only turn to evil—because hitherto they have been left to themselves, and those who have really wished their good have attempted it without duly adapting themselves to the peculiarities of the Irish character. It is because bad men have taken advantage of their almost childlike credulity and passionateness in order to extort money for themselves by exciting sedition among the people; and because Popery has come in to foster their evil tendencies—their fatalism, their reliance upon others, their indifference to life, their ingenuity in evasion, their defiance of law, their gregariousness, and their rash prodigality, instead of rousing them to exertion, encouraging a spirit of independence, making them reverent of truth and law—prudent and economical, while benevolent—and merciful without losing their courage. When the Irish peasantry shall have been converted, not to a vague Protestantism, without fixed creed, or discipline, or rule, but to the true Church of England, brought out in its venerable simplicity, and placed before them as the old religion of their country, with its bishops, its sacraments, its apostolical faith, its solemn ceremonies, its elevated ritual, and its self-sacrificing piety—then (and, if signs may be trusted, the time is not far off, nor the prospect an idle dream) Ireland may again become, what it has once been already, the source of blessing to Europe and to the world; and hold out more hopes than any other country on the globe of restoring a pure and holy form of Christianity amidst a noble and enlightened people. Till this time arrives, it will continue what it is now, a spot on which the eye cannot rest without sorrow and fear; sorrow that so many germs of good should be suffered to run wild into evil—fear lest it should form a part of the destinies of Providence to visit the sins of England upon her head by bringing a curse upon her from the people whom she (under whatever circumstances) assumed the responsibility of ruling, and then ignobly abandoned to their own misrule. And under this misrule the Irish peasantry will become — But we will not proceed. It was not our intention to describe them ourselves, but to select descriptions

tions of them by others, and those Irishmen; and we will close our observations with one more extract from Mr. Carleton, which will tell its own tale, and contain its own moral. The story *Wildgoose Lodge* is founded on notorious facts. It opens with a scene in a Romish Mass-house, to which a member of the Ribbon conspiracy is summoned by a secret order:—

‘The scene which presented itself here was in keeping not only with the external appearance of the house, but with the darkness, the storm, and the hour, which was now a little after midnight. About eighty persons were sitting in dead silence upon the circular steps of the altar. They did not seem to move; and as I entered and advanced, the echo of my footsteps rang through the building with a lonely distinctness which added to the solemnity and mystery of the circumstances about me. The windows were secured with shutters on the inside, and on the altar a candle was lighted, which burned dimly amid the surrounding darkness, and lengthened the shadow of the altar itself, and those of six or seven persons who stood on its upper steps, until they mingled in the obscurity which shrouded the lower end of the chapel. The faces of the men who sat on the altar-steps were not distinctly visible, yet their prominent and more characteristic features were in sufficient relief, and I observed that some of the most malignant and reckless spirits in the parish were assembled. In the eyes of those who stood at the altar, and whom I knew to be invested with authority over the others, I could perceive gleams of some latent and ferocious purpose, kindled, as I soon observed, into a fiercer expression of vengeance, by the additional excitement of ardent spirits, with which they had stimulated themselves to a point of determination that mocked at the apprehension of all future responsibility, either in this world or in the next.

‘The welcome which I received on joining them was far different from the boisterous good-humour that used to mark our greetings on other occasions; just a nod of the head from this or that person, on the part of those *who sat*, with a “*ghud dhemur tha thu?*” (how are you?) in a suppressed voice: but from the standing group, who were evidently the projectors of the enterprise, I received a convulsive grasp of the hand, accompanied by a fierce and desperate look, that seemed to search my eye and countenance, to try if I were a person not likely to shrink from whatever they had resolved to execute. . . .

‘None of the standing group spoke; but as each of them wrung my hand in silence, his eye was fixed on mine, with an expression of drunken confidence and secrecy, and an insolent determination not to be gainsayed without peril. If looks can be translated with certainty, they seemed to say, “We are bound upon a project of vengeance, and if you do not join us, remember we *can* revenge.” Along with this grasp they did not forget to remind me of the common bond by which we were united, for each man gave me the secret grip of Ribbonism in a manner that made the joints of my fingers ache for some minutes afterwards. . . .

‘During

‘ During our conversation, those who had been summoned to this mysterious meeting were pouring in fast ; and as each person approached the altar he received from one to two or three glasses of whisky, according as he chose to limit himself ; but, to do them justice, there were not a few of those present who, in despite of their own desire and the captain’s express invitation, refused to taste it in the house of God’s worship. Such, however, as were scrupulous, he afterwards recommended to take it on the outside of the chapel-door, which they did, as, by that means, the sacrilege of the act was supposed to be evaded. . . .

‘ He now stood for a few moments on the platform, and his chest heaved with a depth of anxiety equal to the difficulty of the design he wished to accomplish :—“ Brothers,” said he, “ for we are all brothers—sworn upon all that’s blessed an’ holy, to obey whatever them that’s over us, *manin among ourselves*, wishes us to do—are you now ready, in the name of God, upon whose althar I stand, to fulfil yer oaths ? ” The words were scarcely uttered when those who had stood beside the altar during the night sprang from their places, and descending its steps rapidly turned round, and, raising their arms, exclaimed, “ By all that’s sacred an’ holy we’re willin ! ” In the mean time, those who sat upon the steps of the altar instantly rose, and, following the example of those who had just spoken, exclaimed after them, “ To be sure—by all that’s sacred an’ holy, we’re willin ! ”

‘ “ Now, boys,” said the captain, “ ar’nt yees big fools for your pains ? an’ one of yees doesn’t know what I mane ? ” “ You’re our captain,” said one of those who had stood at the altar, “ an’ has yer ordhers from higher quarthers ; of coorse, whatever ye command upon us we’re bound to obey you in.” “ Well,” said he, smiling, “ I only wanted to thry yees : an’ by the oath yee’s tuck, there’s not a captain in the county has as good a right to be proud of his min as I have. Well, yees won’t rue it, may be, when the right time comes ; and for that same rason, every one of yees must have a glass from the jar ; thim that won’t dhrink it *in* the chapel can dhrink it *widout* ; an’ here goes to open the door for them.”

‘ He then distributed another glass to every man who would accept it, and brought the jar afterwards to the chapel-door, to satisfy the scruples of those who would not drink within. When this was performed, and all duly excited, he proceeded :—“ Now, brothers, you are solemnly sworn to obay me, and I’m sure there’s no thraithur here that ’ud parjure himself for a thrifle ; but I’m sworn to obay them that’s above me, *manin’ still among ourselves* ; an’ to show you that I don’t scruple to do it, here goes ! ”

‘ He then turned round, and taking the missal between his hands placed it on the altar. Hitherto, every word was uttered in a low precautionary tone ; but, on grasping the book, he again turned round, and, looking upon his confederates with the same satanic expression which marked his countenance before, exclaimed, in a voice of deep determination, “ By this sacred an’ holy book of God, I will perform the action which we have met this night to accomplish, be that what it may ;

may; and this I swear upon God's book an' God's althar!" On concluding he struck the book violently with his open hand.

'At this moment the candle which burned before him went suddenly out, and the chapel was wrapped in pitchy darkness.... When the candle was again lighted, and these startling circumstances were accounted for, the persons whose vengeance had been deepening more and more during the night rushed to the altar in a body, where each, in a voice trembling with passionate eagerness, repeated the oath; and as every word was pronounced, the same echoes heightened the wildness of the horrible ceremony by their long and unearthly tones. The countenances of these human tigers were livid with suppressed rage; their knit brows, compressed lips, and kindled eyes, fell under the dim light of the taper with an expression calculated to sicken any heart not absolutely diabolical.

'As soon as this dreadful rite was completed, we were again startled by several loud bursts of laughter, which proceeded from the lower darkness of the chapel; and the captain, on hearing them, turned to the place, and, reflecting for a moment, said in Irish, "*Gutsho nish, avohelhee*" (Come hither now, boys). A rush immediately took place from the corner in which they had secreted themselves all the night, and seven men appeared, whom we instantly recognised as brothers and cousins of certain persons who had been convicted, some time before, for breaking into the house of an honest poor man in the neighbourhood, from whom, after having treated him with barbarous violence, they took away such arms as he kept for his own protection....

'The scene which now took place was beyond all power of description; peals of wild, fiend-like yells rang through the chapel as the party which stood on the altar and that which had crouched in the darkness met—wringing of hands, leaping in triumph, striking of sticks and fire-arms against the ground and the altar itself, dancing, and cracking of fingers, marked the triumph of some hellish determination. Even the captain, for a time, was unable to restrain their fury; but at length he mounted the platform before the altar once more, and with a stamp of his foot recalled their attention to himself and the matter in hand. "Boys," said he, "enough of this, and too much; an' well for us it is that the chapel is in a lonely place, or our foolish noise might do us no good. Let them that swore so manfully just now stand a one side till the rest kiss the book, one by one."

'The proceedings, however, had by this time taken too fearful a shape for even the captain to compel them to a blindfold oath; the first man he called flatly refused to answer till he should hear the nature of the service that was required. This was echoed by the remainder, who, taking courage from the firmness of this person, declared generally that until they first knew the business they were to execute, none of them would take the oath. The captain's lip quivered slightly, and his brow again became knit with the same hellish expression which I have remarked gave him so much the appearance of an embodied fiend; but this speedily passed away, and was succeeded by a malignant sneer, in which lurked, if there ever did in a sneer, "a laughing devil," calmly, determinedly atrocious.

"It

" "It wasn't worth yer whiles to refuse the oath," said he, mildly, "for the truth is, I had next to nothing for yees to do. Not a hand, may be, would have to *rise*, only just to look on, an' if any resistance would be made to show yourselves: yer numbers would soon make them see that resistance would be no use whatever in the present case. At all evints, the oath of *secrecy* must be taken, or woe be to him that will refuse *that*; he won't know the day, nor the hour, nor the minute, when he'll be made a spatch-cock ov."

'He then turned round, and placing his right hand on the missal, swore, "In the presence of God, and before his holy altar, that whatever might take place that night he would keep secret from man or mortal, except the priest; and that neither bribery, nor imprisonment, nor death would wring it from his heart." Having done this, he again struck the book violently, as if to confirm the energy with which he swore; and then, calmly descending the steps, stood with a serene countenance, like a man conscious of having performed a good action. As this oath did not pledge those who refused to take the other to the perpetration of any specific crime, it was readily taken by all present. Preparations were then made to execute what was intended: the half-burned turf was placed in a little pot; another glass of whisky was distributed; and the door being locked by the captain, who kept the key, as parish-clerk and master, the crowd departed silently from the chapel....

'Merciful Heaven! how I sicken at the recollection of what is to follow! On reaching the dry bank, we proceeded instantly, and in profound silence, to the house; the captain divided us into companies, and then assigned to each division its proper station. The two parties who had been so vindictive all the night he kept about himself; for of those who were present they only were in his confidence and knew his nefarious purpose; their number was about fifteen. Having made these dispositions, he, at the head of about five of them, approached the house on the windy side, for the fiend possessed a coolness which enabled him to seize upon every possible advantage. That he had combustibles about him was evident, for in less than fifteen minutes nearly one half of the house was enveloped in flames. On seeing this the others rushed over to the spot where he and his gang were standing, and remonstrated earnestly, but in vain; the flames now burst forth with renewed violence, and, as they flung their strong light upon the faces of the foremost group, I think hell itself could hardly present anything more satanic than their countenances, now worked up into a paroxysm of infernal triumph at their own revenge. The captain's look had lost all its calmness; every feature started out into distinct malignity; the curve in his brow was deep, and ran up to the root of the hair, dividing his face into two segments that did not seem to have been designed for each other. His lips were half open, and the corners of his mouth a little brought back on each side, like those of a man expressing intense hatred and triumph over an enemy who is in the death-struggle under his grasp. His eyes blazed from beneath his knit eyebrows with a fire that seemed to be lighted up in the infernal pit itself. It is unnecessary, and

and only painful, to describe the rest of his gang; demons might have been proud of such horrible visages as they exhibited; for they worked under all the power of hatred, revenge, and joy; and these passions blended into one terrible scowl, enough almost to blast any human eye that would venture to look upon it.

'When the others attempted to intercede for the lives of the inmates, there were at least fifteen guns and pistols levelled at them.

'“Another word,” said the captain, “an' you're a corpse where you stand, or the first man who will dare to spake for them; no, no, it wasn't to spare them we came here. 'No mercy' is the password for the night, an' by the sacred oath I swore beyant in the chapel, any one among yees that will attempt to show it will find none at my hand. Surround the house, boys, I tell ye—I hear them stirring. 'No quarter—no mercy,' is the order of the night.”

'Such was his command over these misguided creatures, that in an instant there was a ring round the house to prevent the escape of the unhappy inmates, should the raging element give them time to attempt it; for none present durst withdraw themselves from the scene, not only from an apprehension of the captain's present vengeance, or that of his gang, but because they knew that, had they even then escaped, an early and certain death awaited them from a quarter against which they had no means of defence. The hour now was about half-past two o'clock. Scarcely had the last words escaped from the captain's lips when one of the windows of the house was broken, and a human head, having the hair in a blaze, was descried, apparently a woman's, if one might judge by the profusion of burning tresses, and the softness of the tones, notwithstanding that it called, or rather shrieked, aloud for help and mercy. The only reply to this was the whoop from the captain and his gang, of “No mercy—no mercy!” and that instant the former, and one of the latter, rushed to the spot, and, ere the action could be perceived, the head was transfixed with a bayonet and a pike, both having entered it together. The word “mercy” was divided in her mouth; a short silence ensued; the head hung down on the window, but was instantly tossed back into the flames!

'This action occasioned a cry of horror from all present, except the gang and their leader, which startled and enraged the latter so much that he ran towards one of them, and had his bayonet, now reeking with the blood of its innocent victim, raised to plunge it in his body, when, dropping the point, he said, in a piercing whisper that hissed in the ears of all, “It's no use now, you know; if one's to hang, all will hang; so our safest way, you persave, is to lave none of them to tell the story. Ye may go now, if you wish; but it won't save a hair of your heads. You cowardly set! I knew, if I had tould yees the sport, that none of yees, except my own boys, would come, so I jist played a thrick upon you; but remimber what you are sworn to, and stand to the oath ye tuck.”

'Unhappily, notwithstanding the wetness of the preceding weather, the materials of the house were extremely combustible; the whole dwelling was now one body of glowing flame, yet the shouts and shrieks within rose awfully above its crackling and the voice of the storm—for the wind once more blew in gusts, and with great violence. The doors

and

and windows were all torn open, and such of those within as had escaped the flames rushed towards them for the purpose of further escape, and of claiming mercy at the hands of their destroyers ; but whenever they appeared the unearthly cry of "No MERCY" rung upon their ears for a moment, and for a moment only, for they were flung back at the points of the weapons which the demons had brought with them to make the work of vengeance more certain.

'In the course of a few minutes a man appeared upon the side-wall of the house nearly naked ; his figure, as he stood against the sky in horrible relief, was so finished a picture of woe-begone agony and supplication, that it is yet as distinct in my memory as if I were again present at the scene. Every muscle, now in motion by the powerful agitation of his sufferings, stood out upon his limbs and neck, giving him an appearance of desperate strength, to which by this time he must have been wrought up ; the perspiration poured from his frame, and the veins and arteries of his neck were inflated to a surprising thickness. Every moment he looked down into the flames which were rising to where he stood ; and as he looked, the indescribable horror which flitted over his features might have worked upon the devil himself to relent. His words were few :—"My child," said he, "is still safe ; she is an infant, a young crathur that never harmed you nor any one—she is still safe. Your mothers, your wives, have young innocent childer like it. Oh, spare her ; think for a moment that it's one of your own ; spare it, as you hope to meet a just God ; or, if you don't, in mercy shoot me first—put an end to me before I see her burned !"

'The captain approached him coolly and deliberately. "You'll prosecute no one now, you bloody informer," said he : "you'll convict no more boys for takin' an ould gun an' pistol from you, or for givin' you a neighbourly knock or two into the bargain."

'Just then, from a window opposite him proceeded the shrieks of a woman who appeared at it with the infant in her arms. She herself was almost scorched to death ; but, with the presence of mind and humanity of her sex, she was about to put the little babe out of the window. The captain noticed this, and, with characteristic atrocity, thrust with a sharp bayonet the little innocent, along with the person who endeavoured to rescue it, into the red flames, where they both perished. This was the work of an instant. Again he approached the man : "Your child is a coal now," said he, with deliberate mockery ; "I pitched it in myself, on the point of this,"—showing the weapon—"an' now is your turn :"—saying which he clambered up, by the assistance of his gang, who stood with a front of pikes and bayonets bristling to receive the wretched man, should he attempt in his despair to throw himself from the wall. The captain got up, and placing the point of his bayonet against his shoulder, flung him into the fiery element that raged behind him. He uttered one wild and terrific cry as he fell back, and no more. After this nothing was heard but the crackling of the fire and the rushing of the blast : all that had possessed life within were consumed, amounting either to eleven or fifteen persons.'—*Traits and Stories*, vol. iv. pp. 238, &c.

ART. IV.—*The History of India.* By the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone. 2 vols. London. 1841.

INDIA! how vague and how various are the thoughts awakened in the minds of different readers by this name! To some it is still the region of fable and of marvel, the gorgeous East, which, as Milton drew from the early travellers,

‘ Shower’d pearl and gold on her barbaric kings.’

It is a land of incalculable and inexhaustible wealth, of wealth in its simplest, most palpable form, of precious metals and precious stones; gold-mines, and valleys of diamond; manufactures of which the threads are gold and silver; sultans with thrones of ivory fanned by peacocks’ wings; palaces paved with jasper and onyx; the Arabian Nights subdued into a more modest, yet still dazzling reality. To still more it is a spacious but uniform country, occupied by a feeble and unwarlike people, who live on rice, and meekly submit to every kind of oppression; still rigidly divided into castes, tyrannised over by a domineering Brahminical priesthood, with one religious system of the darkest superstition, offending the purer sight of the Christian by the most obscene symbols, and shocking his feelings by the universal practice of bloody and licentious rites; a people with all the worst vices of slaves, base, false, cruel, and cowardly. Others take merely a business-like and practical view of the subject. India is to them a country where younger brothers are sent to make their fortune; in what manner they neither have nor care to have a very clear apprehension; whether, according to the old tradition of the days when nabobs returned with wealth enough to buy half the estates in England and keep in pay half the parliament, they still imagine that here and there a fortunate man may find an unpillaged palace, and a rajah not yet squeezed to the utmost; or by some of those expeditious schemes of traffic by which the smallest capital grows at once into the riches of a Rothschild. Those who are aware that there is any literature, philosophy, science, or poetry among this singular people, either disdain all inquiry as to its character or value, with the sweeping condemnation of oriental extravagance and hyperbole; or look upon it with suspicious animosity as impiously pretending to an antiquity higher than the Bible, and as having furnished, feeble indeed, but offensive arguments against revealed religion. So strong is this feeling of contempt, of jealousy, or of indifference, that the later volumes of the ‘ Asiatic Researches’ have not found any bookseller who would venture to republish them in England.

VOL. LXVIII. NO. CXXXVI.

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Yet in India this country possesses either the actual dominion, or a dominant influence, over a region as large as Europe—deducting Russia, Sweden, and Norway; and sways the destiny of a population not falling very far below the numbers of that part of our Western Continent. Scarcely an English family has not, or has not had, some member of it, or some relative, who has visited India in a civil or military capacity. The constant wars with new states and races send us to our maps to examine the situation and extent of their territories. A strong religious interest is excited by our Church Establishment and the pious exertions of our missionaries. Nor do we mean to assert that most men of education do not obtain some partial and imperfect knowledge of the geography, the history, the present condition of the people; but that there is in most a strange confusion of ancient misapprehension and more recent information—a total incapacity or an obstinate unwillingness to take a comprehensive view of this wide and almost inexhaustible subject. We mingle up and spread all over India that which is true only of a small district. We confound local institutions with universal laws. We level, as it were, the whole region, with all its infinite diversities of climate, mountain-range, and forest, into one vast rice-plain, broken only and girdled by jungles full of lions and tigers. We discriminate neither the races nor the religions—the purely Indian from that which is modified by Mahometanism. Still less have we any distinct notion of the history of the country; the foreign invasions which have either been repelled by the rigid barrier of Indian laws, manners, and usages, or have exercised a permanent influence on the condition and character of the native races.

Nor, indeed, is this ignorance, or this partial information, in the ordinary reader altogether without excuse. A good, popular, and at the same time trustworthy view of the whole subject has been altogether wanting in our literature. The materials are abundant, but either inaccessible to the general reader, or spread over so wide a surface as to require great industry, as well as command of books, fully to master the subject. They are contained in countless travels, in the Transactions of learned societies, in reviews and magazines, some of them published in India, and unknown for the most part in this country; in the reports of missionaries, whose ardent temperament and peculiar views pledge them, as it were, to a partial or highly-coloured representation, and indeed disparagement, of all around them. For the purely literary and philosophical department of the inquiry, foreign orientalists, especially in Germany, have added greatly to our stores; but they are not ashamed to confess themselves the pupils only of our own Indian scholars;

scholars; and of these Mr. Horace Wilson unquestionably has contributed more largely, if we only consider his 'Sanskrit Dictionary,' to our knowledge of ancient India and of Indian letters than any other single writer, living or dead. But although some of his works, his 'Indian Drama,' and other poetical translations, are more attractive and of more general interest, and his two Oxford lectures contain more information compressed into a narrow compass than most works of the same form and extent; still the more important publications which we owe to his indefatigable industry, the 'Vishnu Purana,' the 'Talmud,' or 'Golden Legend' of one great branch of the Hindoo religion, and the work on the Sankya philosophy (the Pythagorism, shall we say?) of India, are likely to appal our speculative apathy, and want excitement to those whose intellectual activity must be stimulated by the alcohol of political or polemical controversy.

There remained, therefore, a great want in our literature—that of a work which should condense all this mass of various knowledge into a reasonable compass, and present it before us in an agreeable form. It should proceed from one in whose authority we may feel confidence, as having had the opportunity and the inclination to master the whole subject. The author should be superior to that natural enthusiasm which, when a new world is, as it were, opened, is apt to estimate his discoveries much too highly; to be dazzled into a misjudging admiration, which in general ends in as misjudging disparagement. He should be no less superior to that contemptuous wisdom, often no more than ignorance, which refers everything to one standard; and disdainfully condemns, because they differ from preconceived and European notions, all institutions, usages, and literature, of which it condescends not to comprehend either the origin or the genius. It is this perfect dependence on the judgment of the writer which forms the grand recommendation of the book now before us. Throughout there is apparent a calm dispassionateness, a quiet but keenly discriminative judgment; a determination, or rather a settled habit, of fairness and equity, which enables the writer to condemn without acrimony or partiality, to approve with weight and dignity. If we were to characterise Mr. Elphinstone's 'History,' we should consider it strong good sense equably applied to an infinite variety of subjects. His research is profound without being ostentatious. Though he advances no pretensions to Sanscrit scholarship, and has not the full command of the German contributions to that branch of literature, the 'History of India' is brought fairly up to the times. He is acquainted with all the more recent and important discoveries

which are continually throwing some light, however still dim and cloudy, on the earlier historical period. Nor are Mr. Elphinstone's moral judgments less sound and candid than his historical and political. His principles are those of a wise and tranquil humanity, a benevolent and practised statesmanship, which makes every allowance for the circumstances of time, of place, of political arrangement, of usage, of religion, yet neither in the least compromises the authority of a more enlightened age, nor affects that display of philosophical indifference, too common among modern writers, which makes justice, purity, humanity, merely the result of a certain stage of civilisation. Mr. Elphinstone's book will, we trust, be eminently useful, and tend to dispel much of that confusion, prejudice, and apathy which still lingers in the minds even of many highly educated persons on the subject of ancient India.

Not that our literature was altogether wanting in works of high character on India before this publication of Mr. Elphinstone. He himself, in a singularly modest preface, does justice, nay, more than justice, to his predecessors, especially Mr. Gleig and the late Mr. Mill. The former has laboured long, and sometimes with eminent success, on Indian ground; and no one, however indisposed to sympathise with some of his Economical Lectures, will speak without respect of the abilities, the industry, the integrity, displayed in the '*History of India*' by Mr. Mill. This book, with the numerous and able corrections, and announced continuation, of its recent editor Mr. H. Wilson, will maintain its place and its rank; but in truth it never aspired to be a popular work. Every one knows the singular paradox of the author, that an historian of India was by no means disqualified, but rather in many respects better qualified, for his design, by never having visited the country. In this respect there cannot be a greater contrast than with the book before us. No one can read twenty pages of Mr. Elphinstone without countless unconscious intimations of the author's personal familiarity with the East; there is a freshness, a truth, and a life, which cannot be completely gained even by the most imaginative writer from books, or from written descriptions of a country or a people. Besides this reality, there is something of a kindly friendliness, arising from personal intercourse, towards the people, which, without in the least disturbing his general impartiality, at once gives a charm and inspires reliance.

The '*History of India*' divides itself into three periods, the Indian, the Mahometan, and the European. There are vestiges, indeed, of an earlier population, of wild and savage tribes, in the recesses

recesses of the mountains and in the forests, which appear to bear no relation either of race or religious usage to the Hindoo:—but history, of course, commences with the Indian period—and where does the Indian period commence? No one is now alarmed at the enormous periods to which the chronology of almost all the oriental, including the Egyptian, races aspires. These are manifestly mythical or astronomical cycles, and either have never been adopted, or adopted in comparatively recent times, as belonging to national history. In all the range of its literature, indeed, as is well known, India has no history properly so called. That of Cashmir is a local chronicle, belonging to a people already in a different stage of civilisation. But regular history is not the only source of historical information. The books of the religion and the laws of an ancient people will throw more light on their real condition, and often incidentally on their origin, and, if we may so call it, their historical development, than many a barren chronicle or book of annals. One of these we possess in the 'Laws of Menu,' of which there is more than one translation—that of Sir W. Jones, the earliest, is the best known. But the oldest religious books, the Vedas, are but very partially known from abstracts, and the publication of but small parts of one, the 'Rig Veda,' by the late lamented Dr. Rosen. From these two sources, illustrated by all the collateral information in his power, Mr. Elphinstone has drawn up his clear and masterly sketch of the early state of the Hindoos; a sketch which, as condensed and compressed to the utmost degree consistent with perspicuity, it is impossible to offer in a more compendious form. We content ourselves, therefore, with such observations as it suggests.

The division into castes, (with due respect to Mr. Elphinstone we prefer this word, which has now acquired a precise and definite meaning,) especially the relation of the Brahminical caste to the inferior orders of society, the more intimately we study its genius and the laws to which it was submitted, becomes a still more curious and inexplicable problem. It cannot be satisfactorily accounted for by the vulgar notion of an hereditary priesthood, a race perhaps of more highly civilised strangers, who have settled in the midst of barbarous hordes, have imparted the arts and conveniences of life, have assumed or been welcomed under the character of messengers from heaven, and have therefore retained a kind of mediatorial power between man and his gods; who have kept the ministration in the temples and the custody of the sacred books in their own hands, and maintained their dominion by the wealth and power which they have acquired from the homage or the fears of men.

It is by no means unintelligible that a sacerdotal aristocracy
thus

thus founded should maintain its own high character in the estimation of men by the severest discipline towards its members. So far then the superiority of the Brahminical caste in India seems to be but a more perfect development of that which is universal in the East, and in Europe may be considered a sure sign of oriental origin. Everywhere social and religious supremacy are indissolubly united; everywhere the Magians, the Chaldeans, the Egyptian priesthood, which certainly furnish the closest analogy to that of India—the Druidic, the Etrurian—and the old sacerdotal families of Greece, which may be considered a vestige of this social organisation—are more or less set apart from the other tribes or families which form the nation—are distinguished from the rest by special privileges; their life is considered of higher value in the eye of the law—the separation is maintained by the rigid prohibition of intermarriage. But the establishment of this singularly artificial political system over the vast region throughout which it seems to have prevailed in India constitutes at once the distinction and the difficulty. That one family should be invested in spiritual superiority, and that family grow into a sacerdotal tribe, which should preserve its sanctity among other tribes; that a conquering nation should bring its priesthood with it, and with its own enlarged dominion enlarge the sphere of their priestly dominion; that, even in a limited kingdom like that of Egypt, this growth of a foreign or a native hereditary hierarchy should take place—all this, though embarrassing, does not appear beyond our conception. But the Brahminical order appears as a nation within a nation, a nation not limited within narrow boundaries, but spreading over what we may almost call a continent. That society throughout so extensive a region—apparently without a capital or central government—as far as history, we will not say, but, tradition teaches, no single kingdom or republic, but an aggregate of numerous independent states and sovereignties—should thus fall into the same orderly subdivision of the people; that one class should set themselves apart as warriors, another as merchants and artisans, a third submit to the degradation of being, we say not slaves, but altogether a base and inferior class; and that over and aloof from all should stand this one gigantic hierarchy, stern to the utmost haughtiness and ferocity in the assertion of its own privileges, and at the same time severe in the exaction of a life, three parts of which were to be passed in austerity, under the humblest discipline, under a stern rejection of all the enjoyments and luxuries of earth; that one class should possess itself of a legislative authority strong enough to enact, whether by absolute edict or by admitted usage, these enduring decisions; and the others acquiesce, in unrepinning patience,

patience, in the irrevocable order by which they were doomed to a subordinate position—(the pride of caste, which, according both to Mr. Elphinstone and Mr. Wilson, adheres to the lowest, was probably the slow growth of a corporate spirit, or of party attachment):—all this seems to require a vast series of time for its entire and unquestioned development. Considering we find it in its full and perfect state at the earliest positive date which can be assigned to any point in Indian history—the conquest of Alexander—we confess that the necessity for a vast period, during which this strangely artificial system should either grow up or spread itself in undoubted sovereignty over Hindostan, impresses us more strongly with the antiquity of Indian civilisation than all their vague and fabulous cycles—far more than any existing monuments, which, including the Cave Temples, are probably of no very remote origin. Mr. Elphinstone's theory is this:—

‘ Assuming that they (the Hindus) were a conquering tribe, we may suppose the progress of their society to have been something like the following: that the richer or more warlike members continued to confine themselves to the profession of arms: that the less eminent betook themselves to agriculture, arts, and commerce: that the priests were, at first, individuals who took advantage of the superstition of their neighbours, and who may have transmitted their art and office to their sons, but did not form a separate class: that the separation of classes by refusing to intermarry originated in the pride of the military body, and was imitated by the priests: that the conquered people were always a class apart, at first cultivating the land for the conquerors, and afterwards converted by the interest and convenience of their masters into free tenants: that the government was in the hands of the military leaders, and probably exercised by one chief: that the chief availed himself of the aid of the priests in planning laws and obtaining a religious sanction to them: that the priests, as they rose into consequence, began to combine and act in concert: that they invented the genealogy of castes and other fables to support the existing institutions, and to introduce such alterations as they thought desirable: that, while they raised the power of the chief to the highest pitch, they secured as much influence to their own order as could be got without creating jealousy or destroying the ascendancy they derived from the public opinion of their austerity and virtue: that the first Code framed was principally a record of existing usages; and may have been compiled by a private person and adopted for convenience; or may have been drawn up by Bramins of influence, and passed off as an ancient revelation from the Divinity: that, as changes arose in the progress of society or in the policy of the rulers, alterations were made in the law and new codes formed incorporating the old one; but that at length the text of the Code became fixed, and all subsequent changes were introduced in the form of glosses on the original or of new laws promulgated by the royal authority. To all appearance the present Code

Code was not compiled until long after the community had passed the earliest stages of civilisation.²—*History of India*, vol. i. pp. 98, 99.

We confess that we are more inclined to look on this Indian polity with that silent wonder with which we gaze on Stonehenge or the Pyramids, and to acknowledge that we are utterly baffled by the mystery. But we are clearly of opinion that religion throughout the imaginative and reverential East was the first groundwork of the polity. The primary principle of the whole, the division into castes, must have been anterior to the conquest, if by the conquest be understood the subjugation of the whole territory. The great tribe, from which the system emanated, may have been of foreign stock, and obtained a settlement by force of arms in the inviting region of Hindostan; and such must have been the institutions of this tribe, which gradually grew into a nation, and by its ascendancy of power, activity, or intelligence, diffused itself all over India. We should conceive that the civil and religious supremacy were at first vested in the dominant individual, or family, or race; the king or the ruling family would be, like the Melchisedek of the older Scriptures, or the Rex Anius of Virgil, both king and priest; and this is strongly confirmed by the family or patriarchal character of the early religion. The Brahmins have never been, except among some of the later sects, a national priesthood, officiating in public temples; they have been only called in as ministers in private and domestic rites. But this hierarchy—especially in a religion of which austerity, seclusion from the world at certain periods of life, meditation in order to the final absorption into the Deity—in short, a certain monasticism—(not, singularly enough, the general duty or perfection of man during his whole life, but a solemn obligation, an ideal excellence at its commencement and at its decline)—appears to have been from the first of its intimate essence, and was slowly developed as its dominant principle. The hierarchy of such a religion would gradually withdraw from the active military service, and even from direct civil authority, over which nevertheless by influence it would retain the complete command. They would delegate, especially if still a warlike and a conquering people, the command in war to the brave and active of the community, who would march under their auspices, blessed by their prayers, encouraged by their interest with the gods; and thus a separate military class would be produced by military enterprise, while those who remained at home to cultivate the fields, and to conduct the rude enterprises of early commerce or arts, would incorporate themselves into another distinct community. Even the supreme civil authority, the royal executive, would be made over or delegated to one of the more
active

active and less sacred class. It does not appear that the same precaution was exercised as in Egypt; that the Chatrya, or military king, was admitted into the sacerdotal or Brahminical order; but he was obliged to choose Brahmin counsellors, to act according to their advice. The judicial power, the interpretation of the laws, and thus, when those laws were considered immutable, the legislative authority, the whole control of the government, was still in the hands of the hierarchy. The more regular and artificial form assumed by this social system—the positive laws, as it were, of the distinction of castes—the genealogies, that is the divine origin of the separate orders, as emanating from more or less noble parts of the Deity—would spring by degrees from the aristocratical corporate spirit and the pride of race. The distinction once established, it would go on widening; the Brahminical order, as long as the nation was unmingled with foreign settlers and unsubjugated to foreign masters, would retire into more unapproachable sanctity. The superiority, once established in the hearts and minds of the whole race, would be maintained with rigid severity and skilful tenacity on the one part, would be treated on the other with more deeply reverential awe—nor could anything be imagined, if it had been the wonderful sagacity of some one unrivalled legislator, more skilfully adapted for its maintenance.

By the fourfold division of the Brahmin's life, according to the ideal embodied in Menu, there was the most singular combination of the contemplative and the practical; if we may so speak, of the monastical and the secular spirit.

'The first quarter of a Bramin's life he must spend as a student; during which time he leads a life of abstinence and humiliation. His attention should be unremittingly directed to the Védas, and should on no account be wasted on worldly studies. He should treat his preceptor with implicit obedience and with humble respect and attachment, which ought to be extended to his family. He must perform various servile offices for his preceptor, and must labour for himself in bringing logs and other materials for sacrifice and water for oblations. He must subsist entirely by begging from door to door.

'For the second quarter of his life he lives with his wife and family, and discharges the ordinary duties of a Bramin. These are briefly stated to be reading and teaching the Védas; sacrificing and assisting others to sacrifice; bestowing alms, and accepting gifts.

'The most honourable of these employments is teaching. It is remarkable that, unlike other religions where the dignity of the priesthood is derived from their service at the temples, a Bramin is considered as degraded by performing acts of worship or assisting at sacrifices as a profession. All Bramins are strongly and repeatedly prohibited from receiving gifts from low-born, wicked, or unworthy persons. They are not even to take many presents from unexceptionable givers, and are carefully to avoid making it a habit to accept of unnecessary presents.

When

When the regular sources fail, a Bramin may, for a mere subsistence, glean, or beg, or cultivate, or even (in case of extreme necessity) he may trade; but he must in no extremity enter into service; he must not have recourse to popular conversation, must abstain from music, singing, dancing, gaming, and generally from everything inconsistent with gravity and composure. He should, indeed, refrain from all sensual enjoyments, should avoid all wealth that may impede his reading the Védas, and should shun all worldly honour as he should shun poison. Yet he is not to subject himself to fasts or other needless severities. All that is required is that his life should be decorous and occupied in the prescribed studies and observances. Even his dress is laid down with minuteness; and he may easily be figured (much as learned Bramins are still) quiet and demure, clean and decent, "his hair and beard clipped, his passions subdued, his mantle white, and his body pure;" with a staff and a copy of the Védas in his hands, and bright golden rings in his ears. When he has paid the three debts, by reading the scriptures, begetting a son, and performing the regular sacrifices, he may (even in the second portion of his life) make over all to his son and remain in his family house with no employment but that of an umpire.

'The third portion of a Bramin's life he must spend as an anchorite in the woods. Clad in bark or in the skin of a black antelope, with his hair and nails uncut, sleeping on the bare earth, he must live "without fire, without a mansion, wholly silent, feeding on roots and fruit." He must also submit to many and harsh mortifications, expose himself naked to the heaviest rains, wear humid garments in winter, and in summer stand in the midst of five fires under the burning sun. He must carefully perform all sacrifices and oblations, and consider it his special duty to fulfil the prescribed forms and ceremonies of religion.

'In the last period of his life the Bramin is nearly as solitary and abstracted as during the third. But he is now released from all forms and external observances: his business is contemplation: his mortifications cease. His dress more nearly resembles that of ordinary Bramins; and his abstinence, though still great, is not so rigid as before. He is no longer to invite suffering, but is to cultivate equanimity and to enjoy delight in meditation on the Divinity; till at last he quits the body "as a bird leaves the branch of a tree at its pleasure." '—vol. i. pp. 24-27.

Thus we have early discipline, of a kind most adapted to foster exclusive devotion to their order; the humblest respect for superiors, which is hereafter to be compensated by the exercise of the same superiority; that hard austerity which produces severity and intolerance of character. The Franciscan and the Jesuit might seem to have taken lessons in the Brahminical schools of education. But the hierarchy must not degenerate into a monastic order—it must perpetuate itself in the line of hereditary descent—marriage and the procreation of children is a positive and indispensable duty; and the enforcement of this duty among a class, mostly perhaps superior to want—having in fact a sure fund for their maintenance in the gifts of the pious, that most essential
part

part of religion in the other castes—of peaceful occupations, not exposed like the Chatryas to the accidents of war, nor like the lower classes to those of famine and destitution—would ensure its constant propagation. Such a separate race, when they had once attained numbers in proportion to the rest of the population, would be secure from the bane of narrow aristocracies which refuse to intermarry with other classes, that effeteness through which they invariably decay in mental and physical strength, and finally die out. The Brahmin thus lives in ease, and is forbidden to injure his bodily strength at this particular period of life by premature austerities, by fasting or self-inflicted suffering; the prime of his life is dedicated to some of the first duties of a citizen; he is to be the instructor, and at the same time the example, of mankind; he is to impart the wisdom of the holy books, he is to be a model of virtue in his own family, to beget children and bring them up in virtue; and not till he has discharged these three great debts to society is he to retire again from the world, when the more useful active part of his life is passed, to perfect, as it was supposed, his being by those strange self-tortures, those cruel inflictions of pain and agony which moved the wonder of the Greeks, and which—so strange is the perversity of human nature—were engrafted on the spiritual worship of the Father of mercies revealed in Jesus Christ. Yet no doubt this withdrawing from the more popular and, if we may so say, vulgar mode of life, from all familiar intercourse with mankind, this dedication to austerities which vied with each other in their strange and inventive cruelty, was constantly working out that effect on the subordinate castes, that conviction of their sincerity, of their more than human force of character, which unnatural austerity of religion always produces on the common and unreasoning mind. And, finally, the same wondering world was to be witness to the earthly rewards of all this virtue; it was to see the sanctified Brahmin visibly approximating to the divine nature in the transition, as it were, to absorption into the Deity.

The whole of this rule of Brahminical life is deduced from the laws of Menu, the compilation of which is assigned apparently on satisfactory grounds to the ninth century before Christ. But Menu, as it now exists, is evidently a collection of much earlier statutes, a sort of code of common law digested at an advanced period of Indian civilisation. The Brahminical spirit had already to a certain degree degenerated, and yielded to the worldly influences of wealth and power.

The Greek accounts of India give a much later stage of the same civilisation—among other points of difference, the Sati, or the practice of burning the widow on the funeral pile of her husband,

husband, had grown up in the interval. The fine lines of Propertius, founded on the Greek historians of Alexander's time, show how completely, in the view of the Greeks and Romans, this was a part of Hindoo manners:—

'Felix Eois lex funeris una maritis,
Quos Aurora suis rubra colorat equis.
Namque ubi mortifero jacta est fax ultima lecto,
Uxorum positis stat pia turba comis:
Et certamen habent leti, quæ viva sequatur
Conjugium; pudor est non licuisse mori.
Gaudent victrices, et flammis pectora præbent,
Imponuntque suis ora perusta viris.'

—*Propert. Eleg. iii.*

There is no authority, Mr. Wilson observes in his 'Oxford Lectures,' p. 19, for this practice in the Vedas; there is certainly none in the laws of Menu. This argument appears to us to extend still further: as far as we are acquainted with the poem—as far, that is, as it has been published by Schlegel—not only is there no allusion to this remarkable custom in the Ramayana, but the silence occurs amidst the detail of circumstances under which a noble wife, if the Sati had been an honourable act in her time, must have embraced this means of showing respect and attachment to her lord. We cannot speak with the same confidence of the Mahá-Bhârat; but if there be any passage which relates to this rite we should like to be fully assured of its authenticity, for in many incidents where we should have expected that it would occur, if so completely moulded up as it seems to have been at a later period with Indian feeling, we can scarcely understand how the poet could have refrained at least from some allusion to the usage. This is a question of considerable importance, as bearing upon the date of the two great Epic Poems, next to the Vedas and the Laws of Menu undoubtedly the earliest surviving productions of the Indian mind.

This at once sacred and civil aristocracy of the Brahmins, withdrawn by the sense of its own dignity, by religious enthusiasm, by pride, by the corporate spirit, from the common avocations of life, to which they have now either condescended or have been reduced by imperious circumstances—neither by profession warriors, cultivators of the soil, nor merchants—when once formed and sternly divided from the rest of society—devoted by their primary calling to intellectual and speculative pursuits—would become in the widest sense an aristocracy of letters. Whatever might be the state of civilisation, they would guide its development and represent its genius; they would be the poets, philosophers, men of science, the founders of sects, the compilers of codes. This system,

system, as in its political influences it would aim at permanence and simplicity, would centre the government in the person of the monarch, whom it would array in all the strength of Asiatic despotism, limited only by submissive reverence for the Brahminical prime-ministry. In its speculative effects it would tend, like all the hierarchical systems of heathendom, to degenerate;—as it has done, from the pure and simple Monotheism of the Vedas, through the worship of primary manifestations of the Deity, in his creative, regenerative, and destructive, or rather re-creative, energies, into the wild and interminable labyrinth of allegory, legend, and fable, which formed its later religion. Founders of sects would arise, who would either, by the accommodating spirit of paganism, be permitted free scope, or would wage and suffer war with some other dominant sectarian form of faith. And as each of these new religions, as they may be called—the worship of Vishnu, in his various denominations; of Siva, under his different modifications; and the other countless local or tribal divinities—would be at once intended to embrace the section of the more intellectual Brahmins whom it might convert, and the mass of the ignorant and vulgar, as well in the lower Brahminical class as in the inferior castes—hence the strange union of high philosophising theology with the wildest superstition, and legends of the most monstrous and incoherent character—would grow up, just as it appears now, probably in its not least imposing form in the ‘Vishnu Purana.’*

The Vaishnavite and Sivaite sects, with the Buddhists and the Jain, another form of Buddhism, have indeed, for many centuries, been the dominant religions of Hindostan. The primitive Monotheism of the Vedas has been the refuge of those philosophic inquirers who have recoiled from the gross popular superstitions; but of *Brahm*, in the neuter, the pure and unmingled spirit, there has never been any public worship; and even of *Brahma*, the first manifestation of the Deity, there is, it appears, but one solitary temple. The practical religious influences—as in all systems in which the original malignity of matter, transmigration, in order to the gradual purification of the spirit, and final absorption into the Deity, are the dominant tenets—were full of rigid and minute provisions for austerity; prohibitions, of which, in many cases, it is difficult to trace the meaning; small acts of mortification, which as far surpass the puerility and apparent capriciousness of Pharisaism as the self-torturing ingenuity of the Gosayens outdid the

* This work, the translation of which we owe to the indefatigable industry of Mr. Wilson, we have long meditated, and hope before long to commend to the attention of our readers as the one full authority, as yet communicated to Europe, on this particular period, and on this wide-spread branch of the Indian religion.

less inventive barbarities of eremitical or monkish fanaticism in the darkest age of Christianity. But we may observe that the charge of cruelty and of licentiousness, which has been spread over the whole Hindoo system, is only true as to one or two forms of later superstition. The terrible descriptions of the scenes of self-immolation under the car of Jaga-Naut, which Southey embodied with such vigorous detestation in 'Kehama,' are now acknowledged to have been exaggerated almost beyond the licence of missionary high-colouring; the obscene symbols, which are supposed to defile every Indian temple, are by no means common, and where they are found are stated by Mr. Elphinstone to be of such rude execution as to be practically inoffensive, and to convey no impure idea to the mind. One species indeed of Sivaism, the worship of Sakti—the divine power represented as a female, and considered as Kali, or Durga, the wife of Siva—is described by Mr. Wilson as, in its least objectionable form, a system of professed magic, and dealing with superhuman powers. In its worst, however, as its existing books, some of which have been printed, testify, it is full of unspeakable abominations. This, however, is a *left-handed faith*, of which no respectable minister will acknowledge himself to be a proselyte.

Such indeed seems to be the genius of the whole system; superstition, sometimes of the wildest and most debasing character for the vulgar, but more often of a milder and gayer cast—the worship of Vishnu in his human form of Crishna or Rama—and speculative freedom, at least speculative licence which knows no limit, for the higher and more intellectual class. Hence the philosophical cast of the theology, the religious cast of the philosophy. In all its various forms of Brahminism, Buddhism, or the intermediate Jain religion, the Pantheism of India—for even what Mr. Elphinstone calls the atheistic system of the Baudhas appears to us rather a materialistic Pantheism, to which Spinoza perhaps has approached the nearest in Europe—has constantly soared up to and beyond those boundaries where matter and spirit seem to contend for priority and supremacy. Already, in Menu, it is evident, as Mr. Elphinstone observes, that these theo-philosophical discussions had occupied the mind; and the same doctrines, at different periods, assume a more philosophical or a more religious form. Philosophy, whether the Sankya, which asserts the eternity of matter, or the Vedanta, which derives all things from God, and, according to one sect, had anticipated Berkeley in denying the reality of matter, is but a kind of logical and rationalising reflex of earlier religious systems.

The curious in all these questions will find in Mr. Elphinstone's work a very useful introduction to a more profound study.

It

It is professedly a brief and popular view, but invariably resting on the best authorities; and it is most remarkable to find the human mind in this distant quarter of the world travelling the same eternal round, apparently without any connexion with that of Greece and Rome, and modern Europe; debating, almost in the same terms, with the same dialectic skill, and almost the same rules and analogous forms of speech, the same high and abstract metaphysical doctrines; the nature of the Deity, and his relation to the world; the consciousness, intelligence, free-will of man; the relations between thought and language. In India, as throughout the rest of the world, the human soul

‘Æstuat infelix angusto in limite;’

or rather perhaps finds its felicity in the very strength and energy which it expends on this noble, if not finally successful, occupation; in grappling with questions on which even Revelation has maintained an ambiguous and reverential silence, and which it is one of the loftiest privileges of an intelligent being to attempt to solve, though we constantly drop again to earth with a consciousness of baffled power and exertion.

Mr. Elphinstone ranges with the same quiet impartiality, not only over the metaphysical and dialectic philosophy of the Hindoos, but over their science, their astronomy, medicine, fine arts, and poetry. In all these departments the real extent of their acquirement has been disparaged by the overweening pretensions of their earlier advocates. They have never recovered the recoil in the general mind. With regard to one great branch of science, ‘it seems to be generally admitted that great marks of imperfection are combined in their astronomical writings with proofs of very extraordinary proficiency.’ They had made some remarkable discoveries in geometry—the decimal notation in arithmetic belongs to them; and if their algebra is not more ancient than that of the Greeks, it could not have been borrowed by them from the Greeks, and has been carried to much greater perfection. It is probable that much from which the Arabian writers have derived their fame has been drawn from India.* As to their medicine, Mr. Elphinstone chiefly relies on the valuable publications of Dr. Royle.

We proceed to a topic, we can scarcely venture to say more popular—the literature, and especially the poetry, of India. Among the many difficulties which must interfere with the naturalisation of Indian poetry among us, the very simple one thus stated by Mr. Elphinstone must be among the greatest:—

* By the way—in the second series of Sir Gardener Wilkinson’s ‘Ancient Egyptians,’ (a series not less valuable than the first,) he gives examples both of the old Roman numerals, and of what all the world calls the *Arabic numerals*, from inscriptions at Memphis of the Pharaonic age!

‘Even

'Even the originality of Hindú poetry diminishes our enjoyment of it, by depriving it of all aid from our poetical associations. The peculiarity of the ideas and recollections of the people renders it difficult for us to enter into their spirit; while the difference of all natural appearances and productions deprives their imagery of half its beauty, and makes that a source of obscurity to us which to a native of the East would give additional vividness to every expression. What ideas can we derive from being told that a maiden's lips are a *bandhujiva*-flower, and that the lustre of the *madhuca* beams on her cheeks? or, in other circumstances, that her cheek is like the *champa*-leaf? Yet those figures may be as expressive, to those who understand the allusions, as our own comparisons of a youthful beauty to an opening rose, or one that pines for love to a neglected primrose.'—vol. i. pp. 280, 281.

These observations would apply, of course, more particularly to the pastoral or amatory verse; but the total uncongeniality with European life pervades the imagery of their higher poetry. It is remarkable that, as India has followed the same course of philosophic development as Greece, so its poetical life has the same analogy. It should seem that it is the regular process of human civilisation. First comes the religious poetry, the part of the Vedas which consist of hymns to the gods. That there *was* in Greece an ancient Orphic poetry, though unwritten, and consigned to oblivion in the earliest times, we must agree with M. Bode in supposing.* This lost hymnology was, from time to time, supplied by forgeries; by Onomacritus in earlier times, perhaps by some of the Alexandrian Platonists at a later period. But whether or not these later hymnologists have happily caught the spirit of the older times, we must acknowledge that, on reading the only translated specimen of the Indian Vedas, the '*Rig Veda*,' by the late Professor Rosen (we presume not to question its authenticity or antiquity), we were much struck with its similitude to the extant Orphic hymns. Though the imagery is Indian, there is the same flat repetition of epithets of praise, accumulated without order or connexion. Not that some of the lines are not pleasing and fanciful, and betray that fondness for luxuriant description which Mr. Elphinstone justly considers the peculiarity and excellence of their later poetry; as, for instance, in the address to Agni, the god of fire:—

'The glowing lights of morning rise like the yellow waves of the waters.

* * * * *

As the warrior with his weapons repels his foe, so thou scatterest the hosts of darkness.

* See Bode, '*Orpheus Poetarum Græcorum Antiquissimus*,' and his '*Geschichte der Hellenischen Dichtkunst*.'

Thou hast a passage and a way through the forests and pathless places—thou penetratest the air.

* * * * *

At thy light the birds quit their dwellings, and man to enjoy his food.'

Again, the god of fire is invoked in another passage :—

'Thou who art born, like a little infant, from pieces of wood rubbed together!

The saviour of mortal man—Agni the ever honoured!

Hardly canst thou be held, like the offspring of the serpents,

Though thou destroyest the mighty forests, as the cattle lick up the grass.'

We should much wish to see a complete translation of the Vedas; not indeed in the hope of adding much to our treasures of mere *poetry*—but as showing us the religion in its infancy; indicating how far the primary Monotheism had already betrayed any tendency to the Polytheism of later times; whether the deities whom the hymns address were already distinct and self-subsisting beings, or merely personified attributes of the one great Supreme, or the impersonated elements of an early Nature-worship.

The '*Ramayana*,' the first of the two great Epic Poems, Mr. Elphinstone, like other eminent scholars, considers the mythic and poetic representation of an historical event—the conquest of Ceylon by Rama, king of Ayodyha, or Oude. This is the poem which had the misfortune of being translated by our earlier missionaries (men worthy of all respect as Christians, and indeed as laborious students too, but not gifted with that rare endowment, poetic taste), and which was rendered into that swollen prose which, while it preserves all that is monstrous and extravagant, levels to one common flatness, or rather inflates to one common pompousness, all that is vivid, energetic, or poetical. It is about as like the original as Macpherson's *Ossianic Iliad* to Homer. Rama, in times much later than the poem, became an object of divine worship, as an Incarnation of Vishnu. In the poem he is much more akin to mortality, though still nevertheless mythicised into a hero of fable. His allies, the apes, it has been often observed, bear a curious analogy with the Satyrs and wild attendants on the conquests of Bacchus;—while all this strange machinery and the general extravagance of conception contrast in the most striking manner with the moral truth and dignity, the simple reality of the scenes of domestic affection, in which lies the strength of the Sanscrit heroic poetry.

The '*Mahà-Bhàrat*,' the second and later Epic Poem, is still more probably the mythic chronicle of a great war, which is

assigned, on very strong grounds, to the fourteenth century before Christ. How much later the Homers of these two Iliads lived, than the wars which they commemorate, is an important point in the earlier chronology. But, in India, probably, at that period of civilisation, and in the relative intellectual position of the Brahminical with the other castes, the mythicising process might proceed with more than usual rapidity. The poets, as is evidently the case with Valmeki and Vyasa, would assume a kind of religious authority, and become themselves mythic personages; and history would almost immediately pass into legend; or rather, legend, in its more modest though abundantly fertile form, would be its first expression. Instead, indeed, of avowing any astonishment that India has no early history, we conceive that, on account of the existence of these poems, which evidently claimed, however extravagant, the popular belief, it is impossible that there should have been any history, strictly so called. The things, in fact, cannot coexist: events must have shed their poetic form before they appear in the new shape of veracious annals; and so long as, we will not say a priesthood, but an hierarchy, are the sole chroniclers, the mytho-poetic character, more or less imaginative according to the character of the people, is sure to predominate, and history, properly so called, will neither find authors nor hearers.

But this mythic history, while it will throw a thick and dazzling veil of fable over events and characters, while it will magnify men into deities, mix gods and men in the wars which it may relate, and crowd the dim and vague outline of truth with the wildest inventions, will still in some respects be a faithful reflex of the times; it will be deeply impressed with the social, moral, and religious character of the people; it will indicate usages and habits of life—what gods they adored, and how far the gods were supposed to mingle in human affairs; with what eye men looked on external nature; whether they dwelt in walled cities, in camps, or on the tented desert; what acts arrested the general sympathies, what manner of men could awaken admiration and love; at what crimes the popular sentiment revolted; what sufferings and calamities touched on the trembling chords of pity; and thus truth would transpire in the midst of fable—truth—perhaps not less valuable, even to the historical inquirer, than a barren chronicle of facts, the succession of kings and dynasties, or the dull detail of battles and sieges. The Epic Poems are thus, though by no means so full and communicative as the laws of Menu, far from deficient in real historical information. Both poems, though probably the wars which they commemorate and the compositions themselves are of very different periods, re-
present

present the heroic, the warlike age of the people. The first is a war of conquest;—the latter a civil strife between two Indian races: and all is purely Indian, in imagery, in allusions, in manners, in sentiments—there is no admixture of foreign manners, or of foreign warriors. The Javanas, indeed, who are supposed to be the Greeks (Ionians), are mentioned in the Mahâ-Bhârat, but so obscurely as to make it doubtful whether they are the nation really meant; and it is generally agreed that very large interpolations have been made in the latter poem. It appears to us that a critical examination of both these poems, as to the manners, usages, and character of the people, with a careful and judicious severance of the later additions, could not but throw light on various points of the chronology and ancient history. As far as we know, the poems are strictly Brahminical;—but to what extent is that intermediate system between the simpler theology of the Vedas and the wild legends of the Puranas developed in either of them? What evidence do they furnish of the comparative antiquity of the great Sivaite, or of the Vishnavite sects? Two of the latter, that of the worshippers of the incarnation of Vishnu in Rama and in Crishna, they certainly contributed to form; but a considerable period of sectarian zeal and activity must have elapsed before these sects grew up into wide-spread religions, each with a peculiar and most fertile mythology. What vestiges are there, if any, of the birth or existence of the great rival of Brahminism, the Budhist system? What was the condition of the Indians of the heroic time as to arts, manners, and customs? How far conformable with, how far departing from, the spirit and letter of Menu? This, which has been so well done with regard to the Homeric Greeks, as for instance in Bishop Thirlwall's history, would give one stage or period of the Indian civilisation.

Another and, as appears to us, a totally different period, much later, more peaceful, more polished, more elaborately superstitious, with its more graceful as well as darker mythology more fully developed, with the Sivaite worship, or rather that of Durga, at its height, (as in 'Mâlatî and Mâdhava,') would be furnished by the *drama*. It is of the Indian dramas that Mr. Elphinstone has pronounced the following judgment; their composition ranges from Calidas, the author of *Sakontala*, who probably lived in the fifth, to Bhavabhûti, who flourished in the eighth century:—

'It may be asserted of all the compositions of the Hindûs, that they participate in the moral defects of the nation—and possess a character of voluptuous calm more adapted to the contemplation of the beauties of nature than to the exertion of energy or to the enjoyment of adventure. Hence their ordinary poetry, though flowing and elegant, and displaying a profusion of the richest imagery, is often deficient in the spirit

which ought to prevent the reader's being cloyed with sweetness, and seldom moves any strong feeling or awakens any lofty sentiment.

'The emotions in which they are most successful are those of love and tenderness. They powerfully present the raptures of mutual affection, the languishment of absence, and the ravings of disappointed passion. They can even rise to the nobler feelings of devoted attachment and generous disregard of selfish motives; but we look in vain for traits of vigour, of pride, or independence: even in their numerous battles they seem to feel little real sympathy with the combatants, and are obliged to make up by hyperbolic description for the want of that ardent spirit which a Greek or Roman poet could easily transfuse into the bosom of his hero while it glowed with all its fervour in his own.

'The great strength of the Shanscrit poets, as well as their great delight, is in description. Their most frequent subjects are scenes of repose and meditation, amidst sequestered woods and flowery banks, fanned by fragrant gales and cooled by limpid waters; but they are not unsuccessful in cheerful and animated landscape. Such is the description of the country round Ujein in the ninth act of "*Málati and Mádhava*;" where mountains, rocks, woods, villages, and glittering rivulets combine to form an extensive and a varied prospect. The city occupies the centre of the view: its towers, temples, pinnacles, and gates are reflected on the clear stream beneath; while the groves on the banks refreshed with early rain, and the meadows brightening with the recent shower, afford a luxurious resting-place to the heavy-uddered kine. Sometimes, also, they raise their efforts to the frowning mountain and the gathering tempest. Bhavabhúti in particular excels in this higher sort of description. His touches of wild mountain scenery in different places, and his description of the romantic rocks and solemn forests round the source of the Godáveri, are full of grandeur and sublimity. Among his most impressive descriptions is one where his hero repairs at midnight to a field of tombs, scarcely lighted by the flames of funeral pyres, and evokes the demons of the place, whose appearance, filling the air with their shrill cries and unearthly forms, is painted in dark and powerful colours; while the solitude, the moaning of the winds, the hoarse sound of the brook, the wailing owl, and the long-drawn howl of the jackall, which succeed on the sudden disappearance of the spirits, almost surpass in effect the presence of their supernatural terrors.'—vol. i. pp. 285-287.

Much later than all these poetic compositions, during a long period, at first probably of strong religious excitement, and afterwards of hierarchical supremacy, came the Puranas, which embodied in eighteen vast and conflicting works all the ancient theology and philosophy, theogonies, cosmogonies, metaphysical speculations, fragments of history, and the whole range of existing fable, to which they added with prodigality. One of these, the Vishnu Purana, as we have before said, is now accessible to the European reader. This inexhaustible creative period of Hindoo mythological fiction appears to have lasted from about the eighth to the sixteenth

sixteenth century of our era. Its prolific life has been attributed, with great probability, to the triumph of Brahminism over its rival Buddhism, which was achieved about that time. This conquest took place not without violent wars and convulsions; Brahminism put forth all its power over the hearts of its disciples to subdue its adversary. The wilder form of superstition which it assumed was both the cause and the consequence of its victory; it was the impulse which swept its votaries to war, and afterwards maintained them in willing slavery. This was the reign of priestcraft, as far as the Brahminical system may be called priestcraft, the birth-time of the present dominant religion and of almost all the sects existing throughout India. It was by this powerful *revival* of Brahminism, that Buddhism, which, perhaps from the tenth, no doubt from the sixth century before Christ, had co-existed with the religion of the Vedas and of Menu in central India, and in many other parts of the peninsula—which had hewn out its cave temples, and planted its monasteries—was violently thrown off to the extremities of the land, or consolidated its vast and various empire throughout eastern Asia; took complete possession of Ceylon, and spread to some of the other islands; occupied Tibet, Nepal, China, Japan, Ava, Burmah, Siam, and all the eastern peninsula; spread wider and wider into Tartary—till it became the religion which comprehends a greater number of believers than any other creed.

The history of Buddhism is very curiously illustrated in one of the most remarkable publications which we have yet received from the East—the narrative of the travels of a Chinese Buddhist, in the fifth century after Christ, made for the express purpose of ascertaining the state of his religion in India and in other countries. The traveller describes all the monasteries which he found in the course of his pilgrimage, the number of votaries, and many other circumstances relating to religious matters which occurred during his 'visitation.' Are we to suppose that Mr. Elphinstone had not seen the splendid volume of the *Foe-koue-ki*, published in Paris in 1836, the work chiefly of M. Abel Rémusat, continued by M. Klaproth, and completed by M. Lairesse? Mr. Elphinstone quotes only an abstract of this journey from the '*Asiatic Journal*.' We refer to the work itself, because it is at issue with Mr. Elphinstone's authorities on a most important point, the atheism of the Buddhist system, at least of their first and leading sects. M. Rémusat, according to M. Lairesse, considered this notion as originating in a misapprehension of the theologic terminology of Buddhism:—

'Les Bouddhistes ne se séparèrent des Brahmanes que pour unifier en quelque sorte davantage la divinité, ou, si l'on veut, pour en rendre l'idée

l'idée aussi peu complexe que possible. Ils la distinguèrent absolument de toutes les autres intelligences, ou pures ou purifiées, d'origine divine ou humaine ; et pour montrer qu'on ne devait voir en elle que la substance par excellence, sans qualités comme sans relations, ils lui donnèrent le nom de *vide*, de *néant* : dénomination insuffisante, imparfaite, comme toutes celles que l'on applique à des causes qui ne sauraient recevoir de nom, mais qui avait à leurs yeux l'avantage d'entraîner la négation d'attributs matériels, tels que la corporéité et l'étendue.

How singular it is to trace, under almost every intellectual religious system, the struggle to spiritualise to the utmost, or rather to express in human language the spirituality of the Deity ! The same transcendent notion of the immateriality of the Deity led to that total separation and seclusion of the primal Godhead from the universe which was the dominant tenet of a large part of Asiatic theology, in the west as in the east. M. Lairese proceeds, after describing the 'unspeakably unspeakable' numbers of worlds which exist in infinite space and immeasurable time, self-subsistent and self-developed, without impulse or life from the Eternal Godhead, who thus ceases to be the First Great Cause :—

'Toute leur cosmogonie repose évidemment sur la doctrine d'un seul être auquel tout est ramené par l'action successive et réciproque de deux principes, savoir—l'intelligence suprême et l'ignorance ou l'erreur ; en d'autres termes, l'esprit et la matière. Mais ce qui n'a encore été remarqué que par M. Rémusat, c'est que dans ce dualisme, l'univers et ses parties une fois formés, se développent, prennent leur accroissement et leur configuration, se maintiennent, s'altèrent et se détruisent par une sorte d'action interne et spontanée, sans aucune intervention de la part du Premier Principe. Les erreurs, les passions, et les vices circonscrivent, bornent, et étendent les opérations du monde phénoménal ; sa durée est subordonnée à la moralité des actions des êtres vivants, laquelle prolonge leur existence individuelle, ou les réunit finalement à la substance universelle. Tous les mondes, est-il dit dans un des livres Bouddhiques les plus célèbres, tous les mondes sont formés de la force et par la vertu des actes des êtres vivants. Formés, ils se détruisent ; détruits, ils se reforment ; leur commencement et leur fin se succèdent sans interruption. Cela est inimaginable !'

We care not to contest the claim to originality made for this observation of M. Rémusat, whose inquiries into this subject have been more profound and extensive certainly than those of any other scholar who has not visited the East. Mr. Elphinstone expresses the same thing in few words :—'The power of organization is inherent in matter ; and although the universe perishes from time to time, this quality restores it after a period, and carries it on towards new decay and regeneration, without the guidance of any external agent.' (vol. i. p. 186.) The system would thus appear practically to be a kind of Spinozan Pantheism, with a sort of speculative

speculative Epicurean Monotheism soaring far above it, the Supreme One mingling in no way with the universe either as Creator or Providential Governor. What we may call the real and practical deity of the system is the last Budha; into his essence, we presume, the purified and sublimated soul, when it has attained to the state of perfect apathy, is finally resolved and absorbed; he therefore is the object of worship, he is the example to the perfection of which his disciples aspire. One thing, moreover, is quite clear from this most curious Chinese work, that the great monastic establishments of Buddhism are many centuries earlier than those of Christian Europe, or even the Epicurean and Therapeutic settlements of the Palestinian and Egyptian Jews.

To the English reader, who has never visited the East, no chapter in Mr. Elphinstone's book will be more interesting or satisfactory than that which treats of the actual manners and character of the Indian people. Few, perhaps, have a distinct notion of the broad lines of difference which mark the inhabitants of the various districts or provinces:—

‘The greatest difference is between the inhabitants of Hindostan proper and of the Deekan.

‘The neighbouring parts of these two great divisions naturally resemble each other; but in the extremities of the north and south the languages have no resemblance, except from a common mixture of Shanscrit; the religious sects are different; the architecture, as has been mentioned elsewhere, is of different characters; the dress differs in many respects, and the people differ in appearance—those of the north being tall and fair, and the others small and dark. The northern people live much on wheat, and those of the south on *râgi*, a grain almost as unknown in Hindostan as in England. Many of the points of difference arise from the unequal degrees in which the two tracts were conquered and occupied: first, by the people professing the Braminical religion, and afterwards by the Mussulmans; but more must depend on peculiarities of place and climate, and perhaps on varieties of race. Bengal and Gangetic Hindostan, for instance, are contiguous countries, and were both early subjected to the same governments; but Bengal is moist, liable to inundation, and has all the characteristics of an alluvial soil; while Hindostan, though fertile, is comparatively dry, both in soil and climate. This difference may, by forming a diversity of habits, have led to a great dissimilitude between the people: the common origin of the languages appears, in this case, to forbid all suspicion of a difference of race.

‘From whatever causes it originates the contrast is most striking. The Hindostanis on the Ganges are the tallest, fairest, and most warlike and manly of the Indians; they wear the turban, and a dress resembling that of the Mahometans; their houses are tiled and built in compact villages in open tracts; their food is unleavened wheaten bread.

‘The Bengalese, on the contrary, though good-looking, are small, black,

black, and effeminate in appearance ; remarkable for timidity and superstition, as well as for subtlety and art. Their villages are composed of thatched cottages, scattered through woods of bamboos or of palms : their dress is the old Hindú one, formed by one scarf round the middle and another thrown over the shoulders. They have the practice, unknown in Hindostan, of rubbing their limbs with oil after bathing, which gives their skins a sleek and glossy appearance, and protects them from the effect of their damp climate. They live almost entirely on rice ; and although the two idioms are more nearly allied than English and German, their language is quite unintelligible to a native of Hindostan.

‘ Yet those two nations resemble each other so much in their religion and all the innumerable points of habit and manners which it involves, in their literature, their notions on government and general subjects, their ceremonies and way of life, that a European, not previously apprised of the distinction, might very possibly pass the boundary that divides them without at once perceiving the change that had taken place.’—vol. i. pp. 323-325.

The ‘villagers’ form a great majority of the people of Hindostan. Each village has its bazar, market-day, fairs, festivals, temple, house of reception for travellers, fund for religious mendicants. The villages are governed by a head man (we do not enter into the curious details of village government), and are liable to embarrassments from improvidence, uncertainty of seasons, taxation ; they are inclined to abuse the indulgence of ‘cheap law :’—

‘ But violence of all sorts is extremely rare, drunkenness scarcely known, and, on the whole, the country people are remarkably quiet, well-behaved, and, for their circumstances, happy and contented.

‘ The husbandman rises with the earliest dawn, washes, and says a prayer, then sets out with his cattle to his distant field. After an hour or two he eats some remnants of his yesterday’s fare for breakfast, and goes on with his labour till noon, when his wife brings out his hot dinner ; he eats it by a brook or under a tree, talks and sleeps till two o’clock, while his cattle also feed and repose. From two till sunset he labours again ; then drives his cattle home, feeds them, bathes, eats some supper, smokes, and spends the rest of the evening in amusement with his wife and children or his neighbours. The women fetch water, grind the corn, cook, and do the household work, besides spinning and such occupations.’—vol. i. p. 328.

The poorer inhabitants of the towns live much in the same manner as the villagers, except that instead of going to the field they go to their shop. The rich keep early hours ; their entertainments rarely disturb the quiet of the night ; they consist chiefly in banquets, games of skill and chance, music, juggling, buffoonery, dancing by public performers :—

‘ Among the enjoyments of the upper classes I should not omit their gardens,

gardens, which, though always formal, are nevertheless often pleasing. They are divided by broad alleys, with long and narrow ponds or canals enclosed with regular stone and stucco work running up the centre, and on each side straight walks between borders of poppies of all colours, or of other flowers in uniform beds or in patterns. Their summer-houses are of white stucco, and, though somewhat less heavy and inelegant than their ordinary dwellings, do not much relieve the formality of the garden; but there is still something rich and oriental in the groves of orange and citron trees, the mixture of dark cypresses with trees covered with flowers or blossoms, the tall and graceful palms, the golden fruits and highly scented flowers. In the heats of summer too the trellised walks, closely covered with vines, and the slender stems and impervious shade of the *árecá*-tree, afford dark and cool retreats from the intolerable glare of the sun, made still more pleasant by the gushing of the little rills that water the garden, and by the profound silence and repose that reign in that overpowering hour.

'I have great doubts whether the present kind of gardens has not been introduced by the Mussulmans, especially as I remember no description in the poets that are translated which suggests this sort of formality.'—vol. i. pp. 340, 341.

With regard to two of the great tests of civilization, the relation between the sexes, and that of the lower classes to the higher and more opulent, the usages and sentiments of Hindostan have certainly lost by the Mahometan dominion:—

'Women, under the ancient Hindús, appear to have been more reserved and retired than with us; but the complete seclusion of them has come in with the Mussulmans, and is even now confined to the military classes. The Bramins do not observe it at all. The Peshwa's consort used to walk to temples, and ride or go in an open palankeen through the streets with perfect publicity, and with a retinue becoming her rank.

'Women, however, do not join in the society of men, and are not admitted to an equality with them. In the lower orders the wife, who cooks and serves the dinner, waits till the husband has finished before she begins. When persons of different sexes walk together, the woman always follows the man, even when there is no obstacle to their walking abreast. Striking a woman is not so disgraceful with the lower orders as with us. But, in spite of the low place systematically assigned to them, natural affection and reason restore them to their rights: their husbands confide in them, and consult with them on their affairs, and are as often subject to their ascendancy as in any other country.'—vol. i. p. 349.

Domestic slavery exists, but in a very mild form; the slave, often a child sold by its parents during a famine, or stolen from them by the wandering Bangaras, is treated like one of the family: of course this power over the person of another is liable to be abused; but in general the lot of the domestic slave is not worse than that of an ordinary servant. Mr. Elphinstone does not quite adopt the usual tone about the thieves who form special castes, or
even

even the formidable Thags, which, within these last few years, have startled us with their mysterious murders :—

‘ This mixture of religion and crime might of itself be mentioned as a peculiarity ; but it is paralleled by the vows of pirates and banditti to the Madonna ; and in the case of Mussulmans, who form the largest portion of the Thags, it is like the compacts with the devil, which were known in days of superstition.’—vol. i. pp. 362, 363.

The general balance of the Indian character is struck with the same dispassionate discrimination. Against their weaknesses and vices, their general timidity, their indolence, and want of veracity, arising from the enervating heat, the exuberant fertility of the soil, and long misgovernment, are fairly arrayed the admirable courage of most of our sepoy regiments, and the integrity of the merchants. Crime, except among the Thags and Decoits, nay, even including them, rises to a lower average than in most parts of Europe. The villagers are a gentle, social, amiable race; the inhabitants of the towns neither so good nor so bad as with us, but peaceable and orderly. The sterling virtues of our middle classes, the offspring of our religion and our liberty, are not found in India; but those masses of vice, misery, and ignorance which infest our large towns with their drunkenness and gross debauchery are unknown.

‘ The great defect is a want of manliness. Their slavish constitution, their blind superstition, their extravagant mythology, the subtleties and verbal distinctions of their philosophy, the languid softness of their poetry, their effeminate manners, their love of artifice and delay, their submissive temper, their dread of change, the delight they take in puerile fables, and their neglect of rational history, are so many proofs of the absence of the more robust qualities of disposition and intellect throughout the mass of the nation.

‘ But this censure, though true of the whole when compared with other nations, by no means applies to all classes or to any at all times. The labouring people are industrious and persevering; and other classes, when stimulated by any strong motive, and sometimes even by mere sport, will go through great hardships and endure long fatigue. . . . The best specimen of the Hindú character, retaining its peculiarities while divested of many of its defects, is found among the Rájputs and other military classes in Gangetic Hindostan. It is there we are most likely to gain a clear conception of their high spirit, their enthusiastic courage and generous self-devotion, so singularly combined with gentleness of manners and softness of heart, together with a boyish playfulness and almost infantine simplicity.’—vol. i. pp. 374-376.

Between the Indian and Mahometan periods of his history Mr. Elphinstone interposes some very skilfully wrought appendices, in which he discusses the Greek accounts of India, and the influence of the Grecian kingdom of Bactria. It is on this subject

subject that so much light has been recently thrown by the discoveries of Mr. Prinsep; on which Mr. Wilson has laboured with great success, and M. Lassen of Bonn has written with his usual erudition and sagacity. From inscriptions, and in the coins, we have now almost a regular succession of kings of this dynasty for a considerable period. What we think is now wanting is to trace the influence of India at a later period, the extent and the different lines by which Indian commerce, which was never altogether interrupted, reached the West, and the channels by which Indian tenets flowed into the vast mass of fermenting opinion which followed the introduction of Christianity. There are many curious hints and passages in the later Greek, a few in the Latin writers, some in the Christian fathers, which, collected with industry, might throw light on the formation of sentiments, doctrines, and manners. That something of the character of Buddhism was known in the West appears perfectly clear; and that there is a considerable admixture of Buddhism in the Manichean system (Mani himself is represented in one tradition as a Budh) seems distinctly made out. But for these discussions we have now neither space nor time.

The latter part of Mr. Elphinstone's first volume and the whole of the second are occupied with the rise, the magnificence, and dissolution of the Mahometan empire in India. It may be said that Indian history, strictly so called, commences with the Mahometan conquest. The Mahometans, in their peculiar style and manner, have been as studious of historical composition as the Indians averse from it. Besides the memoirs of Timour, we have autobiographies of two, and private memorials of a third, of the great sultans of India—Baber, Jehangueir, and Humayun. The first, so admirably translated by Mr. Erskine, with Ferishta, in Colonel Briggs's translation, are unquestionably the highest specimens of historical skill which we have received from the East. But, with such admirable materials for certain parts, and with all his practised skill, even Mr. Elphinstone has not been able to elude the proverbial difficulty of making a continuous and flowing narrative of Eastern affairs. Eminently successful on the great scenes and more distinguished characters, which stand forth from the chaos of battle and intrigue, the tumult of dynasties which rise and fall and of kingdoms which spring up and are extinguished, with scarcely any variety of incident or individuality, Mr. Elphinstone loses himself in the inextricable labyrinth, into which we follow him with reluctance, to trace his industrious steps with fatigue, and emerge with an utter confusion of memory. All the interest, in fact, is concentrated in the house of Timour. Though the Mahometan empire had reached its greatest extent under

under Mahommed Toglak, the former conquerors are comparatively fierce barbarians, whom we can with difficulty discriminate one from another,—‘an Amurath an Amurath still succeeds.’ But the history of the house of Baber—throwing aside the smaller kingdoms, which rose at times to independence, and then were re-absorbed in the great Mahometan empire—at least from Baber to Aurungzib, shows a succession of monarchs, each, either from his personal character and influence over the destinies of mankind, his splendour or his misfortunes, worthy of a distinguished place in the history of man. These were the splendid sovereigns, with whose names are connected the gorgeous narratives of our early travellers in the East—the Great Moguls, as they were called—though Baber himself had not a drop of Mogul blood in his veins, and, it has been said, though not quite truly, scarce a Mogul in his army.

Mahometanism, which throughout all its early conquests established its religion with its empire, and changed Christian or Guebre, or even idolatrous nations, into worshippers of God and the Prophet, broke against the firm barrier of the Brahminical superstition. The apostleship of the sword was confronted by the inflexible strength of ancient usage, a vast perfectly-organised priesthood, and a ritual which extended to the minutest acts and habits of life. Many converts were no doubt made; but, according to Mr. Elphinstone, the Mussulmans, at their most flourishing period, never amounted to more than an eighth of the population of Hindostan. It was a foreign dynasty, with foreign manners, foreign laws, foreign language, and a foreign religion. Mr. Elphinstone contrasts the ease and rapidity with which Mahometanism overran Persia, and established the Koran throughout that kingdom and its dependencies, with the steady and the successful resistance offered by India to the creed of Islam. He ascribes the almost instantaneous conversion of Persia to the want of a vigorous national religion, and of a priesthood which possessed a firm hold upon the public mind; and appears to consider this low estimation, if not contempt, of the sacerdotal order a characteristic of the Parsee religion. This, however, does not appear to have been the case with the Magians of old—nor with the Magian hierarchy, as re-established by Ardischer Babbegan; and the resistance offered to the progress of Christianity by their fierce intolerance and persecuting spirit shows that at that time they were neither deficient in zeal, vigour, or influence. They had probably before the time of Mahomet, with the Persian empire itself, fallen into decrepitude. But, after all, probably the nearer neighbourhood of Persia, and the remote, and at first inaccessible, distance of India, must be taken into account. The energy

energy of Mahometan conquest remained as vigorous as ever; but the religious impulse was partially spent, before it encountered the resistance of Brahminism. The first invasions of India were desultory, unconnected, and unsupported; not the regular and continuous aggressions of a conterminous power, if repelled gathering new strength for the encounter, and, when once established, pouring in new forces to maintain its dominion; the early conquerors burst, like a huge thunder-cloud, performed their work of devastation, and were dispersed. It was not till after the establishment of a separate Mahometan kingdom in the neighbouring regions of Ghuzni and of Ghor, that the independence of India was subdued to a permanent Mahometan government. But—though the extent to which the Mahometan arms had carried their sway may have been greater under the earlier sovereigns, especially Toglak—with the house of Timour, as we have said, commences the magnificent period of Mahometan dominion, that which awakens our interest, and offers splendid pictures for historical composition, and characters which command attention, as of far higher order than the turbaned warriors who headed their fierce hordes in a desolating war of conquest, and hewed their way to empire with the cimitar. Baber is the first sovereign of Mahometan India who arrests us by the simple grandeur of his character, the perfect picture of the life of vicissitude, of adventure, and enterprise, by which men rise in the East to power,—one day a magnificent king at the head of a mighty army, the next a solitary fugitive in the desert, but gradually forcing his way to become the founder of a splendid dynasty. But the grandeur of this whole race, and the magnificence of the sovereigns of Delhi, culminate in Akber. Though perhaps the arts, especially architecture, reached a higher degree of sumptuousness and skill under his son Shah Jehan, on the whole, Akber concentrates the full glory of the dynasty. It is a most tempting subject for reflection—now that European influence is spreading throughout India, modifying alike by its social peculiarities both the stern and inflexible Brahminism of the Indian, and the less artificial, but not more pliant, Islamism of the Mussulman; now that the lineal descendant of Timour, of Baber, of Akber, of Shah Jehan, and of Aurungzib, has long been an idle pageant in the hands of a company of English merchants—to contrast the state of India under Akber with the character of the contemporary sovereigns of Europe.

Akber reigned from 1556 to 1605. When he ascended the throne the splendid, but in many respects baleful, galaxy of European sovereigns, Francis I., Henry VIII., Leo X., had just gone to their account—Charles V. only survived; in the very year of
Akber's

Akber's accession he had withdrawn from the cares of empire to his monastic retreat. Philip II. and our own Elizabeth were, in the directer sense, the contemporaries of Akber; and while Europe was convulsed and desolated with the wars which arose out of the Reformation, India reposed in unexampled prosperity under the tolerant sway of her Mussulman autocrat. While Philip was extinguishing the last embers of industry and commerce in Spain, by the unremitting persecution of Morisco, Jew, and heretic, and waging the most sanguinary warfare against the civil and religious liberties of the Low Countries, Akber was endeavouring to blend, under one peaceful and equitable government, the discordant elements of the vast Indian population. The two religions might seem to have changed their character: while Christianity had adopted the Mahometan apostleship of the sword, Mahometanism was breathing the wisdom and humanity of the gospel. Even our own Elizabeth's notion of her supremacy in the Church approached rather near to the older caliphate of Mahometanism; and toleration was not certainly—perhaps it could not well be—either the wisdom or the virtue of her reign. Let us hear Mr. Elphinstone's account of Akber:—

‘It is to his internal policy that he owes his place in that highest order of princes whose reigns have been a blessing to mankind; and that policy shows itself in different shapes as it affects religion or civil government. Akber's tolerant spirit was displayed early in his reign, and appears to have been entirely independent of any doubts on the divine origin of the Mahometan faith. It led him, however, to listen without prejudice to the doctrines of other religions, and involved him in enmity with the bigoted members of his own; and must thus have contributed to shake his early belief, and to dispose him to question the infallible authority of the Korán. The political advantages of a new religion, which should take in all classes of his subjects, could not fail moreover to occur to him. In the first part of his reign he was assiduous in visiting sacred places and in attendance on holy men: even in the twenty-first year of his reign he spoke seriously of performing the pilgrimage to Mecca; and it was not till the twenty-fourth year (A.D. 1579) that he made open profession of his latitudinarian opinions.’—vol. ii. p. 316.

Akber, we thus see, was far below the sublime ideal of Christian toleration, which is in no way irreconcilable with the depth and earnestness of true Christian faith. After an account of the two remarkable men, Feizi and Abul Fazl, who were Akber's instructors in the species of creed that he ultimately adopted, Mr. Elphinstone thus proceeds:—

‘The religion of Akber himself seems to have been pure deism; in addition to which some ceremonies were permitted in consideration of human infirmity. It maintained that we ought to reverence God according

cording to the knowledge of him derived from our own reason, by which his unity and benevolence are sufficiently established; that we ought to serve him, and to seek for our future happiness by subduing our bad passions and practising such virtues as are beneficial to mankind; but that we should not adopt a creed or practise a ritual on the authority of *any MAN*, as all were liable to vice and error like ourselves. If it were absolutely necessary for men to have some visible object of adoration, by means of which they might raise their soul to the Divinity, Akber recommended that the sun, the planets, or fire, should be the symbols. He had no priests, no public worship, and no restrictions about food except a recommendation of abstinence, as tending to exalt the mind. His only observances were salutations to the sun, prayers at midnight and daybreak, and meditations at noon on the sun. He professed to sanction this sort of devotion, from regard to the prejudices of the people, and not from his own belief in their efficacy. It is indeed related by Abul Fazl, that, being once entreated to pray for rain, he refused, observing that God knew our wants and wishes better than we did ourselves, and did not require to be reminded to exert his power for our benefit. But as Akber *practised* all his ceremonies, as well as permitted them, it may be doubted whether they had not gained some hold on his imagination. He seems to have been by nature devout, and, with all his scepticism, to have inclined even to superstitions that promised him a closer connexion with the Deity than was afforded by the religion which his reason approved. To this feeling we may ascribe, among other instances, the awe and veneration with which he adored the images of Jesus Christ and the Virgin when they were shown to him by the missionaries.—vol. ii. p. 323.

The direct measures adopted by Akber for the propagation of his opinions were, as to Mahometanism, the relaxation of the law with regard to the obligation of prayers, fasts, alms, pilgrimages, and the absolute prohibition of wine. To the Hindús he interdicted only the more barbarous and inhuman parts of their ritual, animal sacrifices, and the burning of widows. On the other hand, he abolished all taxes on pilgrims:—

‘Observing that, “although the tax fell on a vain superstition, yet, as all modes of worship were designed for one great Being, it was wrong to throw an obstacle in the way of the devout, and to cut them off from their mode of intercourse with their Maker.”’—vol. ii. p. 326.

He prohibited likewise making slaves of captives taken in war. These innovations were not unresisted by the more bigoted Mussulmans; but the temper of Akber carried him through all his difficulties; and his power was too great for open rebellion against his edicts:—

‘But although this sort of opposition was surmounted, Akber’s religion was too spiritual and abstracted to be successful with the bulk of mankind. It seems never to have gone beyond a few philosophers and some interested priests and courtiers, and on Akber’s death it expired of itself,

itself, and the Mussulman forms were quietly and almost silently restored by Jehángír. The solar year was retained for some time longer, on account of its intrinsic advantages. A liberal spirit of inquiry, however, survived the system to which it owed its rise; and if extrinsic causes had not interrupted its progress, it might have ripened into some great reform of the existing superstitions.

'Akber cannot claim the merit of originality for his doctrines. The learned Hindús had always maintained the real unity of God, and had respected, without believing, the mythological part of their creed. The Cabír Pantis, a Hindú sect which sprung up nearly a century before Akber, had come still nearer to his views, and from them he appears to have borrowed some of the arbitrary parts of his religious rules; still he excelled all his predecessors in his conception of the Divine nature; and the general freedom which he allowed to private judgment was a much more generous effort in a powerful monarch than in a recluse reformer, himself likely to be an object of persecution.'—vol. ii. p. 330.

We must not omit Mr. Elphinstone's note:—

'In comparing Akber's attempt to found a system of pure deism with similar experiments by modern governments, we must remember the incurable defects of all the religions with which he was acquainted, and must distinguish between the merit of a man who takes the lead of his generation and that of another who follows the crowd even in its errors and extravagances.'—*Ibid*.

It might be curious to conjecture how far any vague rumours of the state of Europe, and of the religious wars which were raging among the Christian nations, might reach the ear of the intelligent and inquiring Akber, through any of the channels of communication which were constantly open with the West. At all events, the Christianity presented to Akber was so miserably shorn of its divine sublimity—and in the worship of the Virgin and of the Saints, as it appeared among the wandering and ignorant monks who were its propagators in the East, so far below that pure spirituality after which the mind and heart of Akber yearned—that we cannot wonder if he considered it no more than one of those forms under which the Deity might be safely worshipped—if, in his ignorance of its real nature, he looked down upon it from the height of his philosophic Deism as doing dishonour (pardonable dishonour, as his lofty tolerance might presume to say) to the unity of the Great Supreme. Nothing can be more meagre and unsatisfactory than the religious disputations which, according to Colonel Vans Kennedy, were held before Akber;—if the advocates of Mahometanism, of Judaism, and of Christianity, made no better case for their respective faiths, no one can well be surprised at the contemptuous impartiality with which they were heard by the imperial metaphysician. Even if the reports translated by Colonel Kennedy should turn out to be forgeries,

forgeries, their publication and common reception as genuine may show how utterly ignorant all parties were of the real strength of their cause; how especially unfit any of them must have been to conceive the moral dignity, or to display the essential spirituality, of the Christian system.

But while we may lament that Akber had nothing better to replace those superstitions of Mahometanism, and those inhuman rites of the Indian system, which it seems to have been his ambition to extirpate, than a vague and dreamy Theism, which had no root in the heart of man, and withered away directly the sunshine of his favour was withdrawn—we cannot refuse our admiration either to the motives or the results of this extraordinary liberality of opinion in a warlike Mussulman. It is true that Akber might have quoted the Koran for the theory—which has been adopted by most polytheistic nations, especially in the decline of their religion, and which is an acknowledged maxim of Brahminism—that diversity of religion, so far from being offensive to the Deity, is rather of divine appointment; and that, if each nation lives up to its law, it may reasonably hope to share in the favours of Heaven. It has been frequently observed that this is the express doctrine of the earlier Suras of the Koran. After asserting that God sent down the law to the Jews, and ‘the gospel containing direction and light,’ it proceeds, ‘Unto every one of you have we given a law and an open path; and if God had pleased, he had surely made you one people; but he hath thought fit to give you different laws, that he might try you in that which he hath given you respectively. Therefore strive to excel each other in good works: unto God shall ye all return, and then will he declare unto you that concerning which ye have disagreed.’* But this text, as has been observed by Maracci, and Tychsen, and rather more slightly by Sale, is at direct issue with other, it should seem later, passages, especially the whole tone of the martial and intolerant ninth Sura, though even by its ordinances the Jews and Christians, it appears, might retain their religion upon payment of tribute:—‘Fight against them who believe not in God, nor in the last day’—(that is, as Sale interprets it, who have not a just and true belief, as the text is directed against Jews and Christians)—‘and forbid not that which God and his apostle have forbidden, and profess not the true religion of those unto whom the Scriptures have been delivered, *until* they pay tribute by right of subjection, and they be reduced low.’ (Ch. 9, p. 242.) The whole of this question has been very ably discussed in a dissertation by Möhler, the author of the *Symbolik*;

* Sale's Koran, Sura vi.

nor do we hesitate to subscribe to his conclusion, which after all is not much more than an expansion of that of former writers. The first conception of Mahomet was a national religion, a religion for his Arab countrymen; as conquest advanced beyond the borders of Arabia, the conception of an universal monarchy—and, as an inseparable part of an universal monarchy, an universal religion—began to develop itself. The church and state, according to orthodox Mahometanism, are absolutely one; the caliph is at once pope and emperor. While it remained a national religion, Mahometanism would be intolerant only in Arabia; but the co-existence, or co-equality at least, of other national religions, so soon as these nations became part of the great Mahometan empire, would strike directly at the first political and religious principle of the State; and this it may be observed was a principle which Akber himself asserted as the basis of Mahometan law:—‘There is no God but God, and Akber is his caliph’ (or *vicar*).^{*} And though Akber renewed this claim of religious as well as civil supremacy with a view to the propagation of his own more liberal opinions, yet in earlier times of war and conquest this was the vital principle of Mahometan intolerance.

The comprehensive scheme of Akber, or rather his new religion, perished with its imperial founder: it left, however, behind it, as Mr. Elphinstone observes, a spirit of free inquiry; and for a time at least put an end to religious wars, and wars embittered by religious animosity. From this period Brahminism, or rather the various Indian religions, and Mahometanism, subsisted side by side, if not in mutual amity, without direct hostile collision. Mahometanism, content with its own votaries, had lost the power of converting by force, and apparently had no ambition to convert by argument. At first it had not been content with conquest without proselytism—for some time it had been satisfied with making subjects without making votaries; it had now, though its kingdom long maintained its outward magnificence, ceased almost entirely to extend its dominion. Even then, in fact, though prepared with nothing of a higher character, the human mind had advanced, for a time at least, beyond Mahometanism. Mahometanism has certainly aspired, both under its Eastern and Western caliphs, to become an intellectual religion; a high though peculiar state of civilization has been attained by Mussulman kingdoms; the simplicity of its creed as concerns the Deity—the solemn devotion of

^{*} This Essay of Möhler's, ‘Ueber das Verhältniss des Islams zum Evangelium’ (gesammelte Schriften, band i. p. 348) was composed with an express view towards the progress of Christianity in the East, and the question how it might be offered in the most commanding and persuasive manner to Mahometans. It is written with so much learning, judgment, and moderation, that it might be well worthy of translation in some of our religious journals.

some part of its ceremonial—the deep sense of the universal presence and providence of God, which it has the power of impressing upon its votaries—its temperance, and its almsgivings, are calculated to maintain a firm hold upon the mind and heart of man; but its peculiar and essential doctrines, the character of its prophet, the fasts and pilgrimages, the rite of circumcision, which it has usually enforced; the wild mass of legends; the fantastic opinions about the judgment and the life to come, which, however embellished by later tradition, exist in the Koran itself; the gross conceptions of paradise—however spiritualised by the ingenuity of more intellectual believers; the *superstition* in short, which is of the life and essence of the religion itself in its primitive form, must fall away before the progress of human knowledge. *One* religion, and that *one* because it is *the truth*, and that religion in its original purity, as taught in the New Testament, will co-exist and be co-extensive with the progress of knowledge. Christianity alone can dare to be tolerant, from that wise compassion for human error which is inseparable from its true spirit: while it watches, and seizes, and makes opportunities of advancing its legitimate influence, by its legitimate means of persuasiveness, by the quiet offer of its blessings, the slow but not less certain dissemination of its doctrines, it is content to await God's good time; it has nothing to surrender which belongs to its real essence as a religion, in order to make a dishonest compromise with the advancing state of human reason. It will not submit to be refined, like Mahometanism by Akber, and Brahminism by its more speculative votaries, into a philosophic Deism; it will offer, in its own genuine system, a philosophy as sublime as consistent—a religion ennobling, purifying, and consolatory. In its God, the Creator, the Redeemer, the Sanctifier; in its redemption from the bondage of sin and death; in its free promise of a spiritual life to come, it has a visible and conscious strength, which guarantees the gracious promises of its divine author for its duration to the end of the world.

And thus, while with impartial candour we glance from the humane Akber to the bloody Philip—from the peace, splendour, and prosperity of Mahometan India to the desolation of the Low Countries and the remorseless ravages in America—we cannot but discern the incalculable difference. Christianity has had the power of washing itself clean even from the defilement of blood; it has been able to throw off the spirit of persecution, which had become apparently a part of its vital energy, without that vital energy being in the slightest degree impaired. It has emerged, not indeed without loss or without much temporary suspension of its influence, from courses so utterly and entirely inconsistent with its primitive

primitive and essential character as religious wars, scaffolds for religious offences, and fiery funeral piles for martyrs; the tyranny of an equally artful and haughty hierarchy; the violence of civil rulers who had nothing of Christianity but a barren and ineffective creed. Notwithstanding this, the last, we trust, and severest trial of Christianity, it is up and active; it is extending the borders of its tents; it is in a state of constant progression. Instead of a narrow oasis of peace and tolerance, which, as in India in the time of Akber, is discernible in the wastes and wildernesses of human history, we find at last established this great axiom, that Christianity can only be disseminated by Christian means:—creeds will never more be brought to the unnatural arbitrement of the sword—and to re-establish an Inquisition, or even a Star Chamber, in most countries of Europe, would be as impossible as to bring back King Arthur and his Round Table. Christianity, in fine, will come to that great conflict with Mahometanism, which, bordering and hemming it in as it appears to do on every side, must sooner or later take place, in a very different character than it in former days assumed towards the doctrine of Islam. The new Crusaders, we trust, will have the cross, not on their shoulders, but in their minds and hearts; they will not war for territory or command, but with the spiritual weapons of the Gospel, for the conviction of the reason, the humanising and purifying the manners, the exaltation of the faith from that of a fierce Arab marauder—for such was Mahomet with all his high qualities, raised by the circumstances of his times, and by the depravation of all the creeds around him, first into a religious reformer, then into the founder of a mighty religious dynasty—to the revelation of God in Christ Jesus, to the worship of the Prince of Peace, the God who is Love, in the person of him who so loved us as to lay down his life for us, in order to exalt us to everlasting life.

Mr. Elphinstone must pardon us for having thus abandoned his guidance, and set forth on a desultory train of thought only suggested by his masterly picture of the reign of Akber. We would, with his assistance, willingly have traced the remarkable fortunes of Jehanger, Shah Jehan, and Aurungzib—which, if we may raise an objection, do not appear to us to stand out prominently enough from the petty warfares which either convulsed the empire—as must almost always be the case in dynasties propagated by polygamy—at each succession, or severed off separate and rival kingdoms, which existed for a time, and then either broke again into smaller fragments, or were reabsorbed in the main empire. But—though we have not room for this—we shall hope ere long to follow Mr. Elphinstone, in succeeding volumes, through

through the more stirring period of the growth of the British dominion in India. Nothing can be more to be desired than the judgment of a mind so singularly cool, dispassionate, and statesmanlike, on questions which up to this time have been the subjects of fierce party disputes, but may now assuredly pass into the quiet domain of history, and receive the unbiassed verdict of reason. We could scarcely select a judge before whom we would place our Clives and Hastings, and the other great, if less questioned, characters, which ennoble our Anglo-Indian history, to receive their final award, with more perfect confidence in his high qualifications for deciding such grave and important issues;—secure that all their great qualities will be developed with generous sympathy; their faults or their errors, if such shall appear in the investigation, be disclosed with fearlessness; and their fame fixed on the unalterable basis of truth.

ART. V.—1. *History of the Orders of Knighthood of the British Empire; and an Account of the Medals, Crosses, and Clasps conferred for Naval and Military Services; with a History of the Order of the Guelphs of Hanover.* By Sir Harris Nicolas, K. C. M. G. K. H., Chancellor of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. 8 parts. 4to. London. 1839-1841.

2. *Memorials of the Order of the Garter from its Foundation to the present Time; with Biographical Notices of the Knights in the Reigns of Edward III. and Richard II.* By George Frederick Beltz, K.H., Lancaster Herald. London. 8vo. 1841.

3. *A Review of the Chandos Peerage Case.* By G. F. Beltz, Lancaster Herald. London. 8vo. 1834.

ON the appearance of the Scrope and Grosvenor Controversy, we had occasion to express our high estimation of the services rendered to antiquarian literature by Sir Harris Nicolas. The more extensive work which he has now given us requires a special notice; and we are well pleased to direct attention at the same time to two publications of the Lancaster Herald, Mr. Beltz, one of which treats a part of Sir H. Nicolas's present subject in greater detail than could be looked for in a general history—while the other, as a specimen of genealogical disquisition, is not surpassed by any volume in the English library. The elegant accomplishments displayed in these days by persons professionally devoted to what has been considered as a frivolous and obsolete branch of study, must no doubt surprise our Utilitarians. They cannot,

cannot, however, deny the fact. Of the late Clarencieux Herald, Mr. Lodge, it is needless to speak. Mr. Beltz, who is yet, we believe, a young man, has already shown that he unites profound knowledge of his own department with the illustrative powers of a vigorous and tasteful writer; and we may expect much from his future labours. The Chancellor of the Ionian Order, though not strictly a member of the English College of Arms, may be considered as in fact an addition to that establishment, and we have little doubt will be formally attached to it hereafter. The Irish College produces also a scholarlike writer, though, as might be expected, a somewhat credulous one, in the Ulster King-at-Arms, Sir William Betham; and the Transactions of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries sufficiently attest the classical learning as well as the heraldic zeal of Mr. Auriol Hay, who filled till lately the post of Deputy-Lyon under his kinsman Lord Kinnoull.

Sir H. Nicolas has produced the first comprehensive history of the British Orders of Knighthood; and it is one of the most elaborately prepared and splendidly printed works that ever issued from the press. The author appears to us to have neglected no sources of information, and to have exhausted them—in as far as regards the general scope and purpose of the inquiry. The graphical illustrations are such as become a work of this character upon such a subject;—at, of course, a lavish cost, the resources of the recently revived art of wood-engraving have been combined with the new art of printing in colours, so as to produce a rich effect, almost rivalling that of the monastic illuminations. Such a book is sure of a place in every great library—but it may seem to have little chance of a popular circulation. Yet it contains matter calculated to interest extensive classes of readers—and we hope by our specimen to excite their curiosity.

As far as concerns the most interesting part of the history of the noblest of all the orders of knighthood in the world, the 'Memorials of the Garter' will supply even more ample information than the corresponding sections of Sir Harris Nicolas. Mr. Beltz appears to have contemplated a complete history of this Order upon a much larger scale than that which the other author has accomplished. He has, however, contented himself with filling up but a fragment of his outline; and we really doubt whether it would have been worth while, under any circumstances, to finish the whole in the same detail; but for the original knights—the *Founders* as they are styled, whose bearings are still visible at the head of most of the stalls in St. George's Chapel—and their successors during the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II., it is very pleasing to have the results of this more minute labour. It is at the same time proper to observe that

that the Lancaster Herald has been obliged to Sir Harris Nicolas's *Scrope and Grosvenor* performance, for many of the very minutiae which give this abstract superiority to his account of the early days of the Order. It is, in fact, from the evidences adduced on the grand suit of the BEND OR that every biographer of the heroes of Crecy and Poitiers must draw the most accurate and interesting part of his materials.

As to the actual origin and date of the Order both writers show their good sense by preferring the nearly contemporary account of the chivalrous-hearted Froissart, long secretary of King Edward III.'s queen, and through life devoted to the royal house of Plantagenet, to the more elaborate and fanciful narratives of Polydore Vergil and other chroniclers of a later day. Mr. Beltz, we think, gets over a world of petty difficulties about the mere dates, by supposing that Edward formed the design of his Order, and held jousts and tournaments with a view to it, during the brief truce of Vannes, but that he was interrupted in his preparations by the more serious business of levying funds and troops for the renewal of the war, and did not solemnize the first regular festival, and fill up the stalls, until after his return from the triumphant campaign of Crecy. Froissart's date of 1344 is thus reconciled with the more usually supported one of 1347. At all events, the Order of the Garter is now of very venerable standing: the next oldest, that of the Golden Fleece, dates from A.D. 1429, nearly a hundred years later; and now that the St. Esprit (instituted in 1579) has been abolished with the legitimate dynasty in France, there is no third Order in Europe which can be named in the same page with it either as to antiquity or splendour. It has for five centuries been the proudest decoration of the most illustrious of our own nobility, and from an early period of its history it has been considered as a gratifying distinction by the most powerful sovereigns of foreign states.

According to the received text of Froissart the original number of knights was *forty*—but they certainly were only twenty-six, including the sovereign, and continued so, strictly and without alteration, down to the reign of George III. Mr. Beltz conjectures that Froissart confounded the number of performers at a particular tournament on St. George's Day with the actual Knights of St. George—but he was so familiar with the English court, and the Garter was from the beginning so high a distinction, that we can hardly suppose him to have made any such blunder. We have little doubt it is an error of transcription.—Upon what exact principle the *Founders* were selected, is still obscure; and the choice of the great feature in the *insignia* remains also a point

point of (not intolerable) mystery. Mr. Beltz treats these matters as follows :—

‘Of the principle which governed the nomination of the first knights-companions, we know as little as of the form in which the election was conducted. The fame of Sir Reginald Cobham, Sir Walter Manny, the Earls of Northampton, Hereford, and Suffolk, had been established by their exploits long before the institution of the Order; and would have amply justified their admission amongst the Founders, if military merit had been the sole qualification. Those distinguished captains of the age were elected subsequently upon vacancies created by the deaths of persons of less apparent pretensions. Is it, therefore, an improbable conjecture (more especially considering the youth of several of the primary knights, and the small celebrity of others) that the distinction was, in the first instance, bestowed upon those who had excelled at the jousts which shortly preceded the foundation?’

‘Whether at some ball pending the festivities with which the even-ings after those chivalrous exercises were concluded, the incident related by Polydor Vergil, and which is said to have given occasion for the adoption of THE GARTER as the name and the symbol of the Order, actually occurred, is at this day not capable of proof. That author was, as far as we have discovered, the first who asserted that the garter of the queen, or of some lady of the court, falling off casually whilst she danced, the monarch had taken it from the ground, and, observing the smiles of the courtiers at what might have been considered an act of gallantry, had exclaimed “HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE;” adding that the garter should soon be held in such high estimation, that they would account themselves happy if permitted to wear it.

‘The object of the king’s attention on this occasion has been imagined by Speed, Baker, and Camden (upon the sole authority, as it would seem, of Polydor Vergil), to have been a Countess of Salisbury; and the learned Selden, following in the same dubious track, conjectured that the lady was Joan Plantagenet, the fair maid of Kent, whom he designates “Countess of Kent and Salisbury,” without adverting to the facts that she did not succeed to the former of those earldoms until after the death of her brother, John Earl of Kent, in 1351, and that she never had any legal interest in the latter. The supposed connexion of a Countess of Salisbury with the institution of the Order, had undoubtedly its foundation in Froissart’s romantic episode of the passion conceived by King Edward for the wife of William Montacute Earl of Salisbury. The lively chronicler, who deemed the fame of a knight without amours to be far from complete, appears to have credited with avidity any rumour which may have been in circulation, of the attachment of the monarch for the lady in question. Its probability has been denied chiefly upon the ground of her *advanced age* at the time when Edward is stated to have declared himself her admirer. A consideration, however, of the dates may go far to remove such an impression; and, although Froissart has as usual mistaken names and localities, he is borne out by evidence in regard to parts of his narrative.

‘He

‘ He relates that David King of Scotland having, in his foray on the English border in 1342, passed the Tyne [the Tweed], lay one night with his host before a castle which he calls “Salisbury,” because it belonged to the earl of that name, who having been taken prisoner before Lille, was at the time under confinement at Paris; that this castle, which Edward had granted to the earl on his marriage, was then the residence of the countess, whom he calls “Alix,” one of the most noble and beautiful ladies of the land; and that the garrison was under the orders of a Sir William Montacute, the earl’s nephew. He proceeds to recount that, on the morrow, the Scottish king commenced a vigorous assault, with every expectation of success, notwithstanding the gallantry with which the defence was conducted; but that the governor having contrived to issue secretly from the castle and to apprise King Edward, then in Berwick, of its perilous condition, David, on the consequent approach of the English army, retreated with his forces towards Jedburgh forest; and Edward, after expressing his anger at the escape of the enemy, determined to pay a visit to the Countess of Salisbury, whom he had not seen since the day of her nuptials. Froissart then expatiates with his wonted delight on the brilliant reception of the illustrious guest; the passion inspired by the grace and loveliness of his fair hostess; the avowal made by the monarch of his chains; and her courteous but firm and virtuous evasion of his addresses.

‘ In continuation of his narrative, he mentions that a truce having, shortly after that event, been concluded between the two kings, with the concurrence of the King of France, the ally of Bruce, the French monarch released the Earl of Salisbury upon condition that Edward’s prisoner, the Earl of Moray, should also be set at liberty. It is then related that the king, being returned to London, appointed grand festivities in honour of Salisbury’s liberation, and issued a proclamation for the holding of solemn jousts in the middle of August in the same year, inviting thereto, in particular, the earl and his beauteous countess, who, he says, appeared on the occasion attired with the utmost simplicity in order to avoid attracting the sovereign’s regard and to discountenance his improper affection. Then follow details of the feast, and an enumeration of the noble personages present, consisting, besides the two princes of Hainault, of twelve earls, eight hundred knights, and five hundred ladies; but that the general joy suffered some abatement in consequence of the death of John, son of Henry Lord Beaumont, a young nobleman of great promise, who was accidentally slain at the tournament.

‘ Now it is upon record that King Edward, in order to reward Salisbury for the courageous part which, in the fourth year of his reign, that earl had taken in the overthrow of Mortimer, had, before the end of that year, settled upon him and Katherine his wife, daughter of William Lord Granson, considerable estates, escheated to the crown by Mortimer’s attainder, and, amongst others, the manor of *Werk upon Tweed*. The date of the earl’s marriage does not appear; but, as he was born in or about 1301, and William, his first son, in 1328, the marriage may have taken place about 1326, the period of the king’s
accession.

accession. That England was infested in 1342 by frequent incursions of the Scots, is historically true; and although Lord Hailes considers the adventure narrated by Froissart to be fabulous—from the silence of the English historians, and the absence, at the time mentioned, of Edward upon an expedition into Brittany—his inference, upon those grounds, may be deemed to be feeble; for it is certain that an army was sent into Scotland towards the close of 1341, and Edward, who did not pass into Brittany until the autumn of 1342, may have been personally present at some of its operations in the early part of the last-mentioned year. The truce with the Scots was concluded in Brittany before the 20th of May, 1343. Bruce may, therefore, have assaulted Werk; and Sir Edward (not Sir William) Montacute, a kinsman of the earl and one of his retinue, may not improbably have been entrusted by the earl with the custody of that important border fortress during his own unfortunate detention at Paris.

'The Earl of Salisbury died in consequence of bruises received at the jousts in January, 1343-4 (preceding the foundation of the Order); which renders the story connecting the garter of the widow with the symbol adopted at the institution of the Order highly improbable; and, had such a tradition obtained currency at the period when Froissart compiled his history, he would doubtless have alluded to it.'—*Memorials*, pp. xli.-xlv.

It appears that in 1342, when Edward is said to have visited the border-castle of Lord Salisbury, the king was thirty years of age and the countess thirty-two. We confess that, according to our observation of human affairs, we are at a loss to account for what the critics of Speed, Baker, and Camden, have said about 'advanced age,' or 'disparity of ages,' in the case; nor do we understand why Mr. Beltz himself should consider it as 'highly improbable' that, because Lord Salisbury died in 1344, King Edward should have picked up the fair widow's garter at a subsequent ball—perhaps of 1347. Mr. Beltz is of opinion that, had Polydore's story been received when Froissart wrote, he would have been delighted to record it. We must, however, remember that his chronicle was inscribed to Queen Philippa, and, with all Froissart's chivalrous liberality, it might have been a matter of some delicacy for the courtly historian to give wider and more permanent circulation to an account which represents her Majesty as having herself worn the decoration suggested by her husband's *penchant* for a rival beauty.

For, as some of our readers may be surprised to be told, the mantle *parsemé* with golden garters, each garter inscribed with *honi soit*, &c., was worn on the festivals of St. George, and at all solemn meetings of the Order, during the reign of Edward III. and of many of his successors—by the Queen of England, and apparently an indefinite number of fair ladies, sometimes

wives,

wives, sisters, or daughters of the knights, but sometimes not. And indeed after the decorations of the Order had assumed their present shape, in 1638, Charles I. appears to have all but signed an edict authorizing the wives of the knights to wear some of them; but the breaking out of the civil war was fatal to the meditated renovation. Mr. Beltz seems to think that neither Mary I. nor Elizabeth, when sovereigns, wore any of the insignia of their Order; but in regard to the latter, at least, he is mistaken—as one of the most curious portraits of that queen (the unhappy wrinkled one done in her old age by Garrard) exhibits her with the *George and blue ribbon* round her neck; and, taken with this perfect evidence,* the absence of the decoration on so many other pictures of Elizabeth renders it extremely doubtful whether her sister always abstained from the use of it. Queen Anne, it is well known, wore both the *George*, the *Star*, and the *Garter*—as Queen Victoria does now, and with very graceful effect, as all must acknowledge; nor should we be either sorry or surprised were her Majesty to take up, and even extend, the abortive scheme of King Charles. In a female reign such a restoration of the original practice would be natural and becoming; and perhaps we may see a purposed approach towards it in the very pretty ornaments, bearing a certain resemblance to chivalric *insignia*, with which her Majesty has already distinguished several of the young beauties of her Court.

On the history of the dress and decorations of the Order of the Garter, Sir Harris Nicolas's text and engravings leave little to desiderate. The mantle was originally of *sanguine* colour and of woollen cloth, the staple of the realm. It was powdered over with golden garters, numerous in all cases, but doubly numerous and doubly more splendid for the sovereign. The colour was, it is said, altered to blue, to match the bearing of France in the first quarter of the royal escutcheon—but, as in subsequent days it is sometimes spoken of as blue and sometimes as purple, we presume the uncertainty of dyeing should be considered. It is now, however, a *purple* mantle, of *velvet*, and not *parsemé* of garters; and the ancient custom of wearing it black during a court mourning has been dropped.

It was an original law that the knight should *never* be without his garter. Presently he was permitted to wear instead of it a 'blue lace or thread' round his leg when on horseback, 'in signification thereof'—but this has long been neglected. It is still, however, incumbent on every knight to have about him at all

* The picture in question is at Hampton Court—where the collection of ancient portraits, lately much increased, and well arranged by Mr. Jesse, is of the highest interest, and now liberally thrown open to the public.

times (though not necessarily displayed) the badge or some part of the decorations—and we believe the rule is obeyed. We humbly think, by the bye, that the *garter* should be dispensed with over trousers—in the cases of some portly personages we have seen the exhibition excite a smile—and in fact it does not look well even with a pantaloon. But breeches, in this petticoat reign, are coming fast into fashion again—and this is as it should be.

The *garter* may be enriched *ad libitum* with pearls, rubies, &c. &c. That which Charles I. wore at his execution, and which the Cardinal of York bequeathed to George IV., is inwoven with 400 diamonds. The present Duke of Devonshire wears one hardly less splendid; and indeed several living knights have the motto worked in diamonds.

The *collar* and *badge* were added by Henry VII., in imitation, probably, of the order of the Golden Fleece. The lesser *George*, to be worn with a ribbon around the neck, is said by Sir Harris to have been introduced in 1615—under James I.; but we have already stated that it appears so worn in a picture of Elizabeth. Charles I. added the *Star*, in imitation of the *St. Esprit*. According to Sir Harris, the ribbon was sky-blue until the time of George II., who changed it to the darker colour, now called *garter-blue*, to avoid confusion with the decorations conferred by the exiled family, who stuck to the old tint; and Sir Harris supposes that the mantle was finally altered from blue to purple at the same time and for the same purpose; but with regard to the studied variation in the shade of the blue ribbon, we are exceedingly sceptical. In the grand *Vandyke* of Charles I. at Hampton Court, the ribbon is very dark blue; and moreover, it is worn exactly as at present—over the left shoulder—which fact is enough to dispose of the vulgar story about Charles II. having altered the method of suspending the badge in deference to the taste of one of his mistresses.

King George III. found the establishment on its original footing, and Sir Harris Nicolas appears to regret very seriously the alterations which that sovereign introduced in this particular. In 1786 the king had a new statute passed by which it was made lawful for him to give places in the order to any descendants of his own body, over and above the original twenty-five companions. In 1805, another statute extended this privilege as to all the descendants of King George II.; and in 1833, King William IV. still further widened the regulation in favour of all the descendants of King George I. These innovations (as the reader will see by and by) gave ample facility as to princes of the Protestant royal houses abroad. Another was introduced by King
George

George IV., when Regent, as to which we are more disposed to concur in the scruples and hesitation of Sir H. Nicolas. The Regent first made *extra-knights*—viz., the Emperors of Russia and Austria at the close of the war; Louis XVIII. immediately before his restoration; Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh, in honour of their services in bringing the revolutionary struggle to a happy conclusion; and in the year 1815, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg on his marriage with Princess Charlotte. King William IV. was graciously pleased to make another extra-knight—viz., Earl Grey—in testimony, no doubt, of his Majesty's (shortlived) satisfaction with the Reform Bill; and her present Majesty, with rather more general approbation, gave an extra ribbon to his Royal Highness Prince Albert. In all, when Sir Harris closed his account, there were *forty* knights; so that, if Froissart did blunder, his story has come true at last.

We have no objection whatever to the conferring of the garter on as many foreign emperors, kings, and reigning princes as the monarch of England may think fit to honour with such a mark of friendly consideration; but we are sorry that it was a Conservative sovereign and a Conservative ministry that introduced the novelty of extra-garters among British subjects. The minister for the time being has, according to long-settled and necessary practice, the chief, almost the exclusive, power in distributing the honours of the crown; but it was a dangerous precedent to anticipate vacancies and *forestall* such distinctions. At the same time, we are so far from adopting Sir Harris's querulous tone about *any* extension of the order itself, that, considering the vast increase of our territories, our population, and our peerage since the days of Edward III., we should not have the least objection to seeing the stalls doubled in number—always provided that—as the general rule—they be filled up on the recommendation of those who have a proper title to recommend—that is to say, of the minister during whose government a stall happens to become vacant.

GENTLEMEN of every class were held eligible to the Garter in former days; but we need hardly observe it has long been practically restricted to the nobility—with very rare exceptions, to the peerage. No commoner received it after the death of James I. until Charles II., when returning from exile in Montagu's flagship, bestowed a ribbon on the converted Admiral of the Republic—but this was rather a particular occasion, and the new K. G. became also Earl of Sandwich immediately on the King's landing. The next person whose ordinary style and title ever marked him as a Knight of the Garter was Sir Robert Walpole; and the reverend author of the 'Night Thoughts' invoked the shades of the departed

parted heroes of the Order to descend and yield sanction to so unusual an inauguration :—

‘Ye mighty dead! ye garter’d sons of praise!
Our morning stars! Our boast in former days!
Which hovering o’er your purple wings display,
Lured by the pomp of this distinguish’d day—
Stoop and attend!—By one the knee be bound,
One throw the mantle’s crimson folds around;
By that the sword on his proud thigh be placed,
This clasp the diamond girdle round his waist;
His breast with rays let just Godolphin spread,
Wise Burleigh plant the plumage on his head;
And Edward own, since first he fix’d the race,
None press’d fair Glory with a swifter pace.’

But we fancy Swift, when he quizzed Young’s heroics in his ‘Rhapsody on Poetry,’ expressed more of the prevalent feeling on the occasion :—

‘St. George beheld thee with delight
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breast and sides herculean
He bound the star and string cœrulean,’ &c. &c.

The only commoners since Walpole were Lord North and Lord Castlereagh—both eldest sons of peers at their creation. The only persons who appeared as knights of the garter at the coronation of George IV. were Prince Leopold and Lord Castlereagh—and that splendid habit did not figure at either of the subsequent coronations.

King Edward VI., under puritanical influence of course, expressed great horror at the sort of deification of St. George of Cappadocia supposed to be mixed up with this Order. He had the statutes revised, and the decorations modified, so as to omit all semblance of saint-worship, or any other of the abominations of Popery. The militant figure on the badge was seen to brandish not a spear but a Bible, and the Libyan dragon became either the Old Serpent or the Pope—it is rather doubtful which—while the garter, in place of ‘*Honi soit*,’ &c., was blazoned with the words ‘Fides,’ and ‘Verbum Dei.’ Finally, the ‘poor knights’ were to be replaced as they should die out, by ‘preachers of the gospel.’ A poet worthy of the theme is here quoted by Sir Harris :—

‘The Garter is the favour of a king
Clasping the leg on which man’s best part stands;
A poesie in’t, as on a nuptial ring,
Binding the heart to their liege lord in bands;

That,

That, whilst the leg hath strength, or the arm power,
To kill that serpent would their king devour.

‘For which the George is as a trophy worne;
And may it long and long remaine with those
Which to that excellent dignitie are borne
As opposites unto their country’s foes.
God keep our king and them from Rome’s black pen!
Let all that love the Garter say, Amen!’

All this was undone on the accession of Popish Mary—things reverted to the old condition—St. George once more pierced his legendary victim—and the statutes of the Order again exhibited the ancient regulations with which no Protestant ever could have complied. Strange to say, though there have been many discussions about the affair, these hoary enactments still remain on the book—the neglect of them being merely authorised by the sovereign’s dispensation in each separate case. Sir Harris Nicolas, with all his reverence for this ‘ancient institution of the empire,’ appears to be impressed with the urgent necessity of a reform in its code.

Before we drop the Garter, we must observe that one obstinate stumbling-block, which resisted even Sir Harris Nicolas’s efforts, has been removed out of the early history of the Order by the vigorous pioneering of the Lancaster Herald. Among the knights under Edward IV. one could never be identified. The register of a chapter held April 22nd, 1467, as abridged in Latin by Aldridge, had this entry:—

‘Domino Principi, Regi Neapolitano, et Domino de Montgryson Apuliae, jam ante delectis ad illustrissimum Ordinem, sedes reservatæ sunt.’

The Monkbarnish reader is aware of the long and earnest controversy to which this mysterious entry gave rise—some contending, in the teeth of grammar and physiology, that it really designated but one eminent personage, to wit, the King of Naples, who might also have borne the title of Lord of Montgryson in Apulia, as the English kings were ‘Domini Hiberniæ,’—while others laboured to identify the Lord of Montgryson with Paolo Battista Spinola of Genoa. Sir Harris abolished for ever the Spinola hypothesis (part i. p. 93, *note*), but found nothing to replace it. Mr. Beltz, however, has dug up the original French register itself, and there we read, on a separate line, in the list of stalls not occupied on the particular day—

‘Le stalle pur le Counte de Mont
Grison de Naples q’est eslu.’

This put an end to the interpretation which made Montgryson a minor title of the Neapolitan king; and further research led to a corresponding

corresponding entry on the Pell Roll of the Exchequer, where the name of the absent Knight Elect is given thus—

‘Comiti de Monte Orizo, Camerario Regis de Naples.’

Mr. Beltz says:—

‘The personage thus honoured was Inigo d’Avalos Count of Monte Odorisio, who, in that year, filled the high ministerial office of *Gran Camerlingo*, great chamberlain, or treasurer of Naples under King Ferdinand I. of Arragon. He was the son of Roderigo or Ruis d’Avalos, Count of Ribadeo in Catalonia, constable of Castile; had accompanied Alphonsus of Arragon (the father of King Ferdinand) into Italy; and, after the conquest of the kingdom of Naples, had been rewarded for his eminent services by divers grants of lands, fiefs, titles, and honours. Amongst the splendid guerdons bestowed upon him were the hand and fortunes of Antonella d’Aquino, the daughter of Berardo Gasparo sixth Count of Loretto and Marquess of Pescara, and sole heiress of her brother Francesco Antonio. Her father, Berardo, was son to Francesco d’Aquino, gran camerlingo, Count of Loretto and Satriano, and, by marriage with Giovannella, daughter and heiress of Cieco del Borgo, Count of Monte Odorisio, Marquess of Pescara and Viceroy of Naples, acquirer of the titles and honours of that illustrious house; all which devolved, in right of Antonella, to Inigo d’Avalos, who, however, bore only the title of Count of Monte Odorisio during the lifetime of his brother-in-law.

‘The powerful influence of this nobleman on the political affairs of Italy at that period, and the friendship of his royal master which he enjoyed in an eminent degree, may sufficiently account for Ferdinand’s desire that his prime and confidential minister might be admitted into a fraternity which he himself highly valued.’—*Memorials*, pp. xxii. xxiii.

This Inigo the Knight of the Garter was grandfather to the great Marquess of Pescara, who commanded the imperialists at the battle of Pavia, and died at Milan in 1525, without issue by his wife, the no less celebrated Victoria Colonna.

This is a specimen—and no more—of the diligence and success of Mr. Beltz, in his elaboration of the earlier history of the Garter. We return to the general work of Sir H. Nicolas.

This author, having completed his chapters on the Garter by a full catalogue of the knights from 1347 to 1840, proceeds to the ‘Most Ancient Order of the Thistle,’ so styled in the document by which it was professedly revived, but really founded, by James VII. of Scotland and II. of England in May, 1687. The legend which carried back this Order to the era of Charlemagne and *Achaisus* is too absurd for notice; we are sorry to say the only serious statements which support its actual and formal existence under the early Stuarts themselves seem to be equally false and worthless, and we think Sir Harris has bestowed most superfluous labour in exposing them. At the same time there seems to be some reason for holding that James V., whose coins and effigies

effigies for the first time exhibit a collar of thistles, with the badge of St. Andrew and his Saltire, had not only worn such ornaments on his own person, but meditated the founding of a national Order with the like symbols, in imitation of the foreign states with whose Orders he had himself been invested, namely, those of the Golden Fleece and the Garter. The tradition is, that he had fixed on the chapel-royal at Linlithgow for the headquarters of the Thistle—and this would have been to copy the Windsor example exactly—for which reason we hold the story the more probable, as the old Scottish court was always a parody of the English, in as far as circumstances would allow. If James V. had this design, however, he certainly never accomplished it—as the total silence of all contemporary registers, and histories, and poets clearly establishes. The Reformation took in Scotland such a character as must have been fatal to all such devices in the times immediately succeeding; and had the Order ever really existed, we may be sure James VI. would have eagerly restored it as soon as he became King of England and his own master.

After the misguided founder 'lost his three kingdoms for a mass' the decoration of the Thistle was visible, for several years, nowhere but at the court of St. Germain's. The stalls had been gorgeously fitted up in the chapel-royal at Holyrood House—but those quasi-popish trappings had all along displeased the disciples of John Knox, and they took this occasion to destroy them, and at the same time to deface and otherwise damage the chapel itself—which afterwards lost its roof, and became, as it now is, a mere ruin. The Order was, however, restored by Queen Anne in 1703. The original number of twelve Knights-companions with the Sovereign, fixed no doubt in allusion to our Saviour and his Apostles, remains unaltered. No person under the rank of the peerage has ever been invested with this Order—and it has always been usual for a Knight of the Thistle to resign it upon being elected into the Garter—though the rule has sometimes been broken, as in the case of the late John Duke of Roxburgh, and now in that of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex. The ribbon of the Thistle was originally a blue one, but Queen Anne made it green; and so it continues. The dress and decorations are all evidently copied, with the necessary variations, from those of the great English Order. The star and badge have the motto, said to have been invented by Buchanan for the royal arms of Scotland, and happily suiting the proud national history, as well as the national emblem of the *thistle*—'*Nemo me impune lacessit.*' We wonder that when George IV. visited Scotland he did not gratify his loyal subjects of that kingdom and his own taste by an extension of the Thistle. Twelve decorations are a small number for such a kingdom, and though a few of the very highest

of the Scotch nobility are usually honoured with the Garter, a corresponding number of green ribbons have all along, we believe, been given away out of Scotland. At present two Scotch peers have blue ribbons—but the Duke of Hamilton is also Duke of Brandon in England, and the Duke of Buccleuch has the *minor* English peerage of his male ancestor the Duke of Monmouth—while there are three Knights of the Thistle who are not Scotch peers—namely, the Marquess of Ailesbury (who, however, is a *Bruce*), and the Earls of Abergavenny and Warwick.

The Irish Order of St. Patrick, our only other *noble* order, is of very recent date—and there is nothing of mystery, and about as little of interest, in its history. It was founded by George III. in 1783—consisting of the Sovereign, the Grand Master, *i. e.*, the actual Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and twenty-two Knights-Companions, who have uniformly hitherto been selected from the Irish peerage. The only innovation recorded is that of the late King, who graciously authorized every Grand-Master to continue to wear the insignia after quitting his vice-royalty. Sir Harris Nicolas suggests that it would be a better arrangement for these personages to become, on losing office, extra-knights, and fall into the regular ranks as death-vacancies occurred. This is the plan in the Ionian order: and we see no objection to adopting it. Any plan shall have our approbation that does not interfere with Lord Normanby's star and ribbon. The latter is of a bright azure (green unluckily, bespoken), and the star a particularly pretty one, with the trefoil or shamrock in green enamel, a crown on each leaf. The motto takes the unusual but not insignificant form of an *interrogation*—'QUIS SEPARABIT?' The stalls are in the choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

We now come to the Order of the Bath, which occupies the whole of one of these magnificent quartos, and has been treated by Sir H. Nicolas with all possible care. There were from a very early period *Knights of the Bath*; but he has clearly shown that there was nothing in the nature of a definite order or institution, in the sense of our common parlance, prior to the reign of George I. The ceremony of *bathing* the candidate for knighthood, like that of his *vigil*, and many others, had an origin and a meaning which it would be idle to explain. Whoever desires to see all the evidences connected with the subject brought together, may be referred to Sir Harris Nicolas's Sixth Part. The *bathing* was, of course, observed only when the knighthood was to be conferred *in peace*. It was so striking a feature in the preliminary arrangements, that it is no wonder knights created on high and solemn occasions, when all the ceremonial was gone through with punctilious accuracy, such as the coronation of a king, should have come by degrees to be talked of,

of, and then formally designated as *Knights of the Bath*; and perhaps they had in general esteem some pre-eminence over ordinary Knights—though not so high a pre-eminence as that of the *Banneret*, or soldier knighted after a battle, when the Banner-Royal was in the field. Such knights appear to have been so created, and so styled, on almost every *tranquil* English coronation, from Henry III. to Charles II. At that of James II. —we know not for what reason—the Knights of the Bath were omitted. Neither William nor Anne revived them; nor did George I. at his accession; but by and by it came into his minister's ingenious head, among many other clever plans and expedients having the same object in view, that the old name might be recalled, and a regular Order instituted under the designation of the Bath, with excellent results for his own management of parties;—and, in his son Horace's honest words to the Miss Berrys,—

‘The revival of the Bath was an artful Bank of thirty-six ribands to supply a fund of favours in lieu of places. He meant to stave off the demands for Garters; and intended that the Red should be a step to the Blue.’—*Reminiscences*, chap. iv.

Sir Robert was himself one of the original *Reds* (May, 1725), and resigned that *string* for the *Cærulean* one next year. All the other knights of this first creation were ministerial members of the existing parliament, except five; and of these one was an Ambassador—a second Treasurer of the Household; the other three were sons or brothers of great Whig peers. The first stall, with some peculiar privileges, was assigned to Prince William, afterwards celebrated in the fields of Mars (and also of Venus) as Duke of Cumberland, who was then a mere child; though Poet Eusden (familiar to the readers of the ‘*Dunciad*’) showed himself a genuine *vates* for once on this occasion, thus hailing the unbreeched chevalier:—

‘Let future bards describe in sounding strains
Thy laurel'd triumphs from deep-crimson'd plains;
Enough for me the dawning to display
That glows the promise of so bright a day;
Enough to see, transported with the sight,
The royal warrior-boy—BATH's foremost Knight.’

Sir Robert Walpole, the real founder of the Order, was a distinguished humourist; and assuredly he must have chuckled over the statutes which—much meditating Sir Palmerin, and little anticipating Sir Palmerston—the Heralds' College drew up for his ‘artful bank.’ He, however, seems to have entered into the joke with decorum; and under Queen Victoria, as under George I. and ‘jovial Robin,’ the pithiest articles of the code still provide—

‘That all persons to be elected into this Order shall upon the summons of the Great Master repair to the Prince’s Chamber, within our Palace of Westminster, at the time to be appointed in the said summons: each of them to be attended by two Esquires of Honour, Gentlemen of Blood, who shall be worshipfully received at the door of that chamber, by the King of Arms: and the person thus elected shall enter into that chamber with the Esquires, who, being experienced in matters of Chivalry, are to instruct him in the nature, dignity, and duties of this Military Order, and to take diligent care that all the ceremonies thereof (which have their allegorical significations) shall be powerfully recommended, and *punctually observed*:—

‘And such Esquires, who from this service have been usually denominated Esquires Governors, shall not permit the Elected to be seen abroad during the evening of his first entry, but shall send for the proper Barber to make ready a bathing vessel, handsomely lined on the inside and outside with linen, having cross hoops over it, covered with tapestry, for defence against the cold air of the night; and a blanket shall be spread on the floor by the side of the bathing-vessel: then the beard of the Elected being shaven, and his hair cut, the Esquires shall acquaint the Sovereign, or Great Master, that it being the time of Evensong, the Elected is prepared for the Bath; whereupon some of the most sage and experienced Knights shall be sent to inform the Elected, and to counsel and direct him in the Order and feats of Chivalry; which Knights being preceded by several Esquires of the Sovereign’s household, making all the usual signs of rejoicing, and having the minstrels playing on several instruments before them, shall forthwith repair to the door of the Prince’s chamber, while the Esquires Governors, upon hearing the music, shall undress the Elected, and put him into the Bath:—

‘And the musical instruments then ceasing to play, these grave Knights, entering into the chamber without any noise, shall severally, one after the other, kneeling near the bathing-vessel, with a soft voice instruct the Elected in the nature and course of the Bath, and put him in mind, that for ever hereafter he ought to keep his body and mind pure and undefiled;—

‘And thereupon the Knights shall each of them cast some of the water of the Bath upon the shoulders of the Elected and then retire, while the Esquires Governors shall take the Elected out of the Bath, and conduct him to his pallet-bed, which is to be plain, and without curtains; and as soon as his body is dry, they shall clothe him very warm, in consideration that he is to watch that whole night; and therefore they shall then array him in a robe of russet, having long sleeves reaching down to the ground, and tied about the middle with a cordon of ash-coloured silk, with a russet hood like to an hermit, having a white napkin hanging to the girdle;—

‘And the Barber having removed the bathing-vessel, the experienced Knights shall again enter, and from thence conduct the Elected to the Chapel of King Henry the Seventh, preceded by all the Esquires, making rejoicings, and the minstrels playing before them, during which time wine and spices shall be laid ready for these Knights, the Elected, and the Esquires Governors; and the Elected having returned

turned thanks to these Knights for the great favours of their assistance, the Esquires Governors shall shut the Chapel door, permitting none to stay therein, save the Elected, one of the Prebendaries of the Church of Westminster to officiate, the Chandler to take care of the lights, and the Virger of the Church; where the Elected shall perform his vigils, during the whole night, in orisons and prayers to Almighty God, having a taper burning before him, held by one of his Esquires Governors, who at the reading of the Gospel shall deliver it into the hands of the Elected, which being read, he shall re-deliver it to one of his Esquires Governors, who shall hold it before him during the residue of Divine Service:—

‘And when the day breaks, and the Elected hath heard Matins, or Morning Prayer, the Esquires Governors shall re-conduct him to the Prince’s chamber, and lay him in bed, and cast over him a coverlet of gold, lined with carde; and when it is a proper time, these Esquires shall acquaint the Sovereign or Great Master, that the Elected will be ready to rise from his bed, who shall again command the experienced Knights, preceded as before, to repair to the Prince’s chamber: and the Elected being awakened by the music, and the Esquires Governors having provided everything in readiness, the experienced Knights, at their entry, shall wish the Elected a good morning, acquainting him that it is a convenient time to rise;—

‘Whereupon the Esquires Governors taking him by the arm, the most ancient of these Knights shall present to him his shirt, the next his breeches, the third his doublet, another the surcoat of red tatarin, lined and edged with white sarcenet; two others shall take him out of his bed; two others shall put on his boots, in token of the beginning of his warfare; another shall gird him with his white girdle without any ornament; another shall comb his head; another shall deliver him his coif, or bonnet; and, lastly, another shall put upon him the Mantle of this Order, being of the same silk and colour of the surcoat, lined and edged in like manner, which shall be tied, and made fast about the neck with a lace of white silk, having a pair of white gloves hanging at the end thereof; and on the left shoulder of the said mantle shall be the Ensign of this Order; that is, three Imperial Crowns Or, surrounded with the Motto of the Order upon a circle Gules, with a glory of rays issuing from the centre.’—*Nicolas*, Part vi., pp. 49-52.

It is needless to add that in no one case have these formalities been complied with. The sovereign or grand-master uniformly *dispenses* with the statutorial code. Only fancy a dignified, one-legged lieutenant-general stripped by three or four ‘grave’ and ‘experienced’ major-generals, then shaved ‘by the proper barber,’ and then clapt into a ‘suitable bathing vessel’ within our palace of Westminster, lulled to sleep with the ‘soft music’ of ‘minstrels,’ admonished by and by that it is a ‘convenient time to rise,’ combed by one veteran G.C.B., shirted by another, assisted by a third into his regulation breeches, which are to be ‘of white silk or sarsenet in signification of purity;’ then watching and praying all night in Henry VII.’s Chapel, attended only by the Rev.

Henry

Henry Hart Milman, Prebendary of St. Peter's, who shall from time to time, during the *vigil*, impress on his mind the necessity of succouring widows and virgins, keeping his body henceforth undefiled, and strictly adhering in all particulars to the holy example of the late Sir Robert Walpole, William, Duke of Cumberland, and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. With all possible deference and submission, we venture to think that this matter had better be revised.

The Red Ribbon, although Walpole styled his order 'military,' was bestowed by the succeeding ministers of the crown on any persons, whether soldiers, sailors, or civilians, whom they thought fit to gratify; and on the whole it must be allowed that the patronage was judiciously and honourably exercised. So it continued, until, in the course of the Peninsular war, the Prince Regent introduced sundry Extra-Knights; and then, after the close of the struggle, thought fit to re-model the whole institution, on the plan of certain continental orders of modern date. We cannot but hold to the opinion that His Royal Highness would have been better advised had he instituted a new Order, and left the Bath as it was, or at least only given it some moderate addition of numbers, without abolishing its original character by engrafting on it the outlandish distinctions of Grand Crosses, Knights Commanders, and Companions without the knightly title. But the actual arrangement is of such recent date that we may pass over Sir Harris's luculent details of the business.

Usually, but not uniformly, when a Knight of the Bath, under its original institution, was promoted to the blue ribbon, he resigned his red one. When the hero of Vittoria was invested with the Garter, he had a hint to comply with this etiquette, and penned his resignation accordingly; but he found that his militant comrades of the Bath regarded his removal from that order as a serious injury to it and to them; and upon their earnest entreaties he addressed, *on the same day*, the following letter to the prime minister:—

‘*Frenada*, 12th May, 1813.

‘My dear Lord,—Having received from Sir Thomas Graham the Insignia of the Order of the Garter, I inclose a letter for Lady Wellington, containing directions for returning to the Genealogist of the Bath the Collar and Badge of that order. Some of my brother officers, however, have expressed an anxious desire that I should continue a Knight of the Bath, into which I have admitted most of them, and all of them owe this honour to actions performed under my command. Under these circumstances, and adverting to the reasons which induced you to wish that I should resign the Order, I would wish you to consider whether it would not be better that I should keep it: first, there is a precedent of a British subject holding two British Orders, neither of them military, in the case of the Duke of Roxburgh; secondly, if you will

will refer to the Statute of the Order of May, 1812, you will see that upon my resignation you have not the power of appointing a Knight of the Bath. My Stall will be filled by the Senior Extra Knight, and under the Statute you may appoint as many Extra Knights as you please.

‘I feel great reluctance in suggesting that I should keep this Order, and I should not have done so if it had not been suggested to me by some of the Knights. God knows I have plenty of Orders: and I consider myself to have been most handsomely treated by the Prince Regent and his Government, and shall not consider myself the less so, if you should not think proper that I should retain the Order of the Bath. I beg you will return me the inclosed letter or not, as you may decide upon this point.

‘Believe me, &c.

‘The Earl of Liverpool.’
—*Nicolas*, Part vi., p. 122.

‘WELLINGTON.

Strange to say, this appeal was not attended to; the name of Wellington disappeared from the roll of the Red Knights; but when the Order was re-organized, his Grace’s banner was re-established in the Chapel of Henry VII., and he was placed in the catalogue of the Military Grand Crosses, with the precedence of his original creation.

We need not say a word about the Duke’s letter—it is like him, and like all the rest of the series. Sir Harris has occasion, however, to make another extract from Gurwood, with which we also must enrich our pages. His Grace, on being applied to by a general officer serving under him, who considered himself as having been unjustly passed over in the creations of 1813, replied as follows:—

‘*Lesaca*, 10th September, 1813.

‘My dear Sir,—I received last night your letters of the 22nd of July and 9th September, and I acknowledge that I wish you had followed the advice of —, and had omitted to send me either; and I will detain both till I shall have received your answer upon what I am now about to state to you.

‘I have never interfered directly to procure for any officer serving under my command those marks of His Majesty’s favour by which many have been honoured: nor do I believe that any have ever applied for them, or have hinted through any other quarter their desire to obtain them. They have been conferred, as far as I have any knowledge, spontaneously, in the only mode, in my opinion, in which favours can be acceptable, or honours and distinctions can be received with satisfaction. The only share which I have had in these transactions has been by bringing the merits and services of the several officers of the army distinctly under the view of the Sovereign and the public, in my reports to the Secretary of State; and I am happy to state that no general in this army has more frequently than yourself deserved and obtained this favourable report of your services and conduct. It is impossible for me even to guess what are the shades of distinction by which those are guided who advise the Prince Regent in the bestowing those honourable marks of distinction, and you will not expect that I should enter upon such a discussion.

discussion. *What I would recommend to you is, to express neither disappointment nor wishes upon the subject, even to an intimate friend, much less to the government. Continue as you have done hitherto to deserve the honourable distinction to which you aspire, and you may be certain that, if the government is wise, you will obtain it. If you should not obtain it, you may depend upon it that there is no person of whose good opinion you would be solicitous who will think the worse of you on that account.*

'The comparison between myself, who have been the most favoured of his Majesty's subjects, and you, will not be deemed quite correct; and I advert to my own situation only to tell you that I recommend to you conduct which I have always followed. Notwithstanding the numerous favours that I have received from the Crown, I have never solicited one; and I have never hinted, nor would any one of my friends or relations venture to hint for me, a desire to receive even one; and, much as I have been favoured, the consciousness that it has been spontaneously by the King and Regent gives me more satisfaction than anything else. I recommend to you the same conduct and patience—and, above all, resignation, if, after all, you should not succeed in acquiring what you wish; and I beg you to recall your letters, which, you may be certain, will be of no use to you. Believe me, &c.

'WELLINGTON.'

When the Order was remodified in 1815, it might naturally have been expected that the Duke of Wellington should be consulted as to the very extensive military additions. Such, however, was not the case. We do not wish to dwell on what may still be a sore subject in some quarters; but his Grace says, in a letter to Lord Bathurst (Paris, 12th January, *Gurwood*, vol. xii., p. 244), 'I wish I had seen the list of the officers who served under my command, on whom it was intended to confer this honour, before it was published; as I think I could have stated reasons why it should not be conferred on some, and why it should be conferred on others.' And in another letter to the Duke of York (*ibid.*, p. 519), he says, 'I confess that I do not concur in the limitation of the Order to field-officers. Many captains in the army deserve it; and I never could see the reason of excluding them.'

When Sir Harris closed his chapter, March 25, 1840, the Order of the Bath consisted of the Sovereign and *one hundred and five* Knights Grand Crosses—*one hundred and fifty-nine* Knights Commanders—and several hundreds of Companions. Of the Grand Crosses twenty-four were Civilians. No Civilians are admissible into the other classes. Sir Harris, mentioning the then recent creation of Prince Albert, observes that His Royal Highness's 'position in the Order will require to be fixed by a special statute;' but surely this is incorrect, as Her Majesty had, in the proper exercise of her authority, by a general order in the Gazette, assigned to her royal consort the first place after herself everywhere out of parliament—the Prince not being a member of parliament—

parliament—and, at any rate, the precedence of peers within the House of Lords being, as is supposed, strictly limited by the statute of Henry VIII.

Sir Harris proceeds to the Order of St. Michael and St. George, instituted on the formal recognition of British supremacy by the Ionian Islands, and confined hitherto, in its different classes, to natives of those islands and of Malta, with certain high officers of the British crown employed in the administration of those states, or in the military and naval service of the Mediterranean. Our author, being Chancellor of this new order, details its history with natural circumstantiality—but we have not room for his details. He concludes with expressing his opinion that this Order also is like to receive some great enlargement at no distant date; and if it should be extended so as to embrace meritorious functionaries, civil and military, throughout our colonies, and more especially natives of those colonies distinguished by their attachment to the crown of England, we should think the measure a wise one. We have never concealed our conviction that the government of this vast empire has all along been improvident in not *inoculating* her dependencies, to the utmost practicable extent, with the spirit and *form* of her own monarchical institutions. We should be delighted to see the true patriots of Canada, for example, who saved us that mighty arm of our strength by their devotion, distinguished liberally from the fountain of honour; and in constructing the infant society of Australia we cannot doubt that it would be especially salutary to carry out this conservative principle. But Sir Harris Nicolas has wider views. He would have this Ionian Knighthood so extended as to become in fact '*the Order of Civil Merit*,' for the mother country herself. And here we differ from the Ionian chancellor. If we are to have an Order of Civil Merit for Great Britain, it ought surely to be one originating here, and not one adopted by us from by no means the most important of our dependencies.

The '*Order of the Guelphs of Hanover*' has ceased to be in any sense a British one—though the majority of its members are still British subjects—in consequence of the separation of the crowns; and the '*Bank of favours*' which it placed at the command of the Sovereign being thus closed, Sir Harris is one of many who anticipate either the adoption or creation of some new Order in its room. We confess that we incline to doubt very much whether the taste for decorations and titles has not already gone too far among us—and, at all events, whether there is need of anything more than the exercise of judgment and *spirit* in the distribution of honours to which our ancestors were accustomed. If any of these have sunk in general esteem—which we are sorry to admit

is the fact—the wisdom and upright dealing of but a few short years might go very far to undo the mischief.

We fear many of our readers may think this paper already too long—but we do not often trespass on heraldries, and hope to be excused by those who feel little interest in such matters, if we take this opportunity of presenting others who enter, as we ourselves are not ashamed of doing, into the spirit of Mr. Beltz's and Sir H. Nicolas's labours, with some information which we rather wonder neither of these gentlemen appended to his account of the Garter—we mean a succinct view of the state of the representation of the ancient royal families of the empire. It is impossible to peruse attentively these records of the achievements and alliances of the illustrious dead, without desiring every now and then to ascertain whether or where any descendant of the particular personage under review can still be pointed out. The *Chandos Peerage Case*, so thoroughly disposed of by Mr. Beltz in the earlier volume named at the head of this article, derives its chief importance from, and indeed probably originated in, the ambition to engraft an undistinguished lineage on the splendid stock of Plantagenet; and the most interesting genealogical controversy of the last age sprung from a claim to represent the house of Stuart in the male line. The true descents are not brought together in any one work in the English library; and at all events the general ignorance on the subject is quite undeniable.

Without further preface, then, we proceed to our *précis*.

The *heirs general* of the three Royal Families of Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart, are, at this day, those of the Princess Henrietta Maria, daughter of King Charles I., and Duchess of Orleans—viz.: *Francis-Ferdinand, Hereditary Prince of Modena*, conjointly with his Maternal aunts, the *Duchess of Lucca* and the *Empress of Austria*; and, but for the Act of Settlement introduced as a safeguard against Popery, that Prince, as eldest heir of the body of *King Charles the First*, would now have filled the throne of these realms.

Failing the particular line of the royal house of Sardinia which the Prince of Modena represents, the succession would have devolved to the then eldest heir of the body of *King James I.*; that is, to *Louis Philippe, King of the French*, as representing Charles, Elector Palatine, the eldest son of the Princess Elizabeth of England, Queen of Bohemia: and, presuming the male Conti branch of the Bourbons to be, as it is believed to be, extinct, Louis Philippe, as heir of the body of the Paternal aunt of the last prince of Conti (who died in 1814), would also be the eldest co-heir

co-heir general of Edward Count Palatine, the next and only son, who left issue, of the Queen of Bohemia. The other co-heirs of the said Edward are Francis IV., the reigning Duke of Modena; the Princess Mary Augusta, daughter of the late King of Saxony; and William-Florentine, the reigning Prince of Salm-Salm.

The descendants of the Queen of Bohemia's daughter, the Electress Sophia of Hanover, are *ferè innumerabiles*; and there is happily a moral impossibility of the failure of a Protestant heir to the crown in virtue of the Act of Settlement. Next to the issue of King George the Third the succession would pass to—

1. The Dukes of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel—descended from the Princess Augusta, eldest sister of George III.
2. The other descendants of the Princess Augusta—being the reigning King of Würtemberg and his issue—his brother Prince Paul and his issue, including the children* of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia—and the issue of the late Duke of Nassau, by Pauline of Würtemberg.
3. The daughters of the late Frederick VI., King of Denmark (son of the Princess Caroline Matilda, second and youngest sister of George III.), viz., Caroline, married to Prince Ferdinand, brother of the reigning King, and Wilhelmina, married to the Prince Royal of Denmark. After them Louisa, sister of the said late King of Denmark, and Duchess-dowager of Schleswig-Holstein.
4. The abdicated King of the Netherlands and the family of Orange, descended from Princess Anne, the eldest daughter of George II. In this line are included the issue of Prince Albert, brother of the reigning King of Prussia; the Prince of Nassau-Weilburg; the children—(that is to say, but for their being Romanists)—of the Archduke Charles of Austria; the Prince of Reuss-Greiz; the Prince of Waldeck, &c.
5. The Electoral House of Hesse, as descended from the Princess Mary, second daughter of George II.
6. The present King Christian VIII. of Denmark and his branch, as descended from the Princess Louisa, third daughter of George II.
7. The Royal House of Prussia, descended from Sophia-Dorothy, only daughter of George I., and consort of Frederick William I., king of Prussia, and from Sophia Charlotte, only daughter of the Electress Sophia, and consort of Frederick I., king of Prussia.

All these derive from the Lady Margaret Tudor, eldest daughter of King Henry VII. and Queen to James IV. of Scot-

* These, although their mother was a Protestant, are members of the Greek Church. land.

land. The other descendants of Henry VII. derive from the marriage of his younger daughter, Mary (Queen-dowager of France), with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the last subject who was permitted to ally himself in marriage with a princess of the royal house of England. The coheirs-general of Mary Tudor are Richard-Plantagenet, Duke of Buckingham and Chandos; the heir of the body (if any) of Elizabeth, who was, in 1710, the wife of Philip Doughty, Esq.; George, Earl of Jersey, and George-Granville, Duke of Sutherland; and George-Augustus, Marquess of Hastings.

The only male Plantagenet, of the line of York, next to Edward IV., from whom there are descendants, was that king's brother, George, Duke of Clarence. They are very numerous; but the representation appears to be vested in the following coheirs-general:—

1. The Marquess of Hastings, as sole heir of the body of Catherine Pole, the eldest daughter of Henry Pole, Lord Montacute; and
2. William Lowndes of Chesham, Esq., and William Selby Lowndes of Whaddon Hall, in Buckinghamshire, Esq., as coheirs of the body of Winifrid Pole, the sister of the said Catherine.

Ascending to the collaterals nearest to the royal line, and from whom issue remains, there are to be mentioned the following, in the order of their proximity to the crown:—

Anne of York, the only sister who left issue of Edward IV., is represented by the Lords Monson and De Ros.

Ursula Pole, the only sister of Henry, Lord Montacute, is represented by George, Lord Stafford.

Isabel of York, the only sister of Richard, Duke of York, and aunt of Edward IV., is represented by the Duke of Buckingham, and George Marquess Townshend.

Elizabeth Mortimer, great-great-aunt of Edward IV., is represented by the several coheirs-general of Thomas Percy, seventh Earl of Northumberland:—viz., the heir (if any) of the body of William Paver, who was living in 1775—as representing Elizabeth, the wife of Richard Woodroffe, eldest daughter and coheir of the Earl; and Sir Stephen Richard Glynn, Bart., Henry, Viscount Gage, and the heir (if any) of the body of Thomas Brome Whorwood—as representing Lucy, wife of Sir Edward Stanley, the other daughter and coheir, leaving issue, of the same Earl.

The representatives of *John of Gant*, Duke of Lancaster, fourth son of King Edward III., and father of King Henry IV., are—

1.* The

- 1.* The Royal House of Portugal, and the coheirs-general of Charles Nevil, seventh earl of Westmoreland—derived from Blanch of Lancaster, his first wife; conjointly with
- 2.* The Duchess d'Angoulême—from Constance of Castile, his second wife;—and
3. The heirs-general of the body of King Henry VII.—from the legitimated issue of Katherine Swynford, John of Gant's third wife.

The representation of John of Gant's next brother, Edmond of Langley, Duke of York, in the male line, was vested in Edward IV., and has been already mentioned. The heirs-general of his only daughter, Constance of York, are at present the Baroness Le Despenser and the coheirs-general of Henry Pole, Lord Montacute, before stated.

Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of King Edward III., is now represented by the Lord Stafford, as sole heir of the body of Anne, the only daughter (who left issue) of the duke, by her second husband, Edmond, Earl of Stafford. She married, thirdly, William Bourchier, Count of Eu, whose representatives by that marriage are the Duke of Buckingham and the Marquess Townshend.

Isabel, Countess of Bedford, the eldest and only daughter that left issue of Edward III., is represented by the Duchess d'Angoulême.

The other males of the Plantagenet line were:—

Thomas of Brotherton (half brother of Edward II.), whose coheirs-general are the Lords Petre and Stourton, and the Earl of Berkeley;—

Edmond of Woodstock (also half brother of Edward II.), whose coheirs are those of Henry VII., conjointly with those of George, Duke of Clarence, and of Charles Nevil, the seventh Earl of Westmoreland;—

Edmond 'Crouchback,' Earl of Lancaster, brother of Edward I., who is represented by the Royal House of Portugal.

The female members of the House of Plantagenet not already enumerated, and from whom there is issue subsisting, are, in the order of their proximity to the Crown, as follows:—

The sisters of Edward II., viz.,

1. Eleanor, Countess of Bar, whose heir-general is the Duchess d'Angoulême;—
2. Joan (of Acres), Countess of Gloucester, represented by several coheirs-general, viz., the Baroness Le Despenser: the Marquess of Hastings, and William and William Selby

* According to the system of representation these should be excluded; and Henry VII. would have been the sole heir of the body of John of Gant, through his legitimated son, John de Beaufort.

Lowndes, Esqs.: the Lord Stafford: and the heirs-general of Henry VII.;—

3. Margaret, Duchess of Brabant, represented also by the Duchess d'Angoulême;—
4. Elizabeth, Countess of Hereford, represented by the Lord Stafford.

The sister of Edward I., viz.,

Beatrice, Duchess of Brittany, represented also by the Duchess d'Angoulême.

The sister of Henry III., viz.,

Isabel, consort of Frederick II., emperor of Germany, from whom the Royal House of Saxony.

The sisters of King John, viz.,

1. Maud, Duchess of Bavaria, from whom the Electors Palatine and the Dukes of Brunswick-Lunenbourg.
2. Eleanor, Queen of Castile, from whom, by her four daughters, the Kings of Castile and Leon, the Kings of France, the Kings of Portugal, and the Kings of Arragon.

We proceed to the second branch of our *précis*.—

The descent of the Royal Family of STUART from the Thane of Lochaber, invented or adopted by Boece, repeated by other early Scottish historians, and upon which Shakspeare founded his happy compliment to James I., has long since been exploded. The acute Lord Hailes failed in his endeavours to discover the true filiation of the distinguished person who, by the designation of 'Walter the son of Alan,' obtained from David I. a grant of the hereditary Stewardship of Scotland, which was confirmed to him by Malcolm IV. in 1157. Chalmers, however, has, in his 'Caledonia,' raised a strong presumption that 'Alan the son of Flaald,' a Norman, to whom the Conqueror gave the Castle of Oswestry and other possessions in Shropshire, and who is the recognised ancestor of the Fitz-Alans, Earls of Arundel, was also the ancestor, if not the father, of Walter the first High Stewart.

On the death, without male offspring, of King James V., the male representation of the High Stewarts vested in the Earls of Lennox, heads of the great Darnley branch; and on the death of the Regent Lennox in 1571, his grandson, King James VI., became heir male of the House of Stewart. His own male line expired with the Cardinal of York, and the male blood of the younger line of the Darnley family, raised by James to the Dukedom of Lennox in 1583, had already died out in 1672.

We have already seen with whom the representation of the House of Stewart now lies as *coheirs-general*; but if there be any heir male of the High Stewarts in existence, the fact remains to be proved.

In recent times there have been two competitors for this high honour—

honour—the Earl of Galloway, and the late Andrew Stuart of Castlemilk and Torrance, who appears to have been the last male of his branch. The arguments, which were stated in a treatise entitled ‘A View of the Evidence for proving that the Earl of Galloway is the lineal Heir Male and lawful Representative of Sir William Stewart of Jedworth,’ leave no doubt concerning the particular fact asserted in the title: but the main object of the treatise was to identify Sir William Stewart of Jedworth, sheriff of Teviotdale, with Sir William Stewart, or Stuart,* the next brother of Sir John Stuart of Darnley, and thus to establish a proposition that, upon the extinction of the direct male line of the *royal* house at the death of the Cardinal of York, Lord Galloway became the lineal heir male general and representative of Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl, and consequently of the High Stewarts of Scotland. The treatise fails to prove this important assumption; and no evidence has hitherto been produced to show the precise filiation of Sir William Stewart of Jedworth, although that person was most probably related in blood to the royal family.

Mr. Andrew Stuart, in his admirable ‘Genealogical History of the Stewarts,’ has clearly demonstrated that the mother of Sir William Stewart of Jedworth, the undoubted Propositus of the Earls of Galloway, was a daughter of John Turnbull of Minto; whilst it is equally certain that Sir John Stuart of Darnley and Sir William his brother (who both fell at the siege of Orleans in February, 1428-9) were the sons of Sir Alexander Stewart of Darnley, by Janet Keith, heiress of Galstoun; consequently that Sir William Stewart, the brother of Sir John, was not Sir William Stewart of Jedworth, the sheriff of Teviotdale.

The latter was, beyond all doubt, the same Sir William Stewart described in Fordun (vol. ii. p. 434) as ‘Dominus Willielmus Stewart de Foresta’ [Jedworth Forest], and, in Winton’s Chronicle, as ‘Schire William Stewart of Tevidale,’ who was taken prisoner by Hotspur at the battle of Homildon in 1402, and afterwards executed for treason upon the plea that, having been an inhabitant of Teviotdale whilst that district formed part of the English dominions, he, a subject of Henry IV., had made war contrary to his allegiance.

We shall now enumerate *heirs general*, descended from males of the royal house, in the order of their propinquity to the reigning sovereign for the time being.

From Murdac, Duke of Albany, eldest son of Robert Stewart, Duke of Albany, the second son of King Robert II., there is not

* Sir John Stewart of Demeley or Darnley, and his brother Sir William, appear to have first adopted the spelling of the name “Stuart” from the French mode of writing it.

any strictly lawful issue remaining: but Sir James Stewart, the fourth son of Murdac, is represented, through his legitimated son Walter Stewart, of Morphie, by Robert, Earl of Castle-Stewart in Ireland; and Francis, Earl of Moray, draws his male lineage from the same person.

John Stewart, Earl of Buchan (the celebrated Constable of France), second son of Robert duke of Albany, is represented by the heir of the body (if any) of Elizabeth Seton (the only child of Alexander Seton, Viscount Kingston), who married William Hay of Drummelzier.

David Stewart Earl of Strathern, the fourth son of King Robert II., is represented by Robert Barclay Allardice of Urie and Allardice, claimant of the earldom of Airth or Monteith.

From Alexander Stewart, Earl of Angus, the eldest son of Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl (great-uncle of King Robert II.), that honour descended to Margaret Countess of Angus, and by marriage Countess of Mar. This lady, however, left no legitimate progeny, and the Angus branch of the House of Stewart is now represented by Alexander Hamilton of Ballincrief, whose ancestor, Sir Alexander Hamilton of Innerwick, married her younger sister Elizabeth.*

From Sir Alan Stewart of Dreghorn, the second son of Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl, Henry Lord Darnley, the father of King James VI., was lineally descended: the Prince of Modena and his aunts are therefore coheirs-general and representatives of Sir Alan.

John Bligh, now Earl of Darnley (in Ireland), represents, as heir-general, Charles Stuart, sixth Duke of Lennox (*obit* 1672), who was the last heir male of the body of Esme, first Duke of Lennox, cousin-german of Henry Lord Darnley, father of James VI.

It is unknown whether William Stuart, Seigneur d'Oyzon in France, the third son of John, the first Earl of Lennox, left any issue.

John Stuart of Henriestoun, the next brother of the Seigneur d'Oyzon, left an only daughter, Margaret, who married John Fraser of Kuvich in Ayrshire, from whom there may be descendants.

* The Earldom of Angus went to George Douglas, the son of Countess Margaret, by William first Earl of Douglas; but the evidence that she could never have been the wife of that Earl is now complete. We refer the reader to 'Remarks on Scotch Peerage Law,' by John Riddell, Esq., Advocate, (Edin. 1833, pp. 154—162) for the settlement of this long-agitated question. The looseness with which honours as well as estates were resigned and transferred under the ancient system of Scotland, is illustrated in that remarkable volume not less clearly—it could not be more so—than the audacious immorality of the nobles. George Earl of Angus must, if he had been a legitimate son of William Earl of Douglas, have succeeded to the paternal Earldom (always a male fief), on the death of his elder brother James Earl of Douglas, who fell at Otterbourne, and left no lawful issue; but neither George nor any of his descendants ever bore or claimed the title of Earl of Douglas. There is, besides, a mass of subsidiary evidence, both historical and documentary, as to the true state of the case.

Of Alexander Stuart, the next younger brother of the last-mentioned John Stuart, and who was also in the French service, nothing is known.

Alan Stuart of Cardonald, the next and youngest brother of the last-mentioned Alexander, is represented, as heir-general, by Walter, the present Lord Blantyre; who traces his male descent to the same ancestor with Lord Galloway.

The next in the succession was Sir William Stewart, or Stuart, of Castlemilk, second son of Sir Alexander Stewart of Darnley. He is represented by the daughters of the late Andrew Stuart of Torrance, — Christian-Anne, Elizabeth, and Charlotte, the wife of Robert Harington, Esq.—as coheirs-general; but the male representative of the line of Castlemilk (if there be any now existing) has not been discovered.

Of the posterity (if any) of Alexander Stewart of Galstoun and Robert Stewart of Wiston, the younger brothers of Sir John Stuart of Darnley and Sir William of Castlemilk, nothing is known.

The next in the line of succession are the descendants of Sir Walter Stewart of Dalswinton, the third son of Sir John of Bonkyl. His great-granddaughter, Marion Stewart, heiress of Dalswinton, married Sir John Stewart, son and heir of Sir William Stewart of Jedworth, of whom the Earl of Galloway is the lineal heir male and representative.

There were two other younger sons of Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl, viz., James Stewart of Pierston and John Stewart. From James there may possibly be descendants.

The descendants from daughters of the royal house are almost innumerable. The following are their principal representatives in the order of their propinquity to the crown :—

<p>The Duke of Hamilton, Brandon, and Chatelherault, The Marquess of Abercorn, The Earl of Derby,</p>	<p>{ heir male general, heir male, and heir general, respectively, of the Lady Mary, eldest sister of King James III.—wife of James the second Lord Hamilton.*</p>
<p>The Duke de Rohan and The Princess de Rohan-Guémené,</p>	<p>{ representing the Lady Isabel, Duchess of Brittany, the eldest sister that left issue of King James II. of Scotland.</p>
<p>The Marquess of Huntly, The Duke of Richmond, and the other co-heirs of the last Duke of Gordon,</p>	<p>{ representing as heir male, and as co-heirs general, respectively, the Lady Annabella, the next sister of King James II., wife to George the second Earl of Huntly.</p>

* It was in virtue of this descent that James Earl of Arran and Duke of Chatelherault was declared by the Parliament of 1542 to be Regent, and next heir to the Crown failing Queen Mary.

- The Duke of Hamilton,
The Marquess of Abercorn,
The Earl of Derby, { representing the Lady Jean, sixth and youngest sister of King James II., wife of James first Earl of Morton — through her great-granddaughter, Margaret Duchess of Chatelherault — as heir male general, heir male, and heir general respectively.
- The Duke of Richmond and the other Gordon co-heirs—jointly with
The Earl of Seafield, { representing, as co-heirs general, the Lady Margaret, eldest sister of King James I. of Scotland—wife of Archibald fourth Earl of Douglas, and Duke of Touraine in France.
- The hereditary Prince of Modena, and the Duchess of Lucca and Empress of Austria, jointly with
The Duke of Hamilton, *Marquess of Douglas*, { representing the Lady Mary, second sister of King James I.—and wife of George Douglas fourth Earl of Angus—the former as co-heirs general, the latter as heir male.
- The co-heirs of the Lady Jean before mentioned, jointly with the heir of the body of John sixth Lord Maxwell, { representing the Lady Elizabeth, third and youngest sister of King James I. of Scotland, and wife of Sir James Douglas of Dalkeith.
- The heirs (if any) of Janet Crichton, who in 1665 married Sir James M'Gill of Rankeillor, { representing the Lady Marjory, eldest sister of King Robert III., wife of John Dunbar Earl of Moray.
- The Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorn, { representing the Lady Jean, second sister of King Robert III., and wife to Sir John Lyon of Glamis.
- The Duke of Roxburghe, { representing the Lady Elizabeth, third sister of King Robert III., married to Sir Thomas Hay, Constable of Scotland.
- The Lord Macdonald, { representing the Lady Margaret, fourth sister of King Robert III., wife to John, Lord of the Isles.
- William Fullarton of Glenquich, { representing the Lady Catherine, fifth sister of King Robert III., wife to David Lyndesay first Earl of Crawford.

The

<p>The heirs of the body of John Thomson of Charleton, The Earl of Rosslyn, The Duke of Sutherland, and The heirs (if any) of the body of David Stuart, third son of James, seventh Earl of Moray,</p>	}	<p>representing the Lady Egidia, sixth and youngest sister of King Robert III., wife to William Douglas of Galloway and Nithsdale, natural son of Archibald third Earl of Douglas.</p>
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Of the descendants from daughters in the Darnley line, the following are the principle, viz. :

<p>The Duke of Richmond and the other Gordon co-heirs, and The Marquess of Huntly,</p>	}	<p>representing as co-heirs general and as heir male respectively, the Lady Henrietta Stuart, daughter of Esme first Duke of Lennox, and second cousin of King James VI.—wife to George first Marquess of Huntly.</p>
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<p>The heirs of the bodies of the four sisters and co-heirs of William Erskine, eighth Earl of Buchan,</p>	}	<p>representing as co-heirs general the Lady Mary, second and youngest daughter of Esme first Duke of Lennox—and wife to John Earl of Mar.</p>
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<p>The Duke of Norfolk—and The Lords Petre and Stourton,</p>	}	<p>representing as heir male and as co-heirs general, respectively, the Lady Elizabeth (eldest daughter of Esme third Duke of Lennox), second cousin, once removed, to King James VI.—wife of Henry Frederick Howard Earl of Arundel.</p>
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<p>The Lord Douglas of Douglas—and The Duke of Hamilton, <i>Marquess of Douglas,</i></p>	}	<p>representing as heir general and heir male respectively, the Lady Anne, second daughter of Esme third Duke of Lennox—wife to Archibald Earl of Angus, son and heir of William first Marquess of Douglas.</p>
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<p>The Duke of Sutherland, twentieth <i>Earl of Sutherland,</i></p>	}	<p>representing the Lady Helen, only daughter of John third Earl of Lennox, and great aunt of King James VI.—wife to John eleventh Earl of Sutherland.</p>
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<p>The Marquess of Hastings, <i>Earl of Loudon,</i></p>	}	<p>representing the Lady Elizabeth Stuart, sister of John third Earl of Lennox, great-great-aunt of King James VI.—wife to Sir Hugh Campbell of Loudon.</p>
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The Duke of Buccleuch,	{ representing the Lady Elizabeth Stuart, eldest daughter of John first Earl of Lennox—wife to Archibald second Earl of Argyle.
The Marquess of Bute, <i>Earl of Dumfries</i> ,	{ representing the Lady Marion, second daughter of John first Earl of Lennox—wife to Robert first Lord Crichton of Sanquhar.
The Lord Elphinstone,	{ representing the Lady Janet, third daughter of John first Earl of Lennox, wife to Ninian second Lord Ross of Halkhead.
The heirs of the body of Humphry Colquhoun, of Colquhoun and Luss,	{ representing the Lady Margaret Stuart, fourth and youngest daughter of John first Earl of Lennox—wife to Sir John Colquhoun.
The Lord Somerville,	{ representing Janet Stewart, daughter of Sir Alexander Stewart of Darnley and wife of Thomas de Somerville.
The Earl of Castlestewart,	{ representing (through the legitimation already mentioned) Margaret Stewart—wife of Robert Duke of Albany—who inherited the Earldom of Monteith from Walter Stewart, the uncle of Sir John, of Bonkyl.

ART. VI.—*Letters from the Baltic*. 2 vols. post 8vo. London. 1841.

SO few books open anything like a distinct view of the state of society in any department of the Russian empire, that this publication would have been acceptable, even had its mere literary merit been inconsiderable. It affords a clearer notion of the interior life of Esthonia—of the country, the provincial capital, the nobility, the peasantry, the agricultural economy—but, above all, of the real domestic economy and habits of the local gentry—than we have been able to gather from all the travels in our library respecting any other section of that immense territory, and that infinitely diversified population. But this might have been accomplished

accomplished by a comparatively unskilful pen, so it were but an honest one. Here we have the results of close feminine observation in a new sphere set down with such an easy unaffected grace of language, as might have given great attraction to a delineation of the most hackneyed scenery, and the most familiar manners.

It seems that an elder sister of the authoress became some years ago the wife of an Esthonian gentleman, who lives usually on his estates. These letters describe a visit to the expatriated baroness, which extended over ten or twelve months, and afforded ample opportunity for studying the district and its inhabitants. Being, however, substantially, the real letters addressed to the family here at home, they give us, in equal fulness, the first impressions and the ultimate conclusions of the writer. We shall select specimens of both, without being particularly careful about adhering to the order of her pages.

The steamboat in which she left the Thames was caught in one of the most violent of equinoctial gales, and very narrowly escaped foundering in the Northern Sea. The whole of this terrific night is painted in the opening pages with such simple unlaboured strength, and in the midst of the horrors so many indications of the writer's own character are unconsciously given, that the reader's admiration and respect are at once excited and enchained at the outset. We have seldom read anything more striking than the description of the English passengers—both during the danger—and after the manly old officer in command had announced that he believed it over. It is a picture that calls up the true glow of patriotic pride. The shattered vessel found refuge in a Norwegian harbour, and while *almost* all on board were yet apparently in the full though quiet fervour of religious thankfulness, a French steamer, which had shared the same peril, hove in sight, and presently anchored by their side:—

‘A party of us went on board her, and, had the touch of a wand transported us to the Palais Royal, the change could not have been more complete. It was Paris itself, and Paris as if no storm had ever been, or rather as if its reminiscence were worthiest drowned in a Bacchanal. Above seventy passengers were on board, all laughing, flirting, and drinking champagne, with levity in their flushed cheeks, and more than negligence in many a careless costume. As soon as seen we were toasted with loud cries of “Vive l’Angleterre!” by a score of voices and glasses—an honour which our quiet John Bullism received most ungraciously. But there were beautiful creatures among this reckless crew, with falling tresses, and loose costumes like pictures by Sir Peter Lely, and looks as light as if they had studied under the same royal patron,—and French Viscomtes with Shakspeare-cut chins,—and Italian Opera-singers with bold flashing gaze,—and amongst the rest
was

was a quiet, fair countrywoman, like a drop of pure crystal amidst a row of false pearls. We longed to carry her off and give *one* of our party in exchange.'—vol. i. pp. 16, 17.

After refitting amidst the kind Norwegians, and a hasty glimpse of the neighbouring country, the steamer made its way to Copenhagen, which is briefly described, and thence up the Baltic to Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. We introduced in a recent article on Russia* a small specimen of our authoress's chapters on this capital—the best ever yet published on the subject. For another, take this sketch at the Custom-House, which the English party reached before the business of the French steamer already mentioned had been quite finished, although its company, by open and audacious application of the golden key, had stolen a march on our countryfolks, and avoided sundry preliminary obstacles in the ascent of the Neva:—

'Here an immense *salle*, strewed with hundreds of opened and unopened boxes, and dotted with loitering groups of *la Jeune France*, received us. With these latter we exchanged some looks of malice, as they lounged about, some yawning in weary impatience, others wringing their hands in impotent anger, while a black-looking being, with face like a bull-dog and paws like a bear, fumbled and crumpled a delicate *garde-robe* without mercy—stirring up large and small, tender and tough, things precious and things vile, ruthlessly together, to the unutterable indignation and anguish of the proprietor. To witness the devastation of an English writing-desk was a curious sight to an uninterested spectator. First, the lock excited great anger, and was a convincing proof that little was to be done with Bramah by brute force; and, this passed, there ensued as striking an illustration of the old adage of a bull in a china-shop as could possibly be devised. Every touch was mischief. They soiled the writing-paper and spilt the ink; mixed up wax, wafers, and water-colours. Then, in their search for Russian bank-notes, the introduction of which is strictly interdicted, they shook out the blotting-book, whence a shower of letters of introduction, cards of address, and a variety of miscellaneous documents, floated to distant corners of the *salle*,—ransacked the private drawer, of which they were perfectly *au fait*,—displaced all the steel paraphernalia, and then crammed them into their wrong places, cutting their fingers at the same time—the only action which afforded the spectator any unmixed pleasure; and now, smarting with the pain, flung down the lid, and left the grumbling owner to gather his scriptural fragments together as he best could. Beyond the writing-desk they did not choose to proceed. It was past the regulation time, and, instead of allowing the weary traveller, as is usual in such cases, to take his carpet-bag of necessaries, the smallest article was denied with a stolid pertinacity which intimated no great sympathy on their parts for the comforts of clean linen.

'All this is, and must be, most disgusting to a traveller's feelings.

* Quarterly Review, No. cxxxiv., p. 346.

This is not the intention of any custom-house in the world, or, if so of Russia, more's the pity. At best all custom-house regulations, in the case of the mere traveller, can but be considered as a necessary evil, which further falls on him just at the time when he is least fitted to bear unnecessary fatigue, detention, or vexation. The courtesy and hospitality of nations therefore demands that the needful forms be conducted with the utmost kindness and politeness, while good sense dictates their being submitted to in the same spirit. Few travellers remain long enough in Russia to wear off the disagreeable impressions of their inauguration scene, whereas I have seen foreigners, and Russians among the number, whose civil reception and gentlemanly treatment at the English custom-house and alien-office inspired them with instant respect for the land they trod. And, after all, in which of these two countries are these regulations the least evaded? decidedly not in Russia. Those who are received with suspicion will not be the most inclined to respect the laws.—vol. i. pp. 38-40.

Our authoress is so fortunate as to be received into the private residence of a Russian officer holding a high place in the military administration. Under such auspices she sees *the lions* to all possible advantage, and moreover sees interior manners and machinery to which few travellers ever have access. We content ourselves, however, with one picture more—that of a wedding:—

‘Passing the interminable Corps des Cadets—the longest façade in the known world—our attention was caught by the most delicious strains of vocal music, and observing the chapel part lighted up, and carriages waiting, Baron S. pronounced a Russian wedding to be going forward. In a moment the check-string was pulled, the horses’ heads turned, and we alighted at the doorway. The chapel itself was on the second story, divided off with glass doors, which we were proceeding to open much to our satisfaction, when, with all the dignity of high integrity, the officials rushed to repulse us—not, however, till we had caught a tantalizing glimpse of a fair girl with a rueful countenance, standing before an altar, with candle in hand, as if about to light her own funeral pile, and a gentleman of no very promising exterior at her side. This was enough to have fired the ardour of a saint, but in our hurry, bethinking ourselves only of a terrestrial remedy, we applied that infallible key, fitted to all hearts as well as doors in Russia—looks of integrity vanished, smiles of bland acquiescence ensued, and, in a moment, “all the doors flew open.” We entered, and mixed among the bridal party, and, gradually advancing, found ourselves within a few paces of the bride, and I trust diverted her thoughts pleasantly, for the ceremony was long, and the bridegroom old enough to have been her grandfather. The ill-sorted pair stood together in the centre of the small chapel before an altar, each holding a taper as emblem of the light of their good works, and, between them and the altar, a stout burly priest with handsome jovial countenance and fine flowing beard and hair; on either hand a subordinate. After reading prayers at some length, he gave the bridegroom a golden ring—the shining metal typifying that henceforward he should shine like the

sun

sun in his spouse's eye; and to her one of silver, emblem of the moon, as reminding her to borrow light solely from the favour of her husband's countenance—an admonition which in this instance seemed doubly necessary. These were exchanged amidst a profusion of bowings and crossings, the choristers, about twenty in number, dressed in the court uniform, taking up the "*Ghospodi Pomilui*," or "*Lord have mercy on us*," in strains which seemed hardly of this earth. The priest then addressed the pale girl, whom we ascertained to be an orphan, marrying for a home, in an extempore exhortation upon the duties awaiting her, with a manner so gentle and persuasive, his full Russian flowing so harmoniously from his lips, that, though not comprehending a word, my attention was riveted and my heart touched. The bridegroom, who stood without any discernible expression whatsoever on his countenance, received the same admonition in his turn; the priest, or *pope*, as they are termed in the Russian church, alternately putting on and off his high mitred cap, which with his costly robes gave him the air of a Jewish high-priest. This concluded, the sacrament, here taken with the elements mixed, was administered, which, besides the sacred meaning received in all Christian churches, on this occasion further typifies the cup of human joy and sorrow henceforth to be shared by a married couple. Of this each partook alternately three times, and then kissed the book on the altar. The attendants now brought forward two gilt crowns, which were received with reverence and many crossings by the priest, and two gentlemen in plain clothes, advancing from the family party in which we had usurped a place, took the crowns, and the priest, blessing the couple with their respective names of Anna Ivanovna and Peter Nicolaiwitch, placed the one on the man's head, and held the other over that of the girl, whose head-dress did not admit of a nearer approach. This latter, with her veil flowing from the back of her head, her long white garments, and pensive looks, seemed a fair statue beneath a golden canopy; while the poor man, encumbered with a candle in one hand, the perpetual necessity of crossing himself with the other, and his stupendous head-gear, looked quite a ridiculous object, and, vainly attempting to bow with his body and keep his head erect, was near losing his crown several times. In this, however, lies the pith of the ceremony—so much so that the Russian word to *marry* is literally to *crown*. This pageantry continued some time, while copious portions of the Scriptures were read, holy water strewed round, and clouds of incense flung about the pair—their saints called upon to protect them—and lastly a solemn invocation addressed to the Almighty to bless these his children like Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Joseph and Mary, &c., to keep them like Noah in the Ark, Jonas in the fish's belly, and the Hebrew captives in the fiery furnace; and, that tradition might not be omitted, to give them joy such as the Empress Helen felt on discovering the true cross. Then, taking a hand of each in his, the priest drew them, himself walking backwards, and the crown-bearers following in slow procession, three times round the altar. Now the crowns were taken off, kissed three times by bride and bridegroom, the choristers ceased, the altar disappeared, and priests and attendants, re-

treating

treating backwards to the chancel end, vanished behind the screen, and all was silent in a moment.

'Here you will conclude the ceremony terminated: so at least thought we, and so perhaps did the happy couple, who seemed well nigh exhausted; but now the *ci-devant* crown-bearers seized upon the bride, hurried her to the screen which divides off the Holy of Holies in a Russian church, where she prostrated herself three times in rapid succession before the pictures of two saints, touching the floor at each plunge audibly with her fair forehead; the exertion being so great that, but for the support of her attendants, she must have sunk. The gentleman was left to prostrate himself unassisted, which done each kissed the picture the requisite three times. And now the bridal party advanced to congratulate—the bride's tears flowed fast—a general kissing commenced—and we sounded a rapid retreat, for in the crowd and confusion it seemed very immaterial on whom this superabundance of caresses might fall.

'It is only just to say that the whole ceremony was highly impressive, so much so as quite to overbalance the admixture of orientalisms and traditions which pervaded it. I should also add that marriage in Russia is entirely indissoluble—that no kind of relationship within the fifth degree is permitted—two sisters may not even marry two brothers—that more than three times no one can be united in wedlock, nor even that without previous fast and penance to qualify the sin;—and that a priest can never marry a second time, so that a priest's wife is as much cherished as any other good thing that cannot be replaced.

'We returned home, but my thoughts involuntarily followed that pale girl whose early marriage it had been our fate to witness. I longed to whisper to her words of hope that the rough-looking staff she had chosen to lean upon through life might prove a kind and a true one. But good looks are truly nothing—*l'objet qu'on aime a toujours de beaux yeux.*'—vol. i. pp. 78-84.

This lady, so far from adopting the contemptuous tone usual with French and English tourists in Russia, appears to give the government of the Emperor Nicholas credit for a most sincere zeal in promoting the welfare and happiness of the people. Of the Czar himself she uniformly expresses herself with not merely respect, but enthusiasm. Then, her pictures of the household in which she was domesticated are so pleasing—those of the parties and festivities in which she mingled under their protection so very bright—that we certainly gather from herself few materials for solving the difficulty which she propounds in her farewell paragraph—to wit:—

'What is there about this capital which renders it so unloveable as a residence? I had experienced within its walls kindness as much beyond my expectations as my deserts—not only courtesy and hospitality, but real genuine Christian goodness—and I turned away with a feeling of thankfulness that my life was not destined to be spent there. It
seems

seems as if the soil, revenging itself for having been taken by force, and appropriated to a purpose Nature never intended, inspires a sense of dreariness and loneliness which can hardly be rationally accounted for. I never read or heard of the English traveller, sojourning beyond a few days, who did not quit Petersburg with a sentiment of release from bondage; and many a Russian, long resident abroad, whose darling vision by day and night it has been to retire to his native capital with the fruits of his expatriation, has, upon experiment, owned the disappointment, and ended his days elsewhere. "*Je déteste Petersbourg*" is the thankless sentence you hear from every mouth."—vol. i. p. 109.

The traveller was detained much longer in St. Petersburg than she had intended, in consequence of a smart attack of fever; and, in short, the Russian winter had fairly set in before she was able to set off for the destined goal of her pilgrimage in Esthonia. She was not easily to be frightened, however, by the perils of the inland journey, which her hospitable friends may be pardoned for having perhaps somewhat exaggerated; and being provided with a faithful, firm-hearted, and adroit courier, she accomplished her five or six hundred dismal miles, chiefly through endless pine-forests, amidst intense cold and eternally driving snow, without any serious mishap. At length, at the end of a superlatively dreary day she saw the old black towers of Reval frowning over the Baltic—and reached, just as night closed in, the upper city, or Domberg, where the provincial gentry have their hereditary hotels all clustered together, quite apart from the traffickers of the port; and here she was received, it is needless to say how, by her sister, and a circle of new connections—including lively tokens of the lapse of time in the shape of half-a-dozen fine little Esthonians, male and female, excellently qualified to disturb the unpacking of the long-expected aunt's boxes and bags. The family had been waiting for her at Reval, and in a few days they all started together for the rural castle.

She opens her first letter from amidst these new kinsfolk and their friends with a paragraph which says so much in a few words that we must transcribe it:—

'What a world of boundless novelty opens on the individual who finds himself suddenly thrown into the innermost home-life of a hitherto strange people! In general the traveller is left, and most justly so, to wear his way gradually into the privacy of other nations, and by the time he has attained some knowledge of their habits, has somewhat blunted the edge of his own. This is the most natural course, and also the fairest; otherwise the same individual who is at once thrust into the lights and shadows of one country, ere the retina of his understanding has lost the images of another, and who, in many instances, is placed in situations in the new home which he never tried in the old, runs the risk of being very open-eyed to other people's foibles and prejudices,
and

and most comfortably blind to his own. We are such creatures of habit that it is difficult to judge of the inner system of a foreign land otherwise than too severely, till after several months of observation, nor otherwise than too favourably after as many years. But the reverse is applicable to the hasty traveller whose time and opportunity enable him only to view the outer shell—to scan that which all who run can read. His perceptive powers can hardly be too fresh, nor his judgment too crude, upon those things whose existence lies but in the novelty of his impressions. Like *soufflets*, they must be served hot, and eaten hastily, to be rightly tasted. The breath of cool reason would ruin them.—vol. i. pp. 130, 131.

The Baron's *château* lies a day's journey from Reval, and the country between is described as varied and richly wooded. The whole description of this residence is in her most masterly style:—

'We arrived in the evening before a grand crescent-shaped building—recalling in size and form the many-tenemented terraces of Regent's Park. If the exterior promised fair, the interior far surpassed all expectation, and I have only to shut my eyes to a certain roughness and want of finish to fancy myself in a regal residence. The richness of the architectural ornaments,—the beauty of the frescoes and painted ceilings—the polish of the many-coloured and marble-like parquets—the height, size, and proportion of the apartments, produce a tout-ensemble of the utmost splendour, entirely independent of the aid of furniture, which here, like the Narva chairs, seems to have been constructed before comfort was admitted to form an ingredient in human happiness.

'It is a strange assimilation, this splendid case built over the simplest, most primitive customs.'—

—Such a lady as this ought to be above any tampering with fine words—we can only guess from the rest of the sentence what she means by *assimilation*.—

'The family have no fixed hour for rising, and sometimes you find only your host's empty coffee-cup, whilst he is abroad or busy writing ere you have risen; or you meet a servant bearing his slender breakfast to him in bed, and long after you are settled to the occupation of the day, you see him emerging from his dormitory in his dressing-gown and with a most sleepy face. Breakfast is here not considered a meal, and not half the respect paid to it which the simplest lunch-tray would command with us; some take it standing, others smoking, and the children as often as not run off with their portion of *butterbrod* to devour it in comfort in some little niche, or upon the base of a pillar in the magnificent salle; or facilitate the act of mastication by a continual wandering from place to place, which upon English carpets would be considered nothing less than petty treason. Then at one o'clock we all pass through the suite of rooms to a dining-room, spacious and splendid enough for Crockford's Club-house, where an excellent, plentiful, and formal repast is served, generally preceded by what they call here *Frühstück*, or breakfast (the real breakfast according to our acceptation of the term being simply denominated *café*), which is not treated as a
midway

midway morsel to silence the voice of appetite, but looked upon as a herald, the dinner being in full view, to summon and encourage all the powers of relish and enjoyment. Accordingly it consists of highly-spiced or salted dishes—of strong Swiss cheese, pickled fish, black pudding, sausages—washed down with a glass of potent liqueur, which the elder ladies seem to enjoy as much as the gentlemen’—[why not?]. ‘The cuisine is German, upon a foundation of native dishes, one of which especially no foreigner can pass a Wednesday or a Saturday in this country without tasting; for, by old established custom, on these two days a kind of pudding made of oatmeal, and called *brei*, regularly recurs in lieu of soup; being handed round by one servant, while another follows with an ample jug of the richest cream, which you pour over your smoking hot *brei* without any reserve. Cream enters into a number of dishes, and is used with a liberality which, except in the cases of its being eaten sour, covers in my view a multitude of culinary sins. Another peculiarity of daily occurrence is the rye-bread, here slightly fermented for the table of the family, and most powerfully so for that of the attendants, and which a palate requires the initiation of a few weeks ere it can relish. White bread is here considered as a delicacy little inferior to cake, being made of the finest Moscow flour, easily recognisable by its dryness and insipidity, while the term *brod* is conventionally restricted exclusively to the long chocolate-coloured rye-loaves; and several dear little blonde wiseheads were infinitely amused at the ignorance of the English visitor, who at dinner called for *Schwarz-brod*, black bread. The mode of waiting is the same as in Germany—the dishes are carved at the sideboard, and carried round—a plan which sometimes occasions great mortification, for by the time the solitary lump of meat has been laboured through, swallowed past redemption, and your plate removed, exactly that vegetable succeeds which would have given it the requisite relish. It is much the fashion in England to malign our old custom of carving at table, and advocate this foreign plan; but, whatever trouble this mode may save the lady of the house, or the gentleman on her right, it affords no advantage to the guest, who here, while the servants are going their weary rounds with a file of dishes, and detained for minutes by some absent individual or dainty child, may pine in vain for a piece of bread or glass of water. Tea at six is a slight meal—the beverage itself being of the finest description;—but supper is a solemn repast of several courses, when so much is eaten that it is no wonder but little appetite survives for breakfast.’—vol. i. p. 134.

By the writer’s description, the Esthonian *brei* seems to be exactly the oatmeal porridge of our own northern provinces; but we should not fancy it could *assimilate* well with the usual compositions of a German cuisine. As to the carving controversy, there is a good deal to be said on both sides. For our own part we incline to think that the old English fashion is the only one that ought ever to be thought of, unless where the whole establishment is on a very magnificent scale, including, of course, a couple of thoroughly skilful

skilful carvers at the sideboard; and that even then the comely turbot, salmon, turkey, haunch, or sirloin, ought to be placed decorously on the table, so as to admit of its being reconnoitred by the company, and then removed for dissection. When the party is large, the array of provender in proportion, and especially in hot weather, it certainly is a great comfort not to have the fumes of huge dishes, particularly greasy German dishes, continually under one's nose. As to our authoress's complaint about bread and water, surely any table, large or small, is very barbarously set forth, when these essentials and a salt-cellar are not within reach of every cover.

'Servants of both sexes swarm here as numerous as in a house of the same rank in England—the one it is true with rusty coat and unblackened boots, but the other neat and tidy, generally still in her village costume, if unmarried her hair braided simply and picturesquely round her head, who goes sliding over the parquet floors, and, such is the inconvenience of these thoroughfare houses, has no other passage from her working-room to the kitchen than through the whole splendid suite of drawing-rooms. Here, as in all countries in an early stage of civilization, the women labour twice as willingly and effectually as the men. As household servants they become trustworthy and active, work with their needle, wash, and dress hair superiorly well, while the Estonian ladies require so much attendance, and accustom their servants to consider them as so helpless, that it has cost me a severe dumb struggle with an officious lady's-maid to assert the independence of my own habits.'

The whole of this picture carries us back to the days of our own forefathers. Such were, no doubt, the arrangements, such the servants, such the distribution of rooms—privacy, that last and greatest of luxuries, never thought of—among the Franklins and Vavasours—

'Whose table dormant in the hall alway
Stude ready covered alle the longe day—
Withouten bake meat never was the hous,
Of fish, and flesh, and that so plenteous,
It snewed in the hous of mete and drinke,
Of alle deinties that men could of thinke.'

A little further on we read as follows:—

'After taking a review of the dwelling-rooms and bed-rooms, all spacious and airy, and wanting nought save that most desirable of all bed-room requisites, privacy, my hostess led the way to her *schafferei*, or store-room, and, unlocking the door with a slight solemnity of manner, ushered me into a crowded treasury of household goods. The room was a very warehouse, hung round, fitted up, and strewed about with the numerous items of a housekeeper's economy, to which those who only consume them often attach too little importance, and those who have to provide them too much. Side by side on the floor stood big-bodied bottles of spirit and liqueur, rolls of coarse linen, jars of pickles and

and preserves, hanks of wool, loaves of sugar, and bundles of flax. In deep chests around was the Moscow flour, salt, sago, saffron, starch, &c. &c., while tiers of drawers displayed large provisions of native dried apples, pears, cherries, pease, beans, birch-twigs, applied as a decoction for wounds—in short a perfect *hortus siccus* for kitchen use. Around hung balls of twine and yarn, nets, corks, candles of as many colours and sizes as those offered to the Virgin of Casan, tanned sheep-skins both black and white, and numberless other pendent treasures, while one side was fitted up in numerous partitions, where the raisins, figs, and spices for daintier palates were stored. This *schafferei* is the particular sanctuary of the lady of the house, who, if she do all, has enough business to transact. For the duties of an Estonian *wirthschaft*, or *ménage*, are not confined to ordering dinner or scolding servants, but, like those of our grandmothers a few generations back, who directed the weighty concerns of a large country residence, include the weaving of linen, the making of candles, the boiling of soap, brewing of liqueurs, &c. ; and, communication with distant towns being necessarily seldom, it requires no small forethought to provide that during the long months of winter the family shall never fail in sugar or plums, nor the many hangers-on in the back settlements of the house in the more stable articles of subsistence. It is true every lady has her housekeeper to advertise her that there is no more home-brewed vinegar in the bottle, or home-made starch in the tub, or, if she be unusually wealthy, an extra assistant, emphatically styled a *Mamselle*, on whom all these base cares descend ; but housekeepers and mamselles will be human as well as their mistresses, and sometimes all three unite in forgetting some important trifle which equally spoils the dinner and the temper of the *Hausherr* for several days.

‘All these grave responsibilities render the post of a baron’s lady one, however honourable, but of little rest. The very word *wirthschaft* possesses a talismanic power. By growing girls, who trust ere long to superintend one of their own, it is pronounced with a mixture of reverence and apprehension ; by young brides, fresh in office, with a sententious consequence, as the password of their newly-acquired dignity ; and by older versed matrons with a glee and evident inward gratulation which makes me suspect they are very glad of so convenient and comprehensive a word to absolve them from all other duties. In its various mysteries and details, however, there is much that is both interesting and instructive, and a clear-headed practical woman, with a solid education, will, by generalising one department, dispensing with another, and making use of her own sense in intricate cases, strip the term of half its terrors. Education has not hitherto been considered a necessary portion of an Estonian lady’s dowry, and in old times it was thought the greater the simpleton the better the housekeeper ; but the progress of enlightenment, and a few solitary intermarriages with women from a more advanced country, have aroused the first suspicion of a fact, not perhaps sufficiently acknowledged anywhere—that educated persons excel in the meanest things, and that *refined minds possess the most common sense*.

‘After again consigning this eclectic magazine to its safe solitude, we continued our walk to the housekeeper’s room, very comfortable and warm,

warm, with three little children and half a dozen chickens sharing the brick floor;—to the kitchen, where the men-cooks were in active preparation round their flat stoves;—and then on to the *Volkstube*, or people's room, where all the lower servants, the coachmen and grooms (here not included as house-servants), the cow-girls and the sheep-boys, &c., all come in for their meals at stated times, and muster between twenty and thirty daily. This was a room for an artist—a black earthen floor, walls toned down to every variety of dingy reds, blacks, and yellows, with a huge bulwark of a stove of a good terra cotta colour, and earthen vessels, and wooden tubs and benches; and in short every implement of old-fashioned unwieldiness and picturesque form. But the chief attraction were the inmates, for, hard at work, plying their spinning-wheels, sat, either singly or in groups, about fifteen peasant-girls—their many-striped petticoats, and dull blue or grey cloth jackets, their tanned locks falling over their shoulders, and deep embrowned spinning-wheels, telling well against the warm tones around them. In some the hair was of so light a hue as exactly to repeat the colour of the flax upon their spindles, and these, the housekeeper informed us in broken German, were the surest of husbands—flaxen hair being a feature that the hearts of the peasants are never known to resist. Most of these picturesque damsels were barefooted, and one pretty yellow-haired lassie, observing that she was particularly an object of attention, let her hair fall like a veil over her stooping face, and peeped archly at us from between the waving strands. I can't say that any of these young ladies looked particularly clean or inviting, but every vice has its pleasant side, and the worst of dirt and filth is, they are so picturesque. Some of them rose on being addressed, and, stooping low, coaxed us down with both hands—much as if they were trying to smooth down our dresses. This is the national salutation to their superiors, especially if there be a request to make. Further on stood a stout kitchen-girl, her jacket thrown off, and only her shift over her shoulders, kneading in a deep trough with a strong wooden bat the coarse bread which is called by distinction the *Volksbrod*, or people's bread. The spinning-girls belong to the estate, and attend at the *hof*, or court, as the seigneur's house is termed, for so many weeks in the winter, to spin under the housekeeper's superintendence; nor do they appear very averse to this labour, for, besides the smart grooms and soft shepherds who assort with them at meal-times, this *Volkstube* is the resort of every beggar and wandering pedlar, and the universal tattleshop of the neighbourhood.'—vol. i. p. 143.

The next letter gives us an equally complete view of the numerous outhouses scattered about the lordly mansion. These are on a corresponding scale of dimension—for the Esthonian Baron must needs be, like Lord Bacon's *ancient nobleman*, 'a great grazier and sheepmaster'—his barns like cathedrals—and his stables, cowhouses, piggeries, beyond the dreams of Althorp Park, and Pusey Hall. Here the domestic herds pass their long winter 'in shelter, warmth, and almost darkness:'—

'In the first we entered, a noble edifice, 120 feet long, and supported down

down the centre by a row of solid pillars, above a thousand sheep were most magnificently lodged; affording, as they congregated round their cribs, or quietly stopped eating to gaze upon us, a most novel and striking picture of a vast northern fold. In another building was a herd of stalled cattle, some destined for slaughter, others milch kine, with many a bare-footed peasant girl and half-full machine of milk at their sides. Farther on the pigs had their domicile, and the fowls theirs; and in the midst of these buildings rose the “brandtwein’s küche,” or brandy-kitchen, where the process of distilling from rye, barley, or potatoes goes on night and day; the refuse grains of which contribute to fatten the cattle we have just quitted. It will easily be supposed that the task of calculating and providing food for this multiplication of mouths, all dependent on the help of man, is no light one. Every animal has so many pounds of hay allotted to him per day, and each week’s consumption is something which it never entered into the heart of an English farmer to conceive: and if the winter exceed its usual limits—if these poor quadrupeds, which go up into their annual ark in the month of October, be not released till the beginning of May, a scarcity of food can hardly be hindered. Fresh litter is strewed daily; which never being removed, the cattle stand at least six feet higher at the close than at the commencement of their captivity. In this consists the main provision of manure for the summer’s use. The sheep were all of a picked Merino breed, which the closest attention is paid to preserve *intact*. This is a branch of husbandry only lately undertaken in Estonia, and at present attended with great success and profit. Every sheep has its parentage, day of birth, and number carefully registered in a book, and is individually recognised by a peculiar combination of perforations on the ear, which by a simple scale of numerals may be made to indicate above a thousand. Thus, any *black sheep* of accidental introduction can be instantly detected. Here were, however, a couple of English sheep—nice, gentle, useless, shepherdess-looking animals, with long, coarse, shaggy fleeces and short legs—on which the Saxon shepherd looked down most disdainfully, pronouncing them good for nothing but to *eat*. Evil betide the flock if, by an open window or insecure door, a wolf force its way into the fold! One savage animal has been known to worry hundreds in the night without devouring one.’—vol. i. p. 163.

The authoress proceeds to describe the domains that encircle this huge establishment—the houses of the peasantry—the rural clergy—the church-service—the weddings, the festivals—visits to the residences of friends and connections among the nobility—the brief gay season of Reval, when all the gentry congregate there towards the end of the long winter—a trip in a steamboat from Reval to the opposite coast of Finland, &c. It is not easy to select passages where there is hardly a page that would not, we are sure, instruct and amuse our readers; but we cannot omit ‘a Winter’s Walk’—rather different from either Cowper’s with Mrs. Unwin or Mrs. Norton’s with Rogers:—

‘ This

* This is the land of pines—lofty, erect battalions—their bark as smooth as the mast of a ship—their branches regular as a ladder, varying scarce an inch in girth in fifty feet of growth—for miles interrupted only by a leaning, never a crooked tree—with an army of sturdy Lilliputians clustering round their bases—fifty heads starting up where one yard of light is admitted. What becomes of all the pruning, and trimming, and training—the days of precious labour spent on our own woods? Nature here does all this—and immeasurably better—for her volunteers, who stand closer, grow faster, and soar higher than the carefully planted and transplanted children of our soil. Here and there a bare, jagged trunk, and a carpet of fresh-hewn boughs beneath, show where some peasant urchin has indulged in sport which with us would be amenable to the laws; viz. mounted one of these grenadiers of the forest, hewing off every successive bough beneath him, till, perched at giddy height aloft, he clings to a tapering point which his hand may grasp. The higher he goes the greater the feat, and the greater the risk to his vagabond neck in descending the noble and mutilated trunk.

* In perambulating these woods the idea would sometimes cross us that the wolves—the print of whose footsteps, intercepted by the dotted track of the hare, and slenderly defined claws of numerous birds, are seen in different directions, and even beneath the windows of our house—might prowl by day as well as by night. One day, when, fortunately perhaps, unescorted by the huge dogs, we were mounting a hill to a neighbouring mill, my companion suddenly halted, and, laying her hand on mine, silently pointed to a moving object within fifty yards of us. It was a great brute of a wolf, stalking leisurely along—its high bristly back set up, its head prowling down—who took no notice of us, but slowly pursued the same path into the wood which we had quitted a few minutes before. We must both plead guilty to blanched cheeks, but beyond this to no signs of cowardice; and, in truth, the instances are so rare of their attacking human beings, even the most defenceless children, that we had no cause for fear. They war not on man, unless under excessive pressure of hunger, or when, as in the case of a butcher, his clothes are impregnated with the smell of fresh blood. This is so certain an attraction that peasants carrying butchers' meat are followed by wolves, and often obliged to compound for their own safety by flinging the dangerous commodity amongst them; or, if in a sledge, three or four of these ravenous animals will spring upon the basket of meat and tear it open before his eyes. Wherever an animal falls, there, though to all appearance no cover or sign of a wolf be visible for miles round, several will be found congregated in half an hour's time. Such is their horrid thirst for blood that a wounded wolf knows he can only escape being torn in pieces by his companions by the strictest concealment. As for the dogs, it is heart-rending to think of the numbers which pay for their fidelity with their lives. If a couple of wolves prowl round a house or fold at night, a dozen dogs, with every variety of tone from the sharp yap of the shepherd's terrier to the hoarse bay of the cattle-hound, will plunge after them and put them to flight. But if one, more zealous, venture beyond his companions, the cunning brutes face about, seize him, and before three minutes are over there is nothing left of poor

Carrier Pois, or sheep-boy (a common name for these great mastiffs), but a few tufts of bloody hair. The cattle defend themselves valiantly; and the horses, and the mares especially who have a foal at their side, put themselves in an attitude of defence, and parry off the enemy with their fore-feet, their iron hoofs often taking great effect. But woe be to them if the wolf, breaking through the shower of blows, spring at the throat, or, stealing behind his prey, fasten on the flank!—once down, all is over, though there be but one wolf. Sometimes, in a sudden wheel round, the brute will seize upon a cow's tail, upon which he hangs with his jaws of ten-horse power, while the poor animal drags him round and round the field, and finally leaves the unfortunate member in his grasp, too happy to escape with a stump. At one time these animals increased so frightfully in number that the Ritterschaft, or internal senate of this province, appointed a reward of five roubles for every pair of ears brought to the magistrate of the district. This worked some change, and in proportion as the wolves have fallen off the Ritterschaft has dropped its price, though an opposite policy would perhaps have been more politic; and now a pair of ears, generally secured from the destruction of a nest of young ones, does not fetch more than a silver rouble, or three roubles and a half. An old plan to attract them was to tie a pig in a sack, squeaking of course, upon a cart, and drive him rapidly through a wood or morass. Any cry of an animal is a gathering sound for the wolf; but the voice of man, made in his Creator's image, will hold him aloof. The blast of a horn greatly annoys them, a fiddle makes them fly, and the jingling of bells is also a means of scaring them, which, besides the expedience of proclaiming your approach in dark nights on these noiseless sledge-roads, is one reason why all winter equipages are fitted up with bells.'—vol. i. p. 165.

The peasantry are the only remains of the aboriginal population of Esthonia—one of the numerous and widely different branches of the great *Tchudish* family, which Adelung and Klaproth identify with the *Scythians proper* of antiquity.* The province is found under subjection to Denmark in the 12th century: in the 14th it was sold to the Teutonic Knights, from whom the existing nobility are all descended. It passed into the hands of the Swedes in 1561, and, after a long series of struggles, was finally ceded to Russia by the treaty of Nystad, in 1721. Peter the Great, who frequently visited Esthonia, left it in possession of most of its old internal institutions, and among others of the *Assembly of Knights*, or noble provincial senate, who hold their sittings every April at Reval, and are represented during the rest of the year by their president and a committee. The whole territory of the province is divided into about 600 baronies or noble domains—and these cannot be held by any but members of the noble houses, though, as there is no general law of primogeniture, and but a few entails, the baronies are often passing from one noble

* The reader is referred, for an accurate view of the Tchudic family, to the second volume of Dr. Pritchard's valuable 'Researches into the Physical History of Mankind.' family

family to another. The language of this caste is the German of their ancestors; and the peasantry, who keep their own primeval dialect, still uniformly call their masters *Sachsa*—the Saxons. The established religion is the Lutheran—but the church appears to be on a poor footing in every respect. Like all the other *Tchuds*, the Esthonians were originally worshippers of *Jomala*; they seem to have taken kindly to the more picturesque superstitions of their first conquerors the Danes, but to have received slowly and reluctantly the Christianity of the Teutonic Knights. The transition from Popery to Protestantism was made by order, and probably a matter of indifference—in fact, traces of actual heathenism lingered here longer than on almost any other portion of the European soil. Many even at this day keep the old pagan Sabbath of *Thursday* in addition to the Sunday; and our authoress states that so late as 1654 there was a regular agitation in favour of restoring the worship of Odin. This peasantry continued in the state of *serfage* till but the other day. Their emancipation was resolved on by the Emperor Alexander; but the ukase did not pass until under Nicholas in 1828.

Among other results of this ukase, our readers will be diverted with the following:—

‘ One characteristic consequence of this emancipation was the adoption of family names by the peasant, who hitherto, like the Russian serf, had been designated only by his own and his father’s baptismal appellatives. This accession of dignity was conferred only a few years back, when it cost the lord and lady no little trouble and invention to hunt up the requisite number and variety of names for the tenants of their estates. The gentleman took the dictionary, the lady Walter Scott, for reference (with us it would have been the Bible), and homely German words were given, or old Scottish names revived, which may one day perplex a genealogist. The worst of it was, these poor creatures were very difficult to please, and many a young man who went away happy with his new family distinction returned the next day with a sheepish look, owning that his lady had put him out of conceit of it, and that he would trouble the *Erra* (the Estonian corruption of *Herr*) to provide him with another; and not seldom ended by begging leave to adopt the aristocratic, unsullied, sixteen or thirty-two quartered name of the count or baron under whom he served. Far from running the risk of such vile identity, the Estonian noble does not even allow the peasant the same national appellation which countrymen of the same soil, whether high or low, generally wear alike. The aristocrat is an *Esthländer*, the peasant an *Esthe*.’—*ibid.* p. 190.

Another consequence was that the peasants must become directly liable to the conscription—and be taken account of as to their numbers, age, &c., by not their own landlords as of yore, but the imperial administration—and how is the census taken?—

‘ The sacraments are strictly observed, sometimes it is to be hoped

for their own sakes, but principally as a political ordinance, by which government keeps its eye on every individual in the realm, obliging him at stated intervals to emerge from the deep torrent of population, and bear witness of his existence.

‘ Besides purchase-money the only grounds for exemption consist in a personal defect, or a family of three children—the father of two children is taken. At the last annual recruiting a peasant, already the father of one child, and about to become that of another, drew the fatal lot, and with streaming eyes and trembling limbs was quitting the room to take leave of all dear to him, when the door burst open, and his father, flinging himself on his neck, proclaimed him free—his wife had been confined of twins. With regard to the other cause of exemption, examples of voluntary maiming are not rare. A stone-mason whom we observed chiseling a delicate piece of sculpture under the utmost strain of sight, for one eye was blinded with a cataract, we strenuously urged to apply for medical aid, but smiling he replied, “I would not have two eyes for the world—now I can’t be taken for a recruit.”’

The account of the state of religion among the Teutonic gentry is equally disagreeable:—

‘ If we look at the higher classes, we find them exactly in that relation to an insignificant, poverty-stricken church, whose ministers are as much beneath them in birth as income, as might be expected. The pastors are respected as exercising a wholesome restraint over the lower orders, of which the upper ones reap the social benefit; are received with a proud kind of condescension at the tables of the count or baron; and in their turn forbear all remonstrance against the widely-spreading rationalism which infects the nobility, and of which in truth they themselves, in the capacity of family tutors, are too frequently the instillers. Upon the whole, here seems as great a need for the introduction of Christianity as ever; and could Luther rise from his grave, he would find the Bible as strictly banished from this portion of a community professing his doctrines as in the worst times of papal policy. Thus it is that the Lutheran religion, as established in these provinces, is a standing memorial of a reformation which, in its hurry to throw off the errors of the old system, has sacrificed also its truths, and a glaring instance of the inefficiency of a church unendowed with wealth, consequence, or dignity, among a class where such qualities are held in high estimation,—and where are they not?’—*ibid.* p. 206.

One great—perhaps the greatest—practical evil in the Lutheran system, is the laxity of its code on the subject of divorce. The demoralizing effects are too familiar to every one who has closely observed what are otherwise the best arranged provinces of Germany; but the evil must be particularly prominent and offensive in an almost exclusively *rural* state of society—such as that of Esthonia. The short and pithy comments of our traveller remind us—we are not afraid to say—of that grand passage of the ‘*Reflections*’ in which Burke inveighs against the Jacobin *philosophy* of the sexes:—

‘ Besides

* Besides the various other reasons, an incompatibility of temper and mutually-avowed dislike are here admitted as sufficient grounds for severing those whom "no man may sunder;" and it is a melancholy proof, to say no worse, of the inexpediency of this law, and its direct tendency to discourage all salutary self-control and forbearance, that divorces are seldom here obtained for any graver reason. Several wretched instances could be quoted, within the sphere of my own knowledge, of parties thus severed for trivial causes, who impugned the tie for that which lay in their own wilful natures, and hastily loosened the one instead of controlling the other, but who, sobered and punished by time, have cursed their second thoughtless act more than they did their first. But it would be little interesting to detail those miseries which selfish man and unwise woman entail on themselves and all connected with them, since, however differently the law may favour or check, such unfortunately are peculiar to no country. The heart alone knoweth its own bitterness; but there are sorrows invested with the poetry of imagination, the luxury of melancholy, or the holiness of resignation—sorrows the most real, and yet the most palatable. The disappointed affections hug their own griefs with jealous exclusiveness—the bereaved mother or wife loves her sorrow as she did its object; each mourns as those who "have reason to be fond of grief." But who finds a melancholy charm in those vexations which arise from awkward tempers, awkward manners, and the thousand needless perversities with which mankind voluntarily flagellate themselves? Who sees any poetic beauty in those accumulated mole-hills of self-created care, of which human nature, cursed in its own choice, at length makes mountains, never to be overpassed? And the evils resulting from these froward, untangible causes are immeasurably more unbearable than those direct inflictions of Providence which find an affinity with the soul. Those who rail at poetry and refinement as superfluous ingredients in every-day happiness little know what main props they would undermine. These will abide when principles waver. These open the heart and close the lips intuitively at the right time. These prevent what all the good intentions in the world could not remedy. Manly delicacy is as necessary in family-life as manly rectitude, and womanly tact as womanly virtue. There is as much happiness wrecked from the absence of the one as of the other, and perhaps more. Those who neglect the *varnishes* of life commit an insidious sin towards themselves, and these lie in the mind, and not, as some suppose, in the purse.

'To this laxity of church-law may also in great measure be ascribed the prejudicial system of early marriages in Esthonia; for vows that can be easily renounced will be also lightly taken.'—*ibid.* p. 236.

We have already mentioned the absence of any law of primogeniture: in this the letter-writer sees another great source of moral mischief as respects the noble caste, and of both moral and physical degradation among the peasantry; and we apprehend similar opinions prevail on this subject among all who are capable of judging for themselves, whether in France or America. In Esthonia—

* Absenteeism is rare, for the landholder generally lives on his own property,

property, and devotes himself to its superintendence. In old times this was little more than nominal—wants were fewer, the population scantier, and competition unknown; and frequently the landholder let one half of his estate lie fallow or unredeemed, a custom not quite obsolete yet, fully satisfied with the ample return of the rest. Now, however, an increasing plentifulness of money having brought down the rate of interest, and the introduction of new systems having excited a slight degree of competition, woods are stumped up, new land cleared—the peasantry, who are much more ignorant of their own rights than their masters, drained of their resources—or, if the estate be in more enlightened hands, extra labour is engaged for wages; while some of the younger nobility who have travelled to their own profit are slowly recurring to the aid of science to supply the deficiency of hands. One evil, however, attending this increased activity, is the incessant transfer of estates I have alluded to. Money cannot circulate through too many hands for the public good, nor land through too few; therefore the barter of these immense estates, some of them embracing as much as a hundred square miles of territory, which is looked upon in the light of a speculation in which all are eager to engage, and for which but few possess the necessary capital, is a great disadvantage to the classes beneath them, and a very questionable benefit to their own. For, at best, if the estate prove profitable, and the debts incurred on it be defrayed, the death of the proprietor, and the necessity of dividing the property, throw it again into the market. It cannot be said, however, that the wholesome system of a monopoly of land is wholly unknown, for about three entailed estates, *majorats güter*, as they are called, exist in Estonia, and with manifest advantage to the families themselves, and to every class of peasantry upon them.

‘The emperor, who doubtless foresees the hopelessness of rearing a middle class, or of reforming the higher, until the waste branches of a most prolific nobility be forced into a more active sphere, and all the strength and consequence of the family thrown into one leading head, is greatly in favour of entailed estates; and report speaks of a new and higher patent of nobility projected for those whose means and good sense may equally induce them to found these strongholds of national prosperity. And, being in his imperial person greatly the gainer by this incessant shifting of land—for on each fresh purchase of an estate a tax, amounting to four per cent. upon the whole sum paid, called a *poschlin*, reverts to the crown—there can be no question of the disinterestedness of his majesty’s desire.’—*ibid.* p. 214.

And again she says:—

‘On those estates, including unfortunately by far the greater part of the province, which suffer a constant exchange of proprietors, and where no feelings of attachment between master and peasant have time to take root, or where feelings of an opposite nature are engendered by harsh and arbitrary treatment, we find the peasant a dull brute indeed; insensible to a kindness he mistrusts, careless of improvement; improvident as the Irishman, without his wit, and phlegmatic as the German, without his industry. Rather than work beyond the minimum of his necessary *corvée*, he will starve. Provided he can have his pipe in his mouth,

mouth, and lie sleeping at the bottom of his cart, while his patient wife drives the willing little rough horse, or, what is more frequent, while the latter will go right of itself, he cares little about an empty stomach. Offer him wages for his labour, and he will tell you, with the dullest bumpkin look, that if he works more he must eat more; and the fable of the belly and the members has here a different termination to what it had in our young days. On the other hand, on those few estates which have been occupied for several generations by the same family, the peasants appear invariably an active, industrious, and prosperous set, attached to their lord, and ingenious in various trades. So much for the law of primogeniture, a doctrine here hardly better understood than the apostolic succession.'—*ibid.* p. 208.

Of the food of the common people in general she says:—

'At the beginning of winter the peasant fares well; eats wholesome rye-bread, and plenty of it. Towards spring his stores, never well husbanded, begin to fail, and the coarse rye-flour is eked out with a little chopped straw; but, when the cold season is prolonged, this position is reversed, and it is the straw which becomes the chief ingredient of the loaf which is to fill, not nourish, his body,—so much so that on exposure to fire this wretched bread will ignite and blaze like a torch. This insufficient fare is often followed by an epidemic, typhus or scarlet fever. The latter especially is the scourge of the land, and almost invariably fatal to children; and villages are sometimes depopulated of their juvenile members; for those who struggle through the fever are carried off by subsequent dropsy. As for medical attendance, how is that to be expected among a poor and widely-scattered population which not even the highest classes in the land can command? Many a nobleman's family is situated a hundred wersts from medical aid, and thus four-and-twenty fatal hours will sometimes elapse, which no skill can recover.'

The reader is now prepared to accompany this fair guide to a grand entertainment at one of the noble castles. They are usually ancient buildings, massive and picturesque; but the proprietors, like the Anglo-Americans of the last age, seem in general to think the finest country is that from which the timber has been most carefully removed; and, except where the taste has had some foreign training, large square corn-fields are considered as the most ornamental of immediate appendages. Such was the case at *Fahna*—to which the lady and her party proceeded on an occasion of high festival in the very depth of winter—'a great structure—a square mass against the sky, without a tree near it'—or any other object whatever, except a grand new court of stabling, of which the noble owner and his wife spoke with as much exultation as an English couple in a similar station might have done of a magnificent piece of natural scenery. But in too many respects the tastelessness of the interior seems to have been quite in keeping with the outward show.

'Our wrappers being gradually peeled off, we issued like butterflies from our woollen cells, and were ushered into a large assembly, where

where the hostess, a pretty, graceful young woman, came forward and welcomed us with the utmost courtesy and good breeding; and even found a few pleasing though imperfect words in English to say to her foreign visitors, with a kindness of manner and intention which quite won my heart. Immediately upon our arrival the *frühstück*, of Swiss cheese, and pickled *strömlin*, a fish peculiar to Estonia, with red and white liqueurs, was handed round; after which a servant whispered something to the hostess, who rose, and with a distinct voice and graceful manner simply said, "May I beg you all to table?" and herself taking the lead with the oldest gentleman of the party, we filed off, a party of at least fifty—a cluster of little boys and girls bringing up the rear; for an invitation to the heads of a family is tacitly understood to include all the olive-branches, however numerous or tender. As each couple entered the dining-room the cavalier bowed profoundly, disengaged himself, and went his way, while all the ladies seated themselves on one side and all the gentlemen on the other; the hostess heading the table, whilst her husband mingled with his male guests. Conversation was therefore restricted to the different lines, and the process of serving dinner absolving the gentlemen from all obligation of courtesy, and no intimation to venture a conversation across the narrow table being apparent, not a single gentleman addressed his fair *vis-à-vis* during the whole repast. This is an additional reason for retaining our old English mode, as engendering trifling attentions which tend to keep up the outward semblance of good breeding; the absence of which, I am inclined to think, in some measure contributes to the Transatlantic style of manners which is observable among the present generation of young Estonian nobles. The courtesies of the table began with the well-side and water-drawing times of the patriarchs: the woman-despising Turk eats alone. My own position was very enviable, between two charming ladylike women, who proved the most agreeable representatives of their country. The dinner was sumptuous, with a profusion of splendid glass and plate; the latter, as well as the beautiful damask linen, marked with the maiden name of our hostess; and, which it may be as well to mention here—though I should grieve to see that pretty animated face shrouded beneath a mourning-cap—all revert, with the rest of her dowry, to the widow on her husband's death. Among the novel dishes introduced on this occasion was the elk, a harmless animal which infests the Livonian woods, in flavour much resembling venison; and a preserve of rose-leaves, a luscious kind of ambrosia, like eating perfumes, or a smack of Paradise on earth; and, lastly, a dish which the season alone rendered peculiar, for who would have thought of ices on Christmas-day! But no one could quarrel with the cold interloper, for the room was hot to suffocation; and the delicious *walnut-cream* ice melted most gratefully down our throats.

'When the last dishes of fruits and bon-bons had been handed round, our hostess rose, and the gentlemen clustering at the door, each resumed his lady where he had left her, and, conducting her into the next room, again made his bow and escaped. Coffee was now handed round, and, a long and superb suite of rooms being open to us, the whole party paraded up and down in distinct groups. After which the matrons sat
down

down to sober converse, and talked, as good wives should do, of their children and their *wirthschaft*, and some drew forth little ladylike bits of embroidery, on which their fair fingers were soon busied, while the older ones knitted away most energetically at the "weary pund." Meanwhile, the younger portion, including many beautiful and graceful young women, well dressed and elegant in manner, clustered together in girlish guise in the deep recesses of the windows, or round the piano, or played at bagatelle, with many an animated laugh and jest. And where were the gentlemen all this time?—doubtless compensating themselves for the compulsory separation they had endured during the twenty long courses of dinner, and mingling gaily with the fair beings from whom it must have been a punishment to them to sever. But alas! the Muse of gallantry shakes her head, and falteringly and most unwillingly owns the incredible fact, that, to "eyes like loadstars and tongues sweet air," these young stoics preferred the attractions of cards and smoke—found more beauty in the length of a pipe than in the slender tall figures which roved up and down the suite of rooms—more companionship in a brown cigar than in the glances of the black-eyed *soubrettes* with which the former were interspersed. After a couple of hours tea was served; but still the gentlemen kept close behind the clouds with which they enveloped their godheads from our grosser view; nor till supper was served—here conducted on the same formal style of separation as the dinner—did they venture to emerge. For their credit's sake, may the next generation of their countrywomen be neither so fair nor so pleasing!—*ibid.* p. 278.

After describing one or two more grand gatherings of nearly the same sort, this charming critic says:—

'To a lover of antiquity this living representation of by-gone manners is highly interesting. At every moment I am reminded of some trait which increasing luxury and increasing retrenchment have equally conspired to banish from our soil. Here every country gentleman keeps open house, and no account is taken of how many mouths there are to fill, whether in hall, kitchen, or stable. The houses are vast, grand, and incommensurable; and countless hangers-on and dependants supply the economy of steps by a superfluity of feet. The seigneurs here never move about with less than four horses, and often six—rusty equipments it is true; but it is a mistake to imagine that the coaches-and-four of our ancestors were marked by the same neatness and finish which now attend the commonest pair, or that their neighbourly meetings were distinguished by that ease, sociability, and intellect, which render the English society of the present day so delightful. On the contrary, as soon as the scanty topics of the day were exhausted, they all sat down to cards, and that perhaps by broad daylight, like too many of the Estonian gentlemen. Then, as now here, all natural products were plentiful and cheap, and all artificial objects scarce and dear, and the manners to correspond were hospitable in the main, but rigidly formed in detail. Manners, however, must be looked upon as an art, which, before it can be easy and safe, must be stiff and cautious—such are the necessary

necessary transitions of all other schools, and no less of this. In this light I respect these formal old worthies, whose study it seems equally to give me a hearty welcome and keep me at respectful distance—like the translated souls of my great-grandfathers and grandmothers—and take true delight in their venerable society; and if a profane weariness of mind and body do occasionally surprise me, while sitting on a hard chair, and drilling my thoughts and figure to the starch standard of rectitude around me, be sure I ascribe it solely and entirely to my own corrupt condition, and to the incorrigible lolling propensities of my nature, both moral and physical.

‘Other characteristics of this formal school, as worthy of imitation as note, is the fact that family quarrels are things utterly unknown here, and that none of that undue precedence is given to wealth as in countries more advanced. All those born in a certain station retain it, whether their means be adequate or not, and are admitted into society with no reference as to whether they can return the obligation. Otherwise I do not believe the real morality of the community in any way advanced by their rigid outward decorum. Like people who first peel their apple and then eat the paring, it comes to the same thing in the end. Consistent with the spirit of an old picture, they bend all their attention to the minutiae of a fold, and neglect the first principles of perspective. Harmless freedoms are controlled with bars of iron, while, from the facility of divorce, and other laxities which the Lutheran religion allows, many a sin walks in broad daylight, without so much as a cobweb over it.’

The *conversation* of a particular *château* affords a very rich letter—but we must be content with a small sample.

‘Many politic and wise provisions derived from our glorious constitution, which to us are truths familiar from childhood, are here made subjects of vehement-altercation. The dignity and pre-eminence of our church—the law of primogeniture—the transmission of titles through the female line—the policy which preserves to a peeress her own dignity, be her husband the lowest commoner in the land, and the courtesy which permits every woman of rank upon marrying to retain the distinction of her birth, unless she merge it in a higher,—are here all subjects which are submitted to the test of German reasoning, and declared unsound in the eye of Nature. Very erroneous notions are here also entertained as to the inordinate pride and undue prerogatives of the English nobility, forgetting that, when the titles and honours centre in one head only, the other members of the same family return to the middle walks of life, filling our professions with individuals whose sense of noble descent is the highest stimulus to honourable exertion, and who thus form a social link between the highest nobleman and the great body of the nation. And, though far be the day when the English nobility should enjoy no prerogatives of birth, yet where can these be less galling than in that country where distinguished abilities may elevate any man to the highest offices in the state, and a sullied reputation keeps any duchess from court? On this head no German may throw a stone at England. Earls without

without earldoms, barons without baronies, their titles unsupported by political consequence, and diluted to utter insignificance by the numbers who bear the same—their jealousy of rank increasing in proportion to its diminution—no nobility hedges itself so carefully beneath a vexatious, trumpery spirit of exclusiveness, which is as absurd in itself as it is galling to those beneath them. In Russia no one may advance in the military service, in Estonia no one may purchase an estate, and in Weimar no one may enter the theatre by a particular door who has not a *de* prefixed to his name; and these are only a few of the countless privileges with which they endeavour to bolster out an empty title, and exclude those who are often their betters in education, wealth, and refinement. As to that class of society peculiar to England—the aristocracy without title, the representatives of long-descended estates—the old squirearchy of the land, who often prefer the battered gold of their ancient family name to the bright brass of a new distinction,—this was a subject so incomprehensible, a paradox so preposterous, that for my own credit's sake I gave up the task of elucidating it.*

At one noble residence—of apparently a higher class in every respect than *Fahna*—she meets with a public favourite—her notice of whom it would be cruel to omit:—

‘And now let me revert more particularly to one of the fairest ornaments, both in mind and person, which our party possesses, whose never-clouded name is such favourite property with the public as to justify me in naming it—I mean the Countess Rossi. The advantages which her peculiar experience and knowledge of society have afforded her, added to the happiest *naturel* that ever fell to human portion, render her exquisite voice and talent, both still in undiminished perfection, by no means her chief attraction in society. Madame Rossi could afford to lose her voice to-morrow, and would be equally sought. True to her nation, she has combined all the *Liebenswürdigkeit* of a German with the witchery of every other land. Madame Rossi's biography is one of great interest and instruction, and it is to be hoped will one day appear before the public. It is not generally known that she was ennobled by the king of Prussia, under the title of Mademoiselle de Launstein, and, since absolute will, it seems, can bestow the past as well as present and future, with seven *Ahnherren*, or forefathers—“or eight,” said the countess, laughing, “but I can't quite remember.” And, though never disowning the popular name of Sonntag, yet, in respect for the donor, her visiting cards when she appears in Prussia are always printed *née de Launstein*. We were greatly privileged in the enjoyment of her rich and flexible notes in our private circle, and under her auspices an amateur concert was now proposed for the benefit of the poor in Reval.’

We have not left ourselves any room for the letters from Reval—which however are quite as interesting as those descriptive of the life of the country. We can only give the conclusion of another wedding scene. On such subjects all ladies who can write at all are sure to write their best; but the philosophy of
this

this fair English spinster on the present occasion strikes us as peculiarly piquant.

‘It is so much the habit in our civilised age to regard a marriage “*de convenances*” as a thing repugnant to human nature, equally tyrannical in act as cheerless in result, that, though sad experience had taught me the fallacy of trusting the brightest of wedding hopes, or the most impatient of wedding faces, I involuntarily entered these rooms with the feeling of assisting at a sacrifice. Far, however, from the system of marriages “*de convenances*” being one of oppression and degradation towards the female sex, I am inclined to think that, in a country where custom marries a girl before she can know her own mind, far less that of others, and where the rules of society interdict all previous acquaintance, it is, on the contrary, one of mercy and protection. What act can be more tyrannical to the future woman than the indulgence of the girl’s so-called *first love*? What results more cheerless than the vital mistake of a hasty choice? Granting both the marriage “*de convenances*” and that of affection to be productive of happiness, this quality, which in nine cases out of ten is not the spontaneous blossom of early love, but the after-growth of esteem and habit, is, in both instances, equal in amount. But reverse the picture, and view married life in its miseries—how infinitely sharper is the sting of that evil incurred by voluntary choice than imposed by duty or custom! Sufficient for the day in both cases is the evil thereof; but who will deny that the woman who has been forced to disinvest the object of her choice from the colours in which she had fondly decked him, suffers anguish of a far more poignant nature than she whose view of her own condition has never been intercepted by a soft though deceitful medium?—*ibid.* p. 268.

‘Four o’clock struck ere the guests began to depart, but by noon the next day the new-married couple were occupied in receiving a throng of morning visitors who came to congratulate. The same day was a large dinner-party; the same evening the pair appeared at a public concert. The following days were spent in a succession of entertainments, and thus was the spring-time of wedded happiness offered up for the enjoyment of the public. Nowhere are there such volumes of high-flown trash written on bridal modesty as in Germany, and nowhere is it less respected.’—*ibid.* p. 273.

From Reval the Baron’s family returned once more to their castle in time to enjoy the burst of an Esthonian spring.—In one chapter we have a most vivid description of the melting of the snows and the tremendous scenes attending the breaking up of the ice-bound rivers.—We turn a page, and a letter opens thus beautifully:—

‘Such is the picture of our life a fortnight ago, during which a still more striking change, if possible, has come over the face of things. The earth, which so late emerged from her winter garb, is now clad in the liveliest livery; while every tree and shrub have hastily changed their dresses in Nature’s vast green-room, and stand all ready for the summer’s short act. Nowhere is Nature’s hocus-pocus carried on so wonderfully—

wonderfully—nowhere her scene-shifting so inconceivably rapid. You may literally see her movements. I have watched the bird's-cherry at my window. Two days ago, and it was still the same dried-up spectre, whose every form, during the long winter, the vacant eye had studiously examined while the thoughts were far distant—yesterday, like the painter's Daphne, it was sprouting out at every finger; and to-day it has shaken out its whole complement of leaves, and is throwing a verdant twilight over my darkened room. The whole air is full of the soft-stirring sounds of the swollen buds snapping and cracking into life, and impregnated with the perfume of the fresh oily leaves. The waters are full and clear—the skies blue and serene—night and day are fast blending into one continuous stream of soft light, and this our new existence is one perpetual feast. Oh, winter! where is thy victory? The resurrection of spring speaks volumes.'

Here we stop, though with reluctance—but we feel that we have already drawn on this rich new bank quite as deeply as we could in fairness do. The writer's name will not long we suppose remain a secret—and we trust no engagements in Esthonia or elsewhere may prevent us from seeing it—or a *quid pro quo*—on many a title-page hereafter.

ART. VII.—*Letters of Mrs. Adams, the Wife of John Adams; with an Introductory Memoir* by her Grandson, Charles Francis Adams. Second Edition. 2 vols. 12mo. Boston. 1840.

THE filial partiality of the introductory memoir raised in our minds expectations which the work itself has by no means realised. The editor observes that in great political convulsions the state of domestic manners, and the feelings and opinions of women, have an important, though in general silent and unobtrusive influence:—

'If it were possible to get at the expression of feelings by women in the heart of a community, at a moment of extraordinary trial, recorded in a shape evidently designed to be secret and confidential, this would seem to present the surest and most unfailing index to its general character. Hitherto we have not gathered much of this material in the United States. . . . The heroism of the females of the Revolution has gone from memory with the generation that witnessed it, and nothing, absolutely nothing, remains upon the ear of the young of the present day but the faint echo of an expiring general tradition. Neither is there much remembrance of the domestic manners of the last century, when, with more of admitted distinctions than at present, there was more of general equality; nor of the state of social feeling, or of that simplicity of intercourse which, in colonial times, constituted in New England as near an approach to the successful exemplification of the democratic theory as the irregularity in the natural gifts of men will, in all probability, ever practically allow.

'It

'It is the purpose of the present volumes to contribute something to the supply of this deficiency by giving to tradition a form partially palpable. The present is believed to be the first attempt in the United States to lay before the public a series of private letters, written without the remotest idea of publication, by a woman to her husband and others of her nearest and dearest relations. Their greatest value consists in the fact, susceptible of no misconception, that they furnish an exact transcript of the feelings of the writer in times of no ordinary trial. Independently of this, the variety of scenes in which she wrote, and the opportunities furnished for observation in the situations in which she was placed by the elevation of her husband to high official positions in the country, may contribute to sustain the interest with which they will be read.'—pp. xviii.-xx.

This, our readers see, is very promising. Mrs. Adams was, we are told, a clever and strong-minded woman. When she was about thirty, and in the tenth year of her marriage, the American revolution began, in which her husband, the able and respectable John Adams, already a lawyer of some eminence, took an early and prominent part. He was subsequently one of the negotiators of the Treaty of Independence, and the first American minister to the British court, whither he was accompanied by his wife. He was also the first Vice-President of the United States, and, finally, the immediate successor of Washington as President. We expected therefore no small pleasure in tracing this distinguished man and clever woman from the respectable mediocrity of private and professional life through the great and exciting struggle for national independence, and finally in observing their manners and opinions when elevated to a position corresponding to that of the *grandeess* and even of the *sovereigns* of the old world. A play-writer or novelist could hardly have imagined for a hero and heroine more striking vicissitudes, more interesting trials, or a more happy and honourable conclusion. We have, however, been sadly disappointed. Two very trifling letters before marriage, and one very short and equally trifling after, bring us from 1764 to 1774, without the slightest trace of the domestic manners or character of the period or the persons. When in 1774 Mr. Adams left his residence at Braintree, near Boston, to join the first Congress as one of the delegates of Massachusetts, his wife began a series of letters to him, which, like 'The Memoirs of P. P.,' are 'all a-foam with politics,' but contain little more than a few local events and many apocryphal rumours of her own neighbourhood, affording at this time of day little information and less amusement. A few letters written to her American friends during her diplomatic residence in France and England are the most, indeed we may say the only, entertaining pages in the work: her correspondence while
her

her husband was President, and she at the head of American society, is singularly scanty, poor, and trivial, and has no interest except from a kind of droll contrast which it exhibits between her own homely tastes and habits and her public position. But in all this there are no traces of 'the heroism of the females of the revolution,' no development of 'the domestic manners of the last century,' beyond Mrs. Adams's own very narrow and insulated circle. Of this, though it manifestly disappoints the expectations raised by the editor, we should not complain, if Mrs. Adams's own story were well told—that is clearly, lightly, amusingly, as one expects from the pen of a lady; but Mrs. Adams seems to us to have had few of the peculiar qualifications of an agreeable letter-writer. She was no doubt a sensible worthy woman, but of a grave and didactic turn of mind—of no wit—no pleasantry—not even liveliness—of a scanty acquaintance with her own provincial world, and little knowledge of what was going on elsewhere—with just such a smattering of literature as the daughter of the puritanical minister of a village in Massachusetts might be supposed to attain a century ago, which just served to make her style *awfully* pedantic, and her epistles *awfully* commonplace and tedious. This, to be sure, was no fault of the good lady's; she wrote after her own fashion to her own family and friends, and her letters, no doubt, fully satisfied them. They are, indeed (bating their formality and pedantry), not ill written, and are (with, however, some marked exceptions) creditable to her feelings and good sense; but they seem to us to have intrinsically very small pretensions to the honour of publication—though, as the first specimens, as the editor describes them, of this class of literature in America, they may not be undeserving notice.

Abigail Smith, born on the 22nd of November, 1744, was by both her parents descended, says her grandson, 'from the genuine stock of Massachusetts puritan settlers;' and there 'were few persons,' he adds, 'who had more exclusively imbibed their character.' Her father, William Smith, was minister of the Congregational church at Weymouth (Massachusetts), and her mother, Elizabeth Quincy, was maternally descended from pastors of the same denomination. She was married in 1764 to John Adams, who had been a *schoolmaster*, and was reproached, as we find from a hint in one of her letters, of being a severe one, but who was then a practising lawyer. A portrait painted when she was twenty, and engraved for these volumes, must, we suppose, have been like, for it seems characteristic—it is stiff, formal, and *plain*—with no expression, unless of resolution and gravity, and wholly devoid of elegance, vivacity, or grace:—her countenance is even less attractive than her style, and both afford a very marked contrast

to the brilliant vivacity of Lady Mary Wortley, or the amiable gaiety of Madame de Sevigné.

The prominent feature and fault of her letters is a kind of childish yet lumbering pedantry, that deals largely in trivial commonplaces, and trite quotations. This the editor rather accounts for than excuses by stating that the education of the young ladies of America at that day was very narrow, and that the best read amongst them had formed themselves 'on the *Spectator* and the poets.' But the *Spectator*—though it might, as the editor suggests, have influenced Miss Smith and her young friends to correspond under the names of '*Myra*,' '*Aspasia*,' and '*Aurelia*,' and may have accustomed them to intersperse their lucubrations with mottos and quotations—ought rather to have given them, as it has certainly done to some of their countrymen—Mr. Washington Irving for instance—that unaffected, easy, and familiar style of which Addison was the great master and the most powerful preceptor: but the truth we believe is, that the natural turn of Mrs. Adams's mind was formal and pompous—for we find that she carried the same style even into her mature age and severest trials, when girlish impressions, if they had been only *impressions*, would probably have worn away. Miss Smith, it seems, was not much pleased with her own proper name of *Abigail*, at which we are not surprised—but she showed no great judgment in the choice of the substitute under which her maiden letters were written. She could have been, at best, but an awkward '*Diana*.*' On her marriage she seems to have reverted for ten years to her own unromantic appellative, but on the breaking out of the revolutionary troubles she, no doubt, saw in Mr. Adams a new Brutus, and—discarding the *Abigail*—she for some years signed herself *Portia*—generally with some preliminary flourish, which may have looked fine at the time, but seems to our present taste rather absurd; for instance, a letter of July, 1775, concludes with these incongruous sentences:—

'I hope we shall not now have famine added to war. Grain, grain is what we want here. Meat we have enough, and to spare. Pray don't let Bass forget my pins. Hardwick has applied to me for Mr. Bass to get him a hundred of needles, number six, to carry on his stocking weaving. We shall very soon have no coffee, nor sugar, nor pepper here; but whortleberries and milk we are not obliged to commerce for. Good night. *With thoughts of thee do I close my eyes. Angels guard and protect thee; and may a safe return ere long bless thy*
Portia.'

—vol. i. p. 50.

* We wonder that the editor, who, we suppose, was, like his father and uncle, educated at Harvard College, should not have erased the clumsy attempt at pleasantry (almost the only one in the volumes) in one of the early letters—'Enter Diana, *solus*,' and,

and, be it observed that at the time she penned this childish conclusion she was more than thirty years old, and the gentleman whose couch *angels were to guard* was a practising lawyer, considerably above forty. Even in a letter to Mr. Adams, written in great anguish on the death of her mother, and particularly commended by the editor, her grief and her piety are much too rhetorical for our taste:—

‘Have pity upon me. Have pity upon me, O thou my beloved, for the hand of God presseth me sore.

‘Yet will I be dumb and silent, and not open my mouth, because thou, O Lord, hast done it.

‘How can I tell you (*O my bursting heart!*) that my dear mother has left me?—this day, about five o’clock, she left this world for an infinitely better.

‘T is a dreadful time with the whole province. Sickness and death are in almost every family. I have no more shocking and terrible idea of any distemper, except the plague, than this.

‘Almighty God! restrain the pestilence which walketh in darkness and wasteth at noonday, and which has laid in the dust one of the dearest of parents. May the life of the other be lengthened out to his afflicted children.

‘From your distressed

‘PORTIA.’

If every other letter in the collection had been subscribed ‘*Diana*’ or ‘*Portia*,’ this one at least ought to have been signed with the sober reality of *Abigail Adams*. In the same style, when her and Mr. Adams’s intimate friend, Dr. Warren, was killed at Bunker’s Hill, her grief stalks upon poetic stilts:—

‘*My bursting heart must find vent at my pen. I have just heard that our dear friend Dr. Warren is no more, but fell gloriously fighting for his country; saying, better to die honourably in the field than ignominiously hang upon the gallows. Great is our loss. He has distinguished himself in every engagement by his courage and fortitude, by animating the soldiers, and leading them on by his own example. . . .*

‘I wish I could contradict the report of the doctor’s death; but it is a lamentable truth, and the tears of multitudes pay tribute to his memory: those favourite lines of *Collins* continually sound in my ears:—

“How sleep the brave,” &c.’

And then she proceeds to copy out the whole of *Collins’s* ode, which, however, the editor kindly spares us, with a most sagacious observation, that ‘*Collins’s ode is too well known to need insertion*’—(vol. i. p. 39); but he takes no notice of the strange speech put into the mouth of the dying hero, as if the mainspring of his courage was the fear of the *gallows*; an ignoble motive

which no man would avow, and which we dare say Dr. Warren never felt.

One of her letters to Mr. Adams in France is peculiarly characteristic:—

‘How insupportable the idea that three thousand miles and the vast ocean now divide us! but divide only our persons, for the heart of my friend is in the bosom of his partner. More than half a score of years has so riveted it there that the fabric which contains it must crumble into dust ere the particles can be separated; for

“in one fate,

Our hearts, our fortunes, and our beings blend.”

‘I cannot describe to you how much I was affected the other day with a Scotch song, which was sung to me by a young lady in order to divert a melancholy hour; but it had quite a different effect, and the native simplicity of it had all the power of a well-wrought tragedy. When I could conquer my sensibility I begged the song, and Master Charles has learned it, and consoles his mamma by singing it to her. *I will enclose it to you.* It has beauties in it to me which an indifferent person would not feel perhaps:

“His very foot has music in ’t,
As he comes up the stairs.”

‘Gracious Heaven! hear and answer my daily petition by banishing all my grief.’—vol. i. p. 134.

It seems now-a-days strange enough that Mrs. Adams should take the trouble of copying ‘*There’s nae luck about the house*’ for the American Envoy in Europe—but it is still stranger that the good taste which admired and adapted to her own case the tender simplicity of the whole ballad, and particularly the exquisite couplet which she quoted, should not have preserved her from such laboured metaphors, such hackneyed quotations, and such theatrical declamation as other parts of this very letter exhibit. She goes on—

‘So many vessels are taken that there is little chance of a letter’s reaching your hands. . . . If this finds its way to you it will go by the Alliance. By her I have written before. She has not yet sailed, and I love to amuse myself with my pen, and pour out some of the tender sentiments of a heart overflowing with affection, *not for the eye of a cruel enemy, who, no doubt, would ridicule every humane and social sentiment, long ago grown callous to the finer sensibilities, but for the sympathetic heart that beats in unison with*

‘PORTIA’S.’

We see that Mrs. Adams had herself a judicious suspicion that all this high-flown stuff was fit only for the sympathetic eye of Brutus, and she would probably have considered as her ‘*cruelest enemy*’ him who should expose these effusions to the

the *ridicule* with which she was conscious that strangers must read them. We really cannot understand upon what principle of either taste or duty the editor has published such passages as these, after so strong an indication of his grandmother's own opinion that they were likely to excite 'the ridicule of cruel enemies.' *We*, assuredly, are not the cruel enemies she anticipated—she has found them nearer home. We shall be more generous, and shall close with these specimens our observations on Mrs. Adams's literary style, and proceed to the more substantial parts of her correspondence.

It will be recollected that the first collision between the insurgents and the authorities took place at Boston, within 10 or 12 miles of which Mrs. Adams resided. Her earlier letters are of course full of those transactions, but they are too desultory and irregular to afford any connected view of the progress of affairs, and are, besides, so much the echo of the first and generally erroneous rumours of the moment, and so influenced by the strong and enthusiastic prejudices of the writer, that they are of no historical value at all. Indeed the misinformation and prejudices are so glaring that the editor himself feels obliged occasionally to subjoin a corrective observation; as, when she says that at Bunker's Hill, while the British, by their own admission, lost 1500, the Provincials lost but sixty, the editor subjoins—'this was below the truth, but *accuracy in those details will not be looked for in a letter written at the moment upon information necessarily defective.*'—vol. i. p. 45.

Now, craving the editor's pardon, we know not why Mrs. Adams's information should have been '*necessarily defective.*' She was within a few miles—within hearing—and almost within sight of the affair: many of her friends, and some of her relations, took an active part in the operations (vol. i. p. 42). She was a distinguished person in the neighbourhood—the wife of the delegate of the State in Congress; and her letter is dated the eighth day after the battle—an interval in which the first and natural exaggerations would have had time to subside, and when something like the truth might be expected to have reached a person in Mrs. Adams's position: we confess, therefore, that we do not feel the force of the editor's apology, while, on the other hand, the avowal that we are not to look for accuracy in Mrs. Adams's statement of facts occurring under her own eyes, though made on one point, casts a kind of shade over others, and must certainly tend to diminish the value, whatever it might otherwise be, of her letters.

We are as far as the editor from suspecting the good lady of an intention to deceive any one, much less her husband; but the truth seems to be that to very 'defective information' were super-

added such strong prejudices that the portion of the work which deals with political matters must be regarded as indicating rather the feelings of the party than the facts of the case. But now that the American struggle is matter of moral retrospect, the *feelings* by which the people, and particularly people of Mrs. Adams's class, were actuated, is a much more interesting and instructive object of contemplation than the mere events of the contest. Indeed, what has struck us as most remarkable in these letters is the evidence they both directly and indirectly afford of the ripeness of America for the revolution. The state of society and the system of government in the provinces were already essentially republican. Our readers will have observed in our first extract, the editor's statement that under the old colonial system there was, 'with more admitted *distinctions*, more general *equality than at present*,' and that society in New England 'constituted as near an approach to a rational *democracy* as mankind can probably attain.' The prevalent religion of those parts was *dissent* in various forms and under various names, but all preserving the traditional leaven of the great rebellion, and an instinctive enmity to *Church and King*. Much, therefore, as we may regret the grand original mistakes in the system of colonial polity, and blame the conduct, at once rash and weak, of the British ministers, which drove the provinces to revolt, it is clear that their independence could not in the natural course of things have been long postponed. A wise and long-sighted government would, many years before the revolt occurred, have seen how rapidly the down of the new-fledged colonies was ripening into plumage, and how soon their wings would become strong enough to raise them into independence. Their growth was inevitable, and equally so their ultimate separation from the parent country.

Lord Chatham, as we observed in our late review of his *Life*, had, even in the height of the contest, some vague idea of a modified independence—some theory for reconciling American rights with British sovereignty—founded on a concession to the provinces of the powers of internal government and taxation, while the mother country should maintain her imperial supremacy. But though he actually brought in a bill founded on this theory, he does not appear to have had, certainly he did not state, any practical and solid scheme by which these apparent contradictions were to be harmonised; and we have already expressed our opinion that the scheme was visionary, and only advanced by Lord Chatham to screen the inconsistencies of his own conduct and position. The colonies, like other children, must sooner or later have outgrown the parental authority; and while we deplore the injustice which created, and the imbecility which conducted, and the

the miseries which accompanied, and the bad feeling which survived our efforts to reduce the colonies, we are far from regretting, and still farther from thinking that it was possible by any course of policy to have escaped the ultimate result—the independence of America and the creation of a power which must, more rapidly and effectually than could have been otherwise accomplished, spread civilisation, and we trust happiness, over the vast Transatlantic world.

These thoughts are naturally suggested by the spirit of Independence which, in the very dawn of the differences, exhibits itself in Mrs. Adams's letters, and which no doubt pervaded that important class of society to which she belonged. Her very first letter, just after Mr. Adams set out for the first Congress in August 1774, is of this character, and we shall extract it *in extenso*, not merely as an additional specimen of her style (of which it is a very fair one), but as a proof how easily, how readily, and how earnestly the ideas of republican independence had been adopted in New England:—

‘Braintree, 19th August, 1774.

‘The great distance between us makes the time appear very long to me. It seems already a month since you left me. *The great anxiety I feel for my country*, for you, and for our family, renders the day tedious and the night unpleasant. The rocks and quicksands appear upon every side. What course you can or will take is all wrapped in the bosom of futurity. Uncertainty and expectation leave the mind great scope. *Did ever any kingdom or state regain its liberty, when once it was invaded, without bloodshed?* I cannot think of it without horror. Yet we are told that all the misfortunes of *Sparta* were occasioned by their too great solicitude for present tranquillity, and, from an excessive love of peace, they neglected the means of making it sure and lasting. They ought to have reflected, says *Polybius*, that, “as there is nothing more desirable or advantageous than peace, when founded in justice and honour, so there is nothing more shameful, and at the same time more pernicious, when attained by bad measures and purchased at the price of liberty.” I have received a most charming letter from our friend Mrs. Warren. She desires me to tell you that her best wishes attend you through your journey, both as a friend and a patriot—hopes you will have no uncommon difficulties to surmount or hostile movements to impede you—but, if the *Locrians* should interrupt you, she hopes that you will beware that no future annals may say you chose an ambitious *Philip* for your leader, who subverted the noble order of the American *Amphictyons*, and built up a monarchy on the ruins of the happy institution.

‘I have taken a very great fondness for reading Rollin's Ancient History since you left me. I am determined to go through with it, if possible, in these my days of solitude. I find great pleasure and entertainment from it, and I have persuaded Johnny [her eldest son] to read me a page or two every day, and hope he will, from his desire to oblige me,

me, entertain a fondness for it. We have had a charming rain, which lasted twelve hours, and has greatly revived the dying fruits of the earth.

'I want much to hear from you. *I long impatiently to have you upon the stage of action. The first of September, or the month of September, perhaps, may be of as much importance to Great Britain as the Ides of March were to Cæsar.* I wish you every public as well as private blessing, and that wisdom which is profitable both for instruction and edification, to conduct you in this difficult day. The little flock remember papa, and kindly wish to see him; so does your most affectionate

'ABIGAIL ADAMS.'

—vol. i. pp. 13, 14.

With these sentiments in the summer of 1774, we are not so much surprised at finding *Abigail Adams* transmuted in the spring of 1775 into *Portia*. The following, dated about a month later, is specially recommended to our notice by the editor:—

'In consequence of the powder being taken from Charlestown,* a general alarm spread through many towns and was caught pretty soon here. The report took here on Friday, and on Sunday a soldier was seen lurking about the Common, supposed to be a spy, but most likely a deserter. However, intelligence of it was communicated to the other parishes, and about eight o'clock Sunday evening there passed by here about two hundred men, preceded by a horse-cart, and marched down to the powder-house, from whence they took the powder, and carried it into the other parish and there secreted it. I opened the window upon their return. They passed without any noise; not a word among them till they came against this house, when some of them, perceiving me, asked me if I wanted any powder. I replied, *No, since it was in so good hands.* The reason they gave for taking it was, that we had so many Tories [Loyalists] here, they dared not trust us with it; they had taken Vinton [the sheriff of the county] in their train, and upon their return they stopped between Cleverly's and Etter's, and called upon him to deliver two warrants [for summoning juries]. Upon his producing them they put it to vote whether they should burn them, and it passed in the affirmative. They then made a circle and burnt them. They then called a vote whether *they should huzza, but, it being Sunday evening, it passed in the negative.* They called upon Vinton to swear that he would never be instrumental in carrying into execution any of these new acts. They were not satisfied with his answers; however, they let him rest. A few days afterwards, upon his making some foolish speeches, they assembled to the amount of two or three hundred, and swore vengeance upon him unless he took a solemn oath. Accordingly, they chose a committee and sent it with him to Major Miller's to see that he complied; and they waited his return, which proving satisfactory, they dispersed. This town appears as high as you can well imagine, and, if necessary, would soon be in arms. Not a Tory but hides his

* A measure of precaution of General Gage, who removed the gunpowder from Charlestown, a kind of suburb to Boston, into the latter town.

head. The *Church parson* thought they were coming after him, and ran up garret; they say another jumped out of his window and hid among the corn, whilst a third crept under his board-fence and told his beads.'—vol. i. pp. 19, 20.

The editor admires 'the highly characteristic trait of New England, of refusing to cheer on a Sunday'—but does not seem to see that it would have been rather more consistent with a devotional feeling if they had selected any other day *than the Sabbath* to plunder the magazine, and to endeavour to force a magistrate to swear that he would not do a legal duty which he was already sworn to perform. Our readers will also observe Mrs. Adams's sarcastic mention of *church parsons*—which, though the clergy were not personally injured on this occasion, sufficiently indicates the hostile and intolerant spirit of the predominant sect towards them, and that the *Church* was as obnoxious to the revolvers as the *King*. Nor does it create any favourable impression of Mrs. Adams herself that she, who on every occasion indulges in devotional—we might say puritanical—ejaculations, sneers at a clergyman of the church for '*telling his beads*,' as she malevolently terms it, when he thought himself in danger from a lawless mob.

Mrs. Adams was certainly not at this period of her life, and probably not at any, very charitable towards those who differed from her in politics. It seems that a couple of years before the troubles Mr. Adams was a candidate for a place in the provincial council, and in 1774 some letters of Governor Hutchinson were published, by which it appeared that, if Adams had been elected, Hutchinson would have exercised his negative against him; on this discovery Mrs. Adams calls him 'a *forlorn wretch*,' and piously exclaims, '*May the fate of Mordecai be his!*' (vol. i. p. 30.) So a gentleman of the first congress who happened to remain a Loyalist is stigmatised as a *Judas* (vol. i. p. 49); and, sometimes, the pedantic vehemence of her ire becomes alternately ludicrous and disgusting. A common soldier deserts from the British army and goes to Philadelphia:—

'I think I should be cautious of him. No one can tell the secret designs of such fellows, whom no oath binds. He may be sent with assassinating designs. I can credit any villany that a *Cæsar Borgia* would have been guilty of, or *Satan* himself would rejoice in.'—vol. i. pp. 63, 64.

And again:—

'We learn from one of these deserters that our ever-valued friend Warren [killed at Bunker's Hill], dear to us even in death, was not treated with any more respect than a common soldier; but the savage wretches, called officers, consulted together, and agreed to sever his head

head from his body and carry it in triumph to Gage, who no doubt would have "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," instead of imitating Cæsar, who, far from being gratified with so horrid a spectacle as the head even of his enemy, turned away from Pompey's with disgust, and gave vent to his pity in a flood of tears. What humanity could not obtain, the rites and ceremonies of a *mason* demanded. An officer, who it seems was one of the brotherhood, requested that as a *mason* he might have the body unmangled, and find a decent interment for it. He obtained his request, but, upon returning to secure it, he found it already thrown into the earth, only with the ceremony of being first placed there with many bodies over him.'—vol. i. p. 64.

We need not insist on the improbability of the brutal propositions and acts here imputed to British officers, because it appears by Mrs. Adams's own letters that Dr. Warren was not huddled into an undistinguishable grave, for, ten months later, his body was disinterred and re-buried with military honours and a funeral service and sermon in the town of Boston. Nay, if we could believe Mrs. Adams's poetical relation, the body was in a state to be recognised and exposed to the eyes of the people:—

'The dead body, like that of Cæsar, before their eyes, whilst each wound,

"Like dumb mouths, did ope their ruby lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of a tongue.

Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!

A curse shall light "upon their line.'

—vol. i. p. 94.

But this, we presume, was as imaginary as the indignities which she before related.

When in 1778 Mr. Adams sailed on his mission to France, she writes:—

'8th March, 1778.

'Tis a little more than three weeks since the dearest of friends and tenderest of husbands left his solitary partner, and quitted all the fond endearments of domestic felicity for the dangers of the sea, exposed, perhaps, to the attack of a hostile foe, and, O good Heaven! can I add, to the *dark assassin, to the secret murderer, and the bloody emissary of as cruel a tyrant [King George III.] as God, in his righteous judgments, ever suffered to disgrace the throne of Britain.*'—vol. i. p. 116.

We notice these violent and uncharitable ebullitions—of which we could produce a large assortment—not to derogate from Mrs. Adams's personal character—for great allowances must be made for a high and enthusiastic spirit pouring itself out in such anxious circumstances, and in the *abandon* (we wish we had an English term for this idea) of conjugal confidence; but now that these conjugal confidences are published to the world, and with so much parade of historical importance, it becomes our duty to
enter

enter our protest against evidence so obviously biassed, and to warn our readers of the temper and feeling in which the letters were originally penned. We must, however, in justice to Mrs. Adams's memory, observe that the letters here published have been *selected* by the editor, and we have good reason to suspect that he may have *selected* those parts of the correspondence which he thought most palatable to the present taste of America, and which are naturally the least so to ours. Indeed, the editor confesses as much. Mrs. Adams's letters are (as we have before stated) singularly rare and barren during the periods in which we should have expected them to be the most interesting—the vice-presidency and presidency of Mr. Adams, and the subsequent struggle between the Democratic and Moderate parties, in which her husband and her son were so distinguished. The editor tells us that ‘Her interest in public affairs did not diminish, and that the period furnishes abundance of letters:’—

‘She continued to write to her friends her free opinions, both of men and measures, perhaps with a more sustained hand on account of the share her son was then taking in politics. But these letters *bring us down to times so recent*, and *they contain so many allusions to existing persons* and matters of a domestic and wholly private nature, that they are not deemed suitable for publication, at least at present.’—vol. i. p. lxxv.

This may be very prudent, but we think it is hardly fair: when a witness is produced, we have a right to the *whole* of his or her testimony: those whom one part of the evidence may seem to criminate have a right to complain if that which affects others be suppressed, for the parts suppressed might—and in this case evidently would—impugn the credit of the witness: for instance, the violent party in America are no doubt much pleased with Mrs. Adams's frequent invectives against England, and as she belonged to that which afterwards became the *moderate* party, they would quote her as conclusive authority against us; but if the whole of her correspondence were given, and if it were found that she was still more violent against her own countrymen of the opposite faction, these gentlemen would not in that case consider her authority quite so conclusive as they may be now disposed to do. With this observation we dismiss all Mrs. Adams's statements and opinions on parties and politics, and proceed to lighter matter.

To us—and we presume to any European reader—the most amusing parts of the correspondence are those descriptive of her visits to England and France, though she seems to have been a more inaccurate observer than we should have supposed. Landing at Deal, the first English town she sees is Canterbury:—

‘Canterbury is a larger town than Boston. It contains a *number of old*

old Gothic cathedrals, which are all of stone, very heavy, with but few windows, which are grated with large bars of iron, and look more like gaols for criminals than places designed for the worship of the Deity. One would suppose, from the manner in which they are guarded, that they apprehended devotion would be stolen. They have a most gloomy appearance, and really made me shudder.'—vol. ii. p. 23.

We beg leave to inform our American readers that Canterbury has but *one cathedral*; and further, that we firmly believe that Mrs. Adams never saw even that one—she certainly could never have been within it. It is not visible from the streets that the post-road traverses, and she does not say she visited it; but what she did see was probably those ancient *Gate-houses*, by and through which the road passes, which had no doubt a few grated windows, and looked like gaols because they, or some of them at least, were used as gaols.* Mrs. Adams, having heard or read that there was a cathedral at Canterbury, and never before having seen any ancient edifice, mistook the prison for the church, and her old dissenting prejudices acquiesced readily and without inquiry in a delusion which made a cathedral an object to 'shudder' at.

On getting nearer town Mrs. Adams had what we may almost term the good luck of seeing what was in those days one of the special curiosities of England—a highwayman:—

'From Chatham we proceeded on our way as fast as possible, wishing to pass Blackheath before dark. Upon this road, a gentleman alone in a chaise passed us, and very soon a coach before us stopped, and there was a hue and cry, "A robbery, a robbery!" The man in the chaise was the person robbed, and this in open day with carriages constantly passing. We were not a little alarmed, and every one was concealing his money. Every place we passed and every post-chaise we met was crying out, "A robbery!" Where the thing is so common, I was surprised to see such an alarm. The robber was pursued and taken in about two miles, and we saw the poor wretch, ghastly and horrible, brought along on foot; his horse ridden by a person who took him, who also had his pistol. He looked like a youth of twenty only, attempted to lift his hat, and looked despair. You can form some idea of my feelings when they told him, "Ay, you have but a short time; the assize sits next month; and then, my lad, you swing." Though every robber may deserve death, yet to exult over the wretched is what our country is not accustomed to. *Long may it be free from such villanies, and long may it preserve a commiseration for the wretched!*'—vol. ii. pp. 24, 25.

This tenderness of heart (though perhaps a little misplaced on this occasion) is very amiable; but not so the uncharitable infer-

* One of these Gate-houses had, in its upper story, an ancient chapel—perhaps this (if by chance she heard of it) may have helped to mislead Mrs. Adams.

ence which she draws, that England is more disposed to exult over the *wretched* than *her* country. We have not forgotten—though Mrs. Adams had—her own exultation over that '*forlorn wretch*,' Governor Hutchinson, and her wish that he might be *hanged on a gibbet fifty cubits high*, 'like Mordecai,' not for any moral crime, but only because, being a public servant, he had done a public duty in a way distasteful to Mrs. Adams. The fellow who simply *predicted* the gallows to the robber was, we think, more excusable than she who *prayed* that it might be inflicted on an innocent gentleman.

Mrs. Adams's first stay in London was very short, as she accompanied Mr. Adams to France. We shall postpone, therefore, her observations on our capital till we arrive at her diplomatic residence with us, and in the mean time follow her to Paris, which we doubt whether she saw with more accurate eyes than Canterbury:—

'You inquire of me how I like Paris. Why, they tell me I am no judge, for that I have not seen it yet. One thing I know, and that is that I have smelt it. If I was agréably disappointed in London, I am as much disappointed in Paris. It is the very dirtiest place I ever saw. There are some buildings and some squares which are tolerable; but in general the streets are narrow, the shops, the houses, inelegant and dirty, the streets full of lumber and stone, with which they build. Boston cannot boast so elegant public buildings; but, in every other respect, it is as much superior in my eyes to Paris as London is to Boston. To have had Paris tolerable to me, I should not have gone to London.'—vol. ii. pp. 54, 55.

We, who may be supposed not to be prejudiced against our own metropolis, can hardly understand this—the London of that day was miserably deficient in architectural objects; except the Banqueting-room at Whitehall, the Royal Exchange, the Abbey, St. Paul's, and half-a-dozen churches, we had no buildings worth looking at, while Paris possessed *then* every considerable edifice that it does *now*, except the façade of the Chamber of Deputies, which has replaced the old façade of the Palais Bourbon, and the Magdalene, now just finished: Buonaparte, as we have often had occasion to remark, having added *nothing* to Paris in the way of architecture but two monuments to himself—the arch at the Carrousel, and the column of the Place Vendôme. Paris, as a city to look at, had and has two or three grand features which give it a vast superiority over London—the Quays and the Boulevards—and that magnificent *Place Louis XV.*, where the Quays and the Boulevards unite with the garden of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées; and though this *Place* has been recently made still more splendid by the ornamental works of Louis Philippe,

Philippe, it was, even in Mrs. Adams's day, infinitely superior to anything which London could show.

The following picture of manners, exemplified in the deportment of Madame Helvétius, widow of the atheist philosopher, and herself a *savante*, is more accurate, and in an easier vein than usual; indeed, it must be observed that the pedantry and stiffness of her style wore off very perceptibly during her residence in Europe:—

'This lady I dined with at Dr. Franklin's. She entered the room with a careless, jaunty air; upon seeing ladies who were strangers to her, she bawled out, "Ah! mon Dieu, where is Franklin? Why did you not tell me there were ladies here?" You must suppose her speaking all this in French. "How I look!" said she, taking hold of a chemise made of tiffany, which she had on over a blue lutestring, and which looked as much upon the decay as her beauty, for she was once a handsome woman; her hair was frizzled; over it she had a small straw hat, with a dirty gauze half-handkerchief round it, and a bit of dirtier gauze than ever my maids wore was bowed on behind. She had a black gauze scarf thrown over her shoulders. She ran out of the room; when she returned, the Doctor entered at one door, she at the other; upon which she ran forward to him, caught him by the hand, "Hélas! Franklin;" then gave him a double kiss, one upon each cheek, and another upon his forehead. When we went into the room to dine, she was placed between the Doctor and Mr. Adams. She carried on the chief of the conversation at dinner, frequently locking her hand into the Doctor's, and sometimes spreading her arms upon the backs of both the gentlemen's chairs, then throwing her arm carelessly upon the Doctor's neck.

'I should have been greatly astonished at this conduct if the good Doctor had not told me that in this lady I should see a genuine Frenchwoman, wholly free from affectation or stiffness of behaviour, and one of the best women in the world. For this I must take the Doctor's word; but I should have set her down for a very bad one, although sixty years of age, and a widow. I own I was highly disgusted, and never wish for an acquaintance with any ladies of this cast. After dinner she threw herself upon a settee, where she showed more than her feet. She had a little lapdog, who was, next to the Doctor, her favourite. This she kissed, and when he wet the floor she wiped it up with her chemise. This is one of the Doctor's most intimate friends, with whom he dines once every week, and she with him. She is rich, and is my near neighbour; but I have not yet visited her. Thus you see, my dear, that manners differ exceedingly in different countries. I hope, however, to find amongst the French ladies manners more consistent with my ideas of decency, or I shall be a mere recluse.'—vol. ii. pp. 55, 56.

On the other hand, we have the portrait of a lady of rank and character of a better order—Madame de la Fayette:—

'The Marquise met me at the door, and with the freedom of an old acquaintance,

acquaintance, and the rapture peculiar to the ladies of this nation, caught me by the hand and gave me a salute upon each cheek, most heartily rejoiced to see me. You would have supposed I had been some long absent friend, whom she dearly loved. She presented me to her mother and sister, who were present with her, all sitting together in her bed-room, quite *en famille*. One of the ladies was knitting. The Marquise herself was in a chintz gown. She is a middle-sized lady, sprightly and agreeable; and professes herself strongly attached to Americans. She supports an amiable character, is fond of her children, and very attentive to them, which is not the general character of ladies of high rank in Europe. In a few days she returned my visit, upon which we sent her a card of invitation to dine. She came; we had a large company. There is not a lady in our country who would have gone abroad to dine so little dressed; and one of our fine American ladies, who sat by me, whispered to me, "*Good heavens! how awfully she is dressed!*" I could not forbear returning the whisper, which I most sincerely despised, by replying that the lady's rank sets her above the little formalities of dress. She had on a brown Florence gown and petticoat,—which is the only silk, excepting satins, which are worn here in winter,—a plain double gauze handkerchief, a pretty cap, with a white ribbon in it, and looked very neat. The rouge, it is true, was not so artfully laid on as upon the faces of the American ladies who were present. Whilst they were glittering with diamonds, watch-chains, girdle-buckles, &c., the Marquise was nowise ruffled by her own different appearance. A really well-bred French lady has the most ease in her manners that you can possibly conceive of. It is studied by them as an art, and they render it nature.'—vol. ii. pp. 60, 61.

The following confession of the contagious effect of the manners of her new society on her own puritan feelings is candid and amusing:—

'I have felt the force of an observation which I have read, that daily example is the most subtle of poisons. I have found my taste reconciling itself to habits, customs, and fashions, which at first disgusted me. The first dance which I saw upon the stage shocked me; the dresses and beauty of the performers were enchanting; but, no sooner did the dance commence, than I felt my delicacy wounded, and I was ashamed to be seen to look at them. Girls, clothed in the thinnest silk and gauze, with their petticoats short, springing two feet from the floor, poisoning themselves in the air, with their feet flying, and as perfectly showing their garters and drawers as though no petticoat had been worn, was a sight altogether new to me. Their motions are as light as air, and as quick as lightning; they balance themselves to astonishment. No description can equal the reality. They are daily trained to it, from early infancy, at a royal academy instituted for this purpose. You will very often see little creatures, not more than seven or eight years old, as undauntedly performing their parts as the eldest among them. Shall I speak a truth, and say that repeatedly seeing these dances has worn off that disgust which I at first felt, and that I see them now with pleasure?

pleasure? Yet, when I consider the tendency of these things, the passions they must excite, and the known character, even to a proverb, which is attached to an opera-girl, my abhorrence is not lessened, and neither my reason nor judgment has accompanied *my sensibility in acquiring any degree of callousness.*'—vol. ii. pp. 81, 82.

Our readers, recollecting a former extract, will smile at finding that it was not the *cruel English only* whose hearts could '*grow callous*;' and that the philosophic *Portia* herself had lost something of her '*finer sensibilities.*'

But we must return to England, where Mr. Adams was now named Minister from the United States.

Mrs. Adams's account of the reception of the new minister at St. James's and in London society is meagre:—

'The foreign ministers, and several *English lords and earls*, have paid their compliments here, and all hitherto is civil and polite. The Tory * venom has begun to spit itself forth in the public papers, as I expected, bursting with envy that an American minister should be received here with the same marks of attention, politeness, and civility, which are shown to the ministers of any other power. When a minister delivers his credentials to the King, it is always in his private closet, attended only by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, which is called a private audience, and the minister presented makes some little address to his Majesty, and the same ceremony to the Queen, whose reply was in these words, "Sir, I thank you for your civility to me and my family, and I am glad to see you in this country;" then she very politely inquired whether he had got a house yet. The answer of his Majesty was much longer; but I am not at liberty to say more respecting it than that it was civil and polite, and that his Majesty said he was glad the choice of his country had fallen upon him. The news-liars know nothing of the matter; they represent it just to answer their purpose.'—vol. ii. pp. 96, 98, 99.

As Mrs. Adams insinuates that the common report of the King's 'civil and polite speech' to Mr. Adams is not true, we wish she or the editor had given us their version of it. We have always understood, and we believe correctly, that his Majesty said with a dignified frankness, that, though he had been very reluctant to recognise the United States, he would be the last man in England to attempt or sanction anything derogatory to their independence and national honour, or inconsistent with the feelings of good will and amity which ought to exist between the two countries.

The reception of Mrs. Adams and her daughter is thus told:—

'It was more than two hours after this before it came to my turn to

* By *Tory* Mrs. Adams does not, we believe, here mean the *Tory party in England*, but the American *Royalists*, to whom especially the designation of *Tory* was given by the insurgents.

be presented to the Queen. The circle was so large that the company were four hours standing. The Queen was evidently embarrassed when I was presented to her. I had disagreeable feelings too. She, however, said, "Mrs. Adams, have you got into your house? Pray, how do you like the situation of it?" whilst the Princess Royal looked compassionate, and asked me if I was not much fatigued; and observed that it was a very full drawing-room. Her sister, who came next, Princess Augusta, after having asked your niece if she was ever in England before, and her answering "Yes," inquired of me how long ago, and supposed it was when she was very young. And all this is said with much affability, and the ease and freedom of old acquaintance.'—vol. ii. pp. 103, 104.

Three months later Mrs. Adams writes:—

'His Majesty and the ministry show *every personal respect and civility which we have any right to expect*. The Marquis de la Fayette writes that he had always heard his Majesty was a great dissembler, but he never was so thoroughly convinced of it as by the reception given to the American minister.'—vol. ii. p. 114.

But, in spite of, and in contradiction to, this recorded testimony, the editor says—

'George and his queen could not get over the mortification attending the loss of the American colonies, *nor at all suppress the manifestation of it* when the presence of their minister forced the subject on their recollection. Mrs. Adams's account of her presentation is among the letters of this period. It was not more than civilly met on the part of the Queen, whose subsequent conduct was hardly so good as on that occasion. Mrs. Adams appears never to have forgotten it; for at a much later period, when, in consequence of the French Revolution, the throne of England was thought to be in danger, she writes to her daughter with regret at the prospect for the country, but without sympathy for the Queen. "Humiliation for Charlotte," she says, "is no sorrow for me. She richly deserves her full portion for the contempt and scorn which she took pains to discover." Of course the courtiers followed the lead thus given to them, and the impression made against America at the very outset of its national career has hardly been effaced down to this day.'—vol. i. pp. liv., lv.

Now we believe—that of all this nothing is true—except that Mrs. Adams thought that they had not received as much personal attention as they perhaps expected. We know, and indeed have sometimes witnessed, the unaffected courtesy of both George III. and his queen to American ministers, and we have heard from eye-witnesses that both their Majesties used to be more than civil to Mr. Adams; we have just seen Mrs. Adams's own recorded and repeated testimony to the same effect—and we should not have believed on any less authority than that of the editor himself that Mrs. Adams could have penned the rancorous passage quoted.

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It does not do her any honour: but her own humiliation and mortification at finding her malevolent anticipations so signally disappointed must have been a sufficient punishment—and we shall say no more on such an unamiable topic, which we very much regret that the editor's strange indiscretion has forced upon us.

But there can be no doubt that Mrs. Adams was vexed at her general reception in England: she that could assume the name of Portia must have been ambitious, and we discover a little touch of aristocratic vanity as early as Mr. Adams's first election as a delegate. Having paid a visit to the wife of Mr. Samuel Adams, also a delegate, she writes—

'I had the pleasure of spending the day with my namesake and *sister delegate*. Why should we not assume your titles when we give you up our names?'—vol. i. p. 62.

She would have wished, we presume, to have been called a *Delegatess*. We are therefore not surprised that she was flattered by the visits of '*English lords and earls*,' nor that she should be offended at not meeting a like civility from any English *ladies*—for the special mention she makes of the single visit of the Countess of Effingham, and many other indications, lead us to doubt whether she had any other English visitor. This seems strange; for though we are well aware of the inaccessibility of good London society to mere strangers, we should have expected that Mrs. Adams's diplomatic position would have opened the doors of the ministerial or opposition drawing-rooms; but this seems, from whatever cause, not to have been the case; and even Lady Effingham's small and dry civility was rather political than personal—for her son, Lord Effingham, was so far a partisan of the American cause as to have resigned his commission rather than serve against it (vol. ii. p. 99).

'This afternoon I have had a visit from Madame Pinto, the lady of the Portuguese minister. They have all visited now, and I have returned their visits; but this is the only lady that I have seen.'—vol. ii. p. 121.

This, we presume, means that Madame Pinto was the only lady of a *foreign minister* that she had seen; but we suspect it was also true in the larger sense, from the observation which follows:—

'Some years hence it may be a pleasure to reside here in the character of American minister; but with the present salary and the *present temper of the English* no one need envy the embassy.'—*ib.*

And again—

'St. James's Park and Kensington Gardens are two other fashionable walks,

walks, which I am very sensible I ought to *improve* oftener than I do. One wants society in these places. Mrs. Temple is the only person near me with whom I can use the freedom of calling upon her to *ride* or walk with me, and her, to my no small regret, I am going to lose. Mrs. Hay resides out at Hampstead, about four miles from London. We visit, but they have such a *paltry* custom of dining here at night [what would she have said to our present dinner-hours?], that it ruins that *true American sociability* which *only* I delight in.'—vol. ii. pp. 106, 107.

Mrs. Temple and Mrs. Hay seem to have been Americans, as indeed was every other person mentioned as an acquaintance.

Our surprise that Mrs. Adams was not more generally visited is somewhat diminished when we see evidence of the temper with which she herself regarded English society—it may have been neglectful, but she also may have been repulsive,—and if her countenance and manner betrayed the feelings which she expresses in her letters, we do not wonder that she should not have been popular. The natural consequence of all this would be, that Mrs. Adams's first favourable impressions of England changed very remarkably on her second visit, and that her opinion of the English *ladies* in particular fell *very low* indeed—they had, it seems, in her eyes, very little of personal beauty, or even of good manners:—

'Notwithstanding the English boast so much of their beauties, I do not think they have really so much of it as you will find amongst the same proportion of people in America. It is true that their complexions are undoubtedly fairer than the French, and in general their figure is good. Of this they make the best; but I have not seen a lady in England who can bear a comparison with Mrs. Bingham, Mrs. Platt, and a Miss Hamilton, who is a Philadelphia young lady.'—vol. ii. p. 118.

This is very well, and may be very true; but when she goes on to say,

'Amongst the most celebrated of their beauties stands the Duchess of Devonshire, who is masculine in her appearance. Lady Salisbury is small and genteel, but her complexion is bad'—*ib.*—

we must be permitted to doubt that she ever saw either of these ladies. She had heard, we suppose, of the Duchess of Devonshire's canvassing for Mr. Fox at the Westminster election, and kissing a butcher as a bribe for his vote, and therefore presumed she must be *masculine*—but no one, we think, who had ever seen her or Lady Salisbury could have thought of *distinguishing* the first as *masculine* and the second as *small*.

'I am sure I never saw an assembly-room in America which did not exceed that at St. James's in point of elegance and decoration; and,

as to its fair visitors, not all their blaze of diamonds set off with Parisian rouge can match the blooming health, the sparkling eye, and modest deportment of the dear girls of my native land.'—vol. ii. p. 130.

We have no inclination at all to imitate Mrs. Adams by depreciating the beauty of the American ladies; we have often expressed our admiration of it, and its peculiar character of intellect and delicacy; but we have never before heard that the *bloom* of their complexion exceeded that of the young women of England. But matters take in the progress of Mrs. Adams's ill-humour a still worse turn:—

'With us, in point of *education and manners*, the learned professions, and many merchants, *farmers, and tradesmen*, are upon an equality with the *gentry* of this country. It would be *degrading* to compare them with many of the *nobility* here. *As to the LADIES of this country, their manners appear to be totally DEGRAVED.* It is in the middle ranks of society that virtue and morality are yet to be found. Nothing does more injury to the female character than frequenting public places; and the rage which prevails now for the watering-places, and the increased number of them, are become a national evil, as they promote and encourage dissipation, mix all characters promiscuously, and are the resort of the most unprincipled female characters, who are not ashamed to show their faces wherever men dare to go. Modesty and diffidence are called ill-breeding and ignorance of the world; an impudent stare is substituted in lieu of that modest deportment and that retiring grace which awes whilst it enchants. I have never seen a female model here of such unaffected, modest, and sweetly amiable manners as Mrs. Guild, Mrs. Russell, and many other American females exhibit.—vol. ii. pp. 189, 190.

These are rather hard words, and somewhat adventurous, we think, from a person who had hardly a female acquaintance in England. But amidst the general mass of ugliness and *depravity* which constituted the female society of England in that day, it is some small consolation to find that Mrs. Adams met two Englishwomen to whom she could allow some merit:—

'The finest Englishwoman I have seen is the eldest daughter of Mr. Dana. . . . I saw her first at Ranelagh. I was struck with her appearance, and endeavoured to find who she was; for she appeared like *Calypso* amongst her nymphs, *delicate and modest* [new attributes of *Calypso*]. She was easily known from the crowd as a *stranger*. I had not long admired her before she was brought by her father and introduced to me, after which she made me a visit with her sister, who was much out of health. At the same time that she has the best title of any Englishwoman I have seen to the rank of a divinity, I would not have it forgotten that *her father is an American*, and, as he was remarkably handsome, no doubt she owes a large share of her beauty to him.'—vol. ii. pp. 118, 119.

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The other was a Mrs. Burnell, whom Mrs. Adams was so fortunate to meet in a tour she made into Devonshire:—

'She is a genteel woman, and easy and polite.'—vol. ii. p. 189.

We confess we had some curiosity to learn something more of a lady in whom Mrs. Adams found qualities which she denied to all the female gentry and nobility of England, and we were proportionably delighted to find that Mrs. Burnell was the wife of a *shoemaker in the little village of Kingsbridge*—and the sister, as it seems, of a Mr. Cranch, who had emigrated to America and married Mrs. Adams's sister.

This is charming.

But we are not less amused by another incident of this tour—to understand which our readers must be apprized that Mrs. Adams's mother was the daughter of a congregational minister of a village near Boston, of the name of *Quincy*. She writes to her sister, Mrs. Cranch aforesaid—

'I promised you to visit Mr. Cranch's friends and relatives. This we did, as I shall relate to you. We were absent a month, and made a tour of about six hundred miles. The first place we made any stay at was Winchester. There was formerly an Earl of Winchester by the name of *Sacer de Quincy*. He was created Earl of Winchester by King John, in 1224, and signed Magna Charta, which I have seen; the original being now in the British Museum, with his handwriting to it.

'It is said that in the year 1321 the title became extinct through failure of male heirs, but I rather think through the poverty of some branch unable to contend for it. The family originally came from Normandy in the time of William the Conqueror. They bear the same arms with those of our ancestors, except that ours substituted an animal for the crest in lieu of an earl's coronet. I have a perfect remembrance of a parchment in our grandmother's possession, which, when quite a child, I used to amuse myself with. This was a genealogical table, which gave the descent of the family from the time of William the Conqueror. [*The Stys came in with the Conqueror!*] O thou prophetic Shakspeare! This parchment Mr. Edmund Quincy borrowed on some occasion, and I have often heard our grandmother say, with some anger, that she could never recover it. As the old gentleman is still living, I wish Mr. Cranch would question him about it, and know what hands it went into, and whether there is any probability of its ever being recovered; and be so good as to ask uncle Quincy how our grandfather came by it, and from whence our great-grandfather came, where he first settled, and take down in writing all you can learn from him and Mr. Edmund Quincy respecting the family. You will smile at my zeal, perhaps, on this occasion; but can it be wondered at that I should wish to trace an ancestor amongst the signers of Magna Charta? . . .

I do not expect either titles or estate from the recovery of the genealogical table, were there any probability of obtaining it. Yet, if I was

in possession of it, *money should not purchase it from me.*'—vol. ii. pp. 180-182.

We are sorry to blight any hopes which the editor may have of the *earldom of Winchester*, but we can venture to assure him that the Earl of Winchester of 1321 did not, as his grandmother '*rather thought*,' leave any male issue, and that the good lady was also egregiously mistaken in imagining that an *earl's coronet* is a *crest* for which an *animal* might by any possible accident have been substituted. All this is very ridiculous; but the chief ridicule is to find this republican matron—this philosophic PORTIA—railing at and disparaging the British nobility in the very same letter in which she indulges herself in these empty visions of aristocratical vanity. How could the editor persuade himself that he did any honour to his grandmother's memory by publishing such inconsistent absurdities?

There is another apparently trivial incident of Mrs. Adams's London life, which is worth noticing as a singular proof of the state of feeling in America as to the negro population:—

'The first piece I saw Mrs. Siddons in was Shakspeare's "*Othello*." She was interesting beyond any actress I had ever seen; but I lost much of the pleasure of the play from the sooty appearance of the Moor. Perhaps it may be early prejudice; but I could not separate the African colour from the man, nor prevent *that disgust and horror which filled my mind every time I saw him touch the gentle Desdemona*; nor did I wonder that Brabantio thought some love-potion or some witchcraft had been practised to make his daughter fall in love with what she scarcely dared to look upon.'—vol. ii. p. 125.

We were well aware of, and have heretofore observed upon, this antipathy and its powerful operation in America, but we were not prepared to find it crossing the Atlantic—extending itself to the imaginary beings of a drama in Drury Lane, and resisting with '*disgust and horror*' the combined influence of Kemble, Siddons, and Shakspeare. It would have been in vain, we suppose, to have told Mrs. Adams that *Othello* was not a *negro* but a *Moor*—the early '*prejudice*' would not have been conquered. The strength of this feeling has surprised us the more in Mrs. Adams, for, to her honour be it stated, she was one of the earliest enemies of negro slavery. In September 1774, many years before the voices of Clarkson or Wilberforce were heard, we find her addressing to her husband the following just and energetic observation on the gross inconsistency of preaching liberty and practising slavery:—

'I wish most sincerely there was not a slave in the province; it always appeared a most iniquitous scheme to me to fight ourselves for what we are daily robbing and plundering from those who have as good
a right

a right to freedom as we have. You know my mind upon this subject.—vol. i. p. 24.

Here we close our extracts. The few letters written after her return to America and during the vice-presidency and presidency of her husband which the prudence of the editor has allowed him to publish, are very insignificant, running chiefly on the discomfort of the official houses assigned to them—the inconvenience of a residence at Washington, and the inadequacy of the salaries to the due maintenance of those dignities. It is no affair of ours to pass any judgment on such details, but it seems inconsistent with the dignity or well-understood interests of a great nation to starve its chief magistrate, as they seem to do in America. General Washington had a private property, which enabled him to fill his office with decency, and to retire from it with comfort; but all his successors, if we are not misinformed, were, even during their administration, pinched to maintain the decencies of their station, and have relapsed into a private life of narrow circumstances. We gather from these volumes that the prudent economy of Mrs. Adams preserved her husband from the almost poverty into which some of his successors, after a long public service, have been ungratefully and unwisely permitted to fall.

We have heard that General Jackson is almost in want—if it be true it is honourable to him, but disgraceful to his country, and the first act of American policy and justice ought to be to secure to him, as well as to all future retiring presidents, a competent, nay a liberal, provision for their latter days. Even if the economical policy of the republic should refuse any retiring allowance to its other servants, the President should be an exception. The country who has raised an individual to so eminent a station should surely, for its own sake even more than his, guard his old age from the inconvenience and humiliation of poverty.

It is remarkable that Mr. Adams, and his son John Quincy Adams, chosen president in 1825, should have been—till the recent instance of Mr. Van Buren—the only persons who were not re-elected to that office for a second period; but we must say, of the elder Adams at least, that the causes of his loss of popular favour appear to us at least as honourable to him as his re-election would have been. In truth, we look on this power of *re-election* as the greatest of the many defects in the present constitution of the United States: it aggravates in a peculiar way the inherent disadvantages of a popular election, by biassing the President, during the first term, towards such measures as may insure his own re-election, to the neglect or postponement of the public interests. It is not till the second term that he can be considered as a free agent and independent authority,

authority, and even then he must be embarrassed by the pledges previously incurred. The late short-lived President, General Hamilton, had, we believe, declared his resolution not to accept of re-election, and we have little doubt that his opinion and example would have led to a permanent adoption of that reasonable principle; which, combined with some extension of the period—as from four to five or six years—would, we think, have a most beneficial influence not only on the councils of the President, but on the temper and character of the electoral body itself, and would tend to give more consistent views, a more dignified position, and more independent action, to the general government.

Mrs. Adams lived to hail the nomination of her son as Secretary of State, but she was not granted the gratification of seeing him chosen to the Presidency. She died in October 1818, much beloved and honoured, we are told, for her private virtues, and with a reputation in her own circle for general cleverness, and particularly as a letter-writer, which this publication will not, we think, extend nor even confirm.

ART. VIII.—1. *A Letter to a Noble Lord on the Causes which have produced the present Reaction; with Remarks on Lord John Russell's Letter to the Electors of the City of London.* By Walker Skirrow, Esq. London. 1841.

2. *A Plea for the Poor, showing how the Repeal of the existing Corn Laws will affect the Interests of the Working Classes.* By the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, Minister of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row. Twenty-third thousand. Price One Penny. London. pp. 24.

3. *A Counter Plea for the Poor; showing that the Cause of their Distress is not attributable to the Corn Laws.* By the Poor Man's Friend: in Reply to the Pamphlet of the Hon. and Rev. W. Baptist Noel. London. 1841.

THE anticipations with which we closed our last Number have been abundantly realised; the appeal made by the late Ministers, in the insanity of their despair, from the Parliament to the people, has been answered by a defeat even more signal—all the circumstances considered—than that of the infamous Coalition in 1784; and Sir Robert Peel and the principles of which he is the personification have obtained a triumph only to be paralleled by the glorious sunrise of Mr. Pitt. That the day may be as long

long and as bright, might seem perhaps too sanguine a wish ; for though the great victory—the *political Waterloo*—recently won has exceeded all expectation, and does justly hopes that, only a year ago, would have seemed extravagant, it must not blind us to the great change which Lord John Russell's *revolution*, and many other important circumstances, have made in the practical working of our constitution, nor to difficulties in the conduct of affairs, both foreign and domestic, infinitely more arduous and complicated than Mr. Pitt, with larger means and freer hands, had ever to contend with.

But if the difficulties of the time be great, so also should be, and so we confidently trust will be, the prudence and the zeal, the patience, the courage, and the *concert* of the whole Conservative party in Parliament and throughout the country in emulating and seconding the admirable qualities of their leader. It must not be forgotten that the late Ministry was not the only nor even the chief, though it was the prominent, evil—they had neither weight, talents, nor authority to be intrinsically formidable, and were in fact little more than the alarming symptoms of a public disease.

Rejoiced, therefore, as we are, to be delivered from so disgraceful a Government, we are still more so at the evidence which their fall affords of the convalescence and improving health of the public mind ; and it must be admitted that they have, however involuntarily, contributed to that convalescence. From its very formation, the country at large had a very mean opinion of the *abilities*—with one or two not very striking exceptions—of the Melbourne Ministry ;—but their friends and followers clung to a belief in their *sincerity*, and their antagonists did them the honour of expecting and dreading something like *consistency* in their mischievous proceedings ; but both were disappointed : their reiterated vacillations and tergiversations—their rash advances, their mean retreats—their big words shamefully eaten—their bold pledges shabbily evaded—gradually convinced all men that their claims to political integrity were as low as their personal abilities, and their sense of public duty as weak as their ministerial authority. In fact, all public confidence had notoriously, and indeed avowedly, departed from them in May, 1839, when they resigned on a reluctant but distinct admission that they had lost the power of governing ; and yet they managed to recover their places by an intrigue more unconstitutional, and on pretences more shamelessly false, than the worst ministers, in the worst times, had ever before dared to employ. We say advisedly, *shamefully false*—for recent events have *proved*, what every one *suspected* before, that they were so. What has become of all the Whig vapouring of May, 1839, about the *Ladies of the Bed-chamber* ?

chamber? What has become of the celebrated *Cabinet Minute?* What has become of all the hypocritical loyalty, of all the six-and-eightpenny chivalry of that day? Vanished—as we foretold they would—into their native element—thin thin air—before the awakened good sense of the Queen and the country. Has any sovereign ever shown in similar circumstances a more conciliatory and constitutional spirit, a more amiable and gracious demeanour at parting with old servants, or a more becoming and dignified acceptance of those to whom the advice of Parliament directed the royal confidence?

The surreptitious success of the Whigs on that occasion was, however, but a galvanic resurrection, which gave them a kind of convulsive vitality, while strength and life were really extinct. In this state they have staggered through two or three laborious but idle sessions, amid the shame and sorrow of their mutinous yet servile followers, and by the humiliating and castigating help of their contemptuous opponents. ‘The last feather,’ says the proverb, ‘breaks the horse’s back:’ and, at length, these blustering impostors sank under the insupportable weight of an *empty* budget.

While time and circumstances were thus unmasking the Ministers and exposing their measures, the public eye was accustoming itself to examine the *principles* on which both Ministers and measures professed to stand; and it began to see that the inconsistencies of the Ministers and the inefficiency of the measures arose in a great degree from the unsoundness and fallacy of these pretended principles. The sudden ‘*revolution*,’ as Lord John Russell very truly called it, made by the Reform Bill in the constitution of the House of Commons, had dazzled and bewildered a large portion of the people. Under the influence of that intoxication they fancied (and it was hardly fancy) that every part of our system was shaking and tottering around them; they imagined that reform could be nothing but change, and that every change was necessarily a reform. The minds of men, unsettled themselves, were for unsettling everything else; and to have satisfied this pretended principle of reform would have been, in fact, to subvert and destroy every institution in the land. As this truth gradually developed itself, the Ministers themselves grew alarmed—the Conservative party waxed strong in numbers and in public favour—at each successive attempt of the *Destructives* the Conservative resistance grew more and more powerful—every successive election marked the progress of Conservative principles in the constituencies, and the Ministers—‘halting between two opinions’—were reduced to majorities so small and so precarious that their movements were completely paralysed.

At length they ceased to have even a majority; their most important

portant measures were actually defeated; but, true to the principle on which they had returned to office in 1839—the only principle indeed in which they ever were consistent—that of clinging to *place*, though they had forfeited every pretence to *power*—they persisted in setting at defiance public opinion parliamentary practice and constitutional precedent, till at last, on the memorable 4th of June—an anniversary already dear to Conservative memory—a House of Commons chosen under Lord Melbourne's own auspices decided, by 312 to 311, that Lord Melbourne's cabinet did not possess the confidence of Parliament.

Even yet the tenacity of office prevailed, and—fortunately for the *ultimate* interest of the Conservative cause, and of the country—the Ministers clung to the wreck, and resolved to prolong their existence for forty days by the desperate expedient of a dissolution. We stated in our former Number our belief that the expedient was as dishonest as it was desperate: they had—they could have had no hope of final success; but they calculated on being able to inflame the popular mind—on sowing the seeds of future embarrassment to their successors—and finally—and in this alone successful—on securing seats for another Parliament for a dozen or so of their followers, in places where these persons had no other claim or chance than the preponderating influence of the Government of the day.

But in the interval between this vote of censure and the dissolution, an incident occurred of a nature so extraordinary—so unprecedented—in short, so characteristic both of the position in which the Ministry stood, and of the juggling arts by which they conducted the Government—that it deserves—nay requires to be recorded as a part of their history—as an epitome of their system.

In the *first week* of the late session—2nd February, 1841—leave was moved for to bring in '*a Bill for the better Administration of Justice*,' and the Attorney and Solicitor General were ordered to prepare and bring it in; which they did *within a week*. The ostensible object of this bill was to remedy one of the *most urgent* evils of our legal system—the delays in the courts of equity—by the creation of two new equity judges: and the Attorney-General declared that he proposed it '*as a large instalment of legal reform*,' which he desired to pass '*with the least possible delay*.' Accordingly, within another week—viz. 15th February; it was *read a second time*; and the *committee* was appointed for that day week—the 22nd February—and at this expeditious rate of travelling, which showed no ordinary diligence in the two great law-officers, the bill might have passed before the Easter recess. But lo! *a change came o'er the spirit of their zeal!*—and on the 22nd the bill was postponed to the

26th

26th *February*, and then to the 26th *March*, and then to the 5th *April*, and then to the 3rd *May*, when it went through the committee; after which it fairly went to sleep, and was postponed, *sub silentio*, from day to day, till at last on the 9th *June*—the third sitting day after Sir Robert Peel's motion of want of confidence had been carried, and when the Whigs had virtually ceased to be a government—Lord John Russell evoked the bill from its three months' trance, and endeavoured to press it forward with a velocity as remarkable as its late torpidity.

This alternation of haste and procrastination appeared at first sight unaccountable, but subsequent events afford a clue to the mystery. No one, we believe, originally suspected that these new Chancery Judgeships could have been designed for the Attorney and Solicitor-General—two very eminent *common-law* advocates, but not peculiarly fitted, from their legal experience, to give either weight or despatch to new *equity* tribunals. Such, however, seems to have been the intention. Why then was it not executed? Because their majority in the House of Commons was so narrow and so precarious, that the Ministers did not *dare* to part even with *one*, and much less with *two* votes. So strong was this terror, that when—pending the slumbers of the Chancery Bill—a *common-law* judgeship became vacant, to which the Solicitor-General, Sir Thomas Wylde, had undeniable claims of station, services, and fitness, which, it is said, he earnestly urged, they did not venture to appoint him. Mr. Wightman became the judge, and Sir Thomas Wylde reluctantly remained to prevent Sir Robert Peel's celebrated majority of *one* being a majority of *three*. But the moment that majority of *one* had sealed the fate of the Ministry, the tactics were changed. We cannot be supposed to know to what extent the two law-officers felt and may have expressed their sense of the ridicule and injury—and we will add the injustice—to which they would be subjected by being, after all their public and party services, defrauded, as it were, of the professional advancement to which they were fairly entitled; but we do know, as we have already said, that, on the third sitting-day after that fatal division, Lord John Russell *disinterred* the Chancery Bill, and endeavoured to pass it under circumstances which can leave no doubt in any reasonable mind that his two *common-law* friends were to be provided for—at literally the eleventh hour—by the two *equity* judgeships. *This was too bad*—and accordingly Sir Edward Sugden stated that, as the bill could not possibly come into operation till the 1st November, it was not merely unnecessary, but unconstitutional and indecent, that a Ministry censured and virtually dismissed by a vote of Parliament should exercise by *anticipation* such important patronage; and he

he accordingly moved that the bill should take effect from the 10th of October. This proposition was so obviously just, that it was carried by a majority of 18 (101 to 83). Upon which Lord John Russell—although no change whatsoever was made in the substance of the bill lately stated to be so necessary and so pressing—rose, in great heat, and threw up the bill altogether. So that, so far as he was concerned, the *better administration of justice* and the urgent interests of the public were sacrificed—after the delay of a whole session—in a moment of spleen and ill-temper, because the House of Commons would not permit him to make a *posthumous* and *testamentary* appointment of two not very suitable judges to a court not yet created.

What followed is still more extraordinary. Immediately on the defeat of this scandalous job (will the most sensitive candour think the epithet too strong?) another and a worse was devised and perpetrated for the same object. A few mornings after this untoward division, Lord Plunkett—their own Chancellor of Ireland—their model of forensic and senatorial eloquence—their great statesman—their great lawyer—their greatest judge—was honoured with a confidential communication intimating that he was expected to resign the great seal of Ireland in favour of the English Attorney-General, who had been thus frustrated of a vice-chancellorship in England. Our readers will imagine how, of all men in the world, the father of the *Hannibals* would receive such a proposition—he positively refused—and then followed a struggle, which really surpasses all the iniquity of this deplorable story. The newspaper organs of the Ministry had announced that ‘Sir John Campbell was to succeed Lord Plunkett, who had *for some time past*, in consequence of his age and infirmities, expressed a wish to retire from the bench.’ Lord Plunkett protested against this imputation, asserting that he had never made nor sanctioned, directly or indirectly, any proposition for his retirement. He was then assailed in a different tone. His resignation was solicited as a *personal favour* to his friends and his party; and he was reminded, in very cogent terms, of the many private favours he had received, and the ‘*deep obligations*’ under which he lay—and foremost amongst those *private favours* stood the *Bishopric of Tuam*, recently conferred on his son. Lord Plunkett did not—we regret to say—reply that this was an additional insult—that to represent the advancement of his son to the sacred trust of a Bishopric as a *private favour*—and as *such* a private favour as to impose upon him the obligation of making in return so enormous a sacrifice—was a scandal to the Ministry—a degradation to the Chancellor—a libel on the Prelate! No—this mode of looking

ing at the case as a matter of traffic seems to have been more congenial with Lord Plunkett's feelings: he could not, we suppose, deny the accuracy of the *debtor and creditor* account exhibited against him, and he paid the bill; but not he alone—for the country has to pay Lord Plunkett's retiring pension of 4000*l.* a-year; and, we presume, was expected to pay another of the same amount to my Lord Campbell for one day's sitting: and finally, that nothing might be wanted to complete the scandal of the whole transaction, Lord Plunkett, though he had acquiesced in the arrangement on *private solicitation*—as a *private favour*—and as a return for '*deep private obligation*'—thought fit, on taking his leave of the court, to denounce *publicly* the motives of his resignation, and, by thus turning as it were *king's evidence*, cancelled, we humbly think, all the merit of a private sacrifice. If he chose to appeal to the public, it should have been on public grounds—if he chose to act from private obligation, he should not have divulged in a hostile and bitter spirit the communications of private confidence.

This was the *no-patronage* Ministry, and such are our political puritans! and can it be wondered that the country had grown sick of such *Cantwell* Reformers?

The extent to which that feeling of disgust had spread cannot perhaps be more forcibly shown than by reference to the majority of *ninety-one*, which not merely confirmed the previous parliamentary defeats of the Ministry, but seemed suddenly and almost miraculously to relax that tenacious grasp of office which had survived so many former reverses, and dissipated all those visionary schemes and intrigues on which they, or at least their partisans, seemed up to the last moment to rely for an adjournment of their fate. But there are several circumstances, besides the resulting majority in the House of Commons, which give the late dissolution and elections a remarkable and very distinctive character:—

I. Lord Melbourne, in May, 1839, thought it his duty to resign when he found that he could carry his Jamaica Bill by no larger a majority than *five*; and he thought rightly: but from that day down to this last crisis he has acted—as indeed it has been the ill fortune of his whole political life to act—in direct variance with his recorded opinions and principles, persisting in retaining the name and station of minister, though in a *minority* on many measures of much more importance than the Jamaica Bill; and having, at best, a majority too narrow and precarious to insure the success of any measure of his government. This most grave and, we venture to add, criminal innovation on the practice of our constitution has—from the very peculiar circumstances in which the Crown, the government,

government, and the opposition were placed by the events of May, 1839—not received such attention, nor been visited with so much censure, as it deserves. We think it our duty, therefore, to say a few general words on this by-gone but still very important subject. The constitutional principle on this point arises out of an anomaly in the constitution itself, which *supposes* three distinct authorities, King, Lords, and Commons, graduated in rank, but equal in power, without whose unison and concurrence there can be no legislation, but does not prescribe—nor has the wit of man been able to devise—any legal means by which that necessary unison and concurrence can be ensured or enforced; and this fundamental anomaly is aggravated by the practical fact that, since the Revolution of 1688, the powers are *not* equal, and that, on the contrary, the power of each member of this legislative triad has become inversely as its theoretic rank. To preserve us, therefore, from the anarchy which must arise from any collision between them, there has grown up an unwritten but well-understood constitutional axiom, that on the apparent approach of such a difficulty the ministers, whose measures had given rise to the danger, should avert it by their resignation—or—if there should be any reasonable hope that an appeal to the people would solve the difficulty, by strengthening the Ministry—by an *immediate* dissolution. Under this, as under all other rules of human conduct—written or unwritten—there will be found exceptional cases; but the general rule, and the motive of that rule, are as we have stated; and we have Lord Melbourne's own evidence, by his resignation in 1839, that *his* was not an exceptional case, and we will venture to assert that his revived ministry was the first that ever ventured to set that axiom at open and protracted defiance. It was this most unconstitutional obstinacy that forced Sir Robert Peel to propose—and, we believe, for the first time in our parliamentary annals to carry—a *direct* vote for the expulsion of a ministry, which, as we before said, would not accept the ordinary and constitutional *notices to quit*. If a Tory ministry had ventured on anything like the extreme pertinacity of Lord Melbourne, the Whig opposition would probably have impeached it—and very justly—for a *high crime and misdemeanor*; and though, fortunately, in this case, the derangement and conflict of the great powers of the State were averted by the consummate patience and prudence of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, it is not the less necessary that even the humblest pen that treats of it as a question of constitutional law should enter a solemn protest against so dangerous a precedent.

II. We do not question Lord Melbourne's right to have made an option between resignation and dissolution: we only object to the
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the time and to the principles on which he made it. On the first serious defeat, or even obstruction, which he received after his resumption of office, he ought—since he did not choose to persist in his resignation—to have dissolved. But he had no right to hold the government for three sessions, in a state, as Lord Brougham justly called it, of *abeyance*—neither able to stand nor willing to go—neither resigning nor dissolving—though hardly a week passed in which he did not receive some new warning that, by all constitutional precedent, he was bound to do either the one or the other. In fact, he never contemplated a dissolution in its true constitutional light—namely, as an invitation from the Crown to the country to strengthen the hands of its servants, which never should be resorted to without some rational prospect of success. Lord Melbourne well knew that in his case it would have just the contrary effect; and he seems, therefore, to have reserved it *in petto* as an instrument to be employed, not to strengthen himself, but—when he should find his expulsion inevitable—to embarrass and weaken those who were to succeed him. Lord Melbourne would have been, in a constitutional point of view, justifiable—supposing always that he really believed the country to be with him—if he had dissolved on the carrying of Lord Stanley's Bill, or on the loss of Lord Morpeth's Bill, or on the loss of the sugar-duties, or on the *exposure* (we can scarcely honour it with the name of a *defeat*) of his empty budget; but it was in every sense unjustifiable—after he had resolved to abide the result of the vote of want of confidence, and when that vote had virtually and irrevocably displaced him—that he should have made an almost *posthumous* use of the Queen's authority against the Queen's future ministers, and thus turned the Crown's highest prerogative against the Crown itself. This, besides being grossly unconstitutional, was so *ungentlemanlike* and so *ungrateful to her Majesty*—who, however her Government may be composed, must be interested in its respectability and success—that we readily believe a report, which was very current in the best circles, that Lord Melbourne and one or two other members of the cabinet were exceedingly averse to such a proceeding; and that of this—as well as some other monstrous acts perpetrated in the strange interregnum that followed the vote of the 4th of June—he was a passive and reluctant spectator. Rigidly speaking, this—even if it be true—is no excuse for the *minister*. But we can easily conceive that—peculiarly circumstanced as he was—his acquiescence may have been consistent with those honourable feelings which even political hostility will not deny to Lord Melbourne.

III. But the arts by which the royal prerogative was perverted
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into an instrument of faction, though attended with petty gains and local and temporary advantages, could not prevail against the sense, the common sense, of the country. The grand results we have seen; but some of the details deserve special consideration.

If the dissolution had been taken on the real question at issue, namely, *whether the country had any confidence in either the capacity or integrity of the Ministry*, we cannot pretend to say to what extent it might have influenced *votes*, but there would assuredly have been but one *opinion* from John o'Groat's house to Cape Clear; for even their hardest supporters were obstinately silent as to their merits, and only gave them the contumelious preference of 'not being so bad as the Tories.' This was the main motive why the Ministers had not ventured to dissolve on any of the real *bonâ fide* measures of their administration, but on a bye and *ad captandum* question, *got up for the occasion*, on which they might raise a cry of '*free trade, cheap bread, no monopoly*,' and so forth. The shifts, the falsehoods, the calumnies, with which these pretences were supported, would excite indignation if it were not stifled by contempt and ridicule. We saw with our own eyes, in the metropolitan cities of London and Westminster, the processions of the government candidates—one of them a cabinet minister—whose standards were poles, at the end of which were exhibited, in contrast, a loaf of a *shilling* size, inscribed the '*Russell loaf*,' and a loaf of a *twopenny* size, inscribed the '*Peel loaf*,'—as if these were the loaves which Russell and Peel respectively would give the people for the *same money*! There is nothing new under the sun! This is the very style of argument propounded in the same neighbourhood four hundred years ago by that original reformer JACK CADE, when he promised that '*henceforth seven halfpenny loaves should be sold in England for a penny*.' But it was somewhat strange to find it now advanced by Lord John Russell, who had been—*when it had suited a former election purpose*—a much more thorough-going advocate for high corn-duties than the disinterested good sense of Sir Robert Peel ever permitted him to be. We may smile at General Evans and Lord John Russell's awkward imitations of *Jack Cade*—which ended, be it observed, in Lord John's being the last on the poll, in the rear of even Alderman Wood, and Sir De Lacy ousted—but we can assure our readers that, having waded through some hundreds of speeches and pamphlets of the ministerial partisans, we have not been able to discover a single argument of more truth and force than the *two processional loaves*; and we sincerely believe that the baker who made those loaves and the porters who carried them knew just as much of the real merits of the question at issue as the great majority of
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the pamphleteers and orators who took this occasion to lecture on political economy.

But amongst these political lecturers there were two distinguished phenomena. No reader can be ignorant that for many years past the *bêtes noires* of the Whigs and Radicals were what they delighted to call '*political parsons*.' If the clergyman was a magistrate, he was libelled as a *political parson*; if he voted at an election, he was hooted as a *political parson*; if he presided at a vestry that levied a church-rate, he was persecuted as a *political parson*. The 'character of a Christian minister' was, we were told, inconsistent with the exercise of any political opinion; nay, 'Christian charity' was alleged to be so peculiarly obligatory on a clergyman, that he ought not to censure either immorality or schism, because *that* was to condemn one's fellow-creature; nor to concur in the repression or punishment of crime, because the gospel ought to have taught him universal benevolence. But, observe, this deaf and dumb 'charity' was imposed only on the *clergy of the Established Church*. Sectarian ministers were honoured and applauded for the very opposite qualities and conduct—the Irish priest, who pronounced political anathemas from the altar and led ferocious mobs to the hustings, was an enlightened and liberal apostle of the true faith—the dissenting pastor, who made his pulpit a tribune of political libel and mixed himself in all the low intrigues of political agitation, was a revered and patriotic divine; and 'Christian charity and forbearance' was, *in their cases*, interpreted to mean the meddling in every political feud or parochial squabble—the calumniating everybody and everything connected with the Established Church—the organizing oppositions to legal rights and invasions of legal property—and, in short, committing, wholesale and in the gross, a thousand times more of every kind of political taskwork than the worst libellers had ever imputed to the most intemperate '*political parson*.' All this is notorious in every corner of the country; but well prepared as we therefore were to hear of the individual interference of this class of persons in the late agitation, we were not so for the effrontery of the *Manchester Conference*, composed, we are told, of some 650 dissenting ministers, who, forgetful of that 'Christian charity' and 'those sacred functions' of which they were so fond of reminding the clergy of the Established Church, erected themselves into a *POLITICAL* convocation, whence they promulgated, in behalf of their friends and benefactors the late Ministry, the grossest dogmas of nonsense and falsehood—with, indeed, the most rancorous spirit—but with such ignorance, vulgarity, inconsistency, and stupidity, that, fortunately, their interference did more good to the Conservative cause than their most sanguine malevolence could

could have hoped to do mischief. And this formidable assemblage of the *élite* of dissenting churches was, after three ridiculous sittings, dissolved by its own internal dissensions, amidst the derision of all the rest of the world. One and one only effect has survived: we hope, for a time, to hear rather less abuse of '*political parsons*!' From no member of Lord Melbourne's Government, at least, do we expect ever to hear even an allusion to this once favourite topic, for they have, in their own way, contrived to out-Herod the Herods of the Manchester Conference.

One of the pamphlets named at the head of this article is '*A Plea for the Poor*, by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, M.A., Minister of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row,' and, it is proper to add, brother to the *newly-created* Earl of Gainsborough. We have read this pamphlet, and, had it been anonymous, we should have thought it to be the work of some crazy canter, who, without a single original idea on that—or, we should have suspected, any other—subject, had, with the crooked cunning so remarkable in those twilight intellects, culled all the false facts and garbled statements of the ministerial advocates into one incoherent but—for the thoughtless classes to whom it is addressed—very mischievous rhapsody. Mr. Noel may be, and we hope is, a very different man from what his pamphlet would have led us to suppose; but the character of that work is what we have described. We are, of course, not now going into the corn-law controversy, nor, above all, with such an antagonist as Mr. Noel, compared with whose inflamed and inflammatory exaggerations Lord John's *two processional loaves* are common sense and sound logic. We only notice his pamphlet on account of the astonishing and deplorable fact which immediately followed its publication—in the very height and fever of the elections—MR. NOEL WAS GAZETTED AS ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS—an outrage on decency, on the Church, on the Constitution, and on the Queen's Majesty, only to be equalled by the former presentation at Court of the Socialist Owen. We need not add one word of aggravation to the mere statement of this monstrous fact, though a detailed examination of all its minor circumstances would tend to increase, if possible, the indignation of the public.

IV. But in addition to a general and systematic abuse of the Queen's name, the Ministerialists exerted their old election engines of *intimidation* and *bribery* with unprecedented energy—though happily with less than their usual success.

So long ago as the election of the first parliament under the Reform Bill we prepared our readers (*Quarterly Review*, December, 1832) for a fearful extension of those the worst evils

of our representative system; and we have since had but too many occasions to record the confirmation of our prophecies, and particularly amongst some town constituencies; but nothing, we believe, ever equalled the open audacity with which these offences were practised at the last elections, and, though the effect may have been less, the scandal was greater than ever. In this *all parties* agree. The Conservatives charge it—and in many instances *have proved it*—against the Whigs; and the Whigs retort it on the Conservatives—but on very different evidence and hitherto with very different success. We have already, more than once, shown that the *Conservative interest*—being founded on *fixed* principles and *permanent* influences, such as rank, property, institutions, establishments, &c.—has, speaking of it as a body, nothing to gain and everything to lose by the irregular and disorganising excitements of bribery and intimidation; and though we need not deny that, when it finds itself attacked by such weapons, it will be sometimes driven to retaliate, we think we may assert, as an undeniable fact notorious to every constituency in the empire, that the Conservative interest is generally and essentially adverse to such practices, and that in almost every case in which it may adopt them, it is done reluctantly and as a measure of self-defence. That such, at least, is our sincere opinion, will be proved by the earnestness with which we *now* invite, nay, invoke, a solemn and searching parliamentary inquiry into the excesses which disgraced so many of the late elections. It has been our good fortune to concur in several principles of polity, both practical and theoretical, advanced of late years by Lord Brougham, and in none do we agree more strongly than in his short but impressive statement, in the debate on the Address, of the urgent necessity of a *full* and *effective* examination, under the most solemn sanctions that the forms of parliament allow, into those disgraceful scenes of violence and corruption. Every reader of newspapers knows to what an enormous extent these offences were carried in all parts of the empire—*bribery* taking the lead in England, and *intimidation* in Scotland and Ireland; and, short as the interval has been, we have already seen numerous proceedings and convictions in the courts of law of such offenders; and in every case which has come under our notice the *culprit* has been a *ministerial partisan*. One case which has not yet reached, and which by prudential management may never, perhaps, be allowed to reach a legal tribunal, is too remarkable and too characteristic to be silently passed over in such a discussion as we are now pursuing. We have already noticed the exploits of one knot of our *political puritans*, but we have just learned that the great puritan of all—the patriarch as it were of the sect—the most enlightened and philosophic of our liberal citizens—the

the most inflexible and dauntless friend of civil and religious liberty—the sternest and most scrutinising enemy of every species of political corruption—*Mr. Henry Warburton*—has himself met with a sad mishap. *Mr. Warburton* has been for many years member for the *pure* and independent borough of *Bridport*, and, much as we disliked his politics, we respected his personal character, and always believed that no borough could have a *purser* representative; but at the last election he was opposed—unsuccessfully indeed—but that opposition was followed up by a petition against him on the score of—*proh pudor!*—bribery and corruption. That petition will, it seems, *never be tried*; for, at the very first possible moment, in the long list of writs moved for the new Ministers, there was announced—amidst mingled exclamations of astonishment and derision—‘*a new writ for the borough of Bridport in the room of Mr. HENRY WARBURTON, who since his election had accepted the office of Steward of her Majesty’s Chiltern Hundreds!*’ and when the clamour of surprise had a little subsided, it was circulated along the benches that this resignation was a compromise to prevent a still more intolerable exposure, which might have risked the very existence of the *pure* and independent borough itself. *Mr. Warburton* acted, we do not doubt, very honourably—and we presume very wisely—in taking this course: but the *fact* remains.

We anticipate that the election committees and the courts of law, and, above all, the inquiry suggested by Lord Brougham, should it be pursued, will lead to many similar, though perhaps not quite so remarkable, results; and if the late general election, in addition to its having given the country a Conservative Ministry, should also lead to the probing and cauterising this *cancer* of our electoral system, it will have been the most important and the happiest event in our constitutional annals.

We cannot close this topic without adding one other remarkable fact. There has been for some years growing up in France a strong and very spreading demand for *parliamentary reform* by a larger and more popular extension of the elective franchise. This question had assumed an attitude and position very embarrassing—not to say alarming—to the French government, which saw in it the seeds of a new revolution; but *our* general election has removed, for a season at least, their apprehensions: at the daily recital of the enormities perpetrated at the English elections, public opinion suddenly veered round, and the periodical Press, which had been peculiarly infected with this mania of reform, abjured it almost unanimously—alleging, as the motive of its sudden conversion, the disgraceful scenes which the extension of the elective suffrage appeared to have produced in England.

We trust that the lesson which has been thus profitable to France will not—when future efforts for a more extended franchise shall be made—be lost upon ourselves!

V. But, in spite of this extensive abuse of the royal name, this violence, this corruption, the result of the elections is even more remarkable in its details than in its general aspect, and indicates that the majority in the House of Commons is not a hollow one created by accidental successes in small insignificant or influenced places, but is founded on and represents an at least equal majority of the constituencies of the empire. Thus—

The 362 Conservatives represent	626,142 electors.
The 271 Whigs represent	341,257 electors.

Conservative majority in the constituencies	284,885
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or about three-fifths of the whole—which is above the proportion of the Parliamentary majority.

But the result as to *England*, which, we suppose, will be admitted to be the most considerable and influential portion of the empire, is still more remarkable.

	Members.	Electors.
The English Conservatives were	306, representing	550,761
The English Whigs were	. 198, representing	268,851

Conservative majority	. 108,	281,910
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which, while it increases the proportion of English *members* to above three-fifths, shows a majority in the English *constituencies* of more than *two to one*;—a proportion which amply counterbalances the less favourable and less important returns from Ireland and Scotland—the whole leaving the result of members and constituencies, as before stated, at about three-fifths both of the House and the country. But there is in England another circumstance in these statistics which is worth mentioning. The Reform Bill created 42 English boroughs, whose constituencies make a total of above 100,000. We are far from saying that these constituencies ought not to have an equal weight in the public scale with any other constituencies in the kingdom, but it would be very strange and unnatural if they did not feel something of a grateful bias to that which called itself the Reform Ministry; and we further know that in creating those boroughs every possible astuteness was exercised to throw the power as much as possible into Whiggish hands. Our readers will therefore not be surprised to find that of the Whig minority of 198 English members no fewer than 51, and of the 268,000 English constituents no less than 100,000, owe their existence to the Reform Bill. With regard even to Ireland, the stronghold of the late Ministers, there is an observation

observation to be made which is not without its importance in estimating the state of public opinion. It will not, we suppose, be denied that the Irish constituencies are composed—as compared with the gross population—of those more intelligent and respectable classes whose opinions are entitled to the greatest political weight. Now, it is remarkable that the 42 Conservative Irish members represent constituencies of about 51,000 electors, while the 63 O'Connellites are returned by a constituency of only 45,000.

These are curious, and, in different degrees, important facts—they all tend to confirm our hopes of the solidity of the Conservative cause; and, when we finally state that the Conservative constituencies have increased, since the last general election in 1837, by 133,000 electors, while the Whigs have gained but 2900, we cannot but hope that the Conservative strength, which has grown so rapidly in those influential classes, is likely to make a still further progress under an administration which will, we trust, show itself worthy of the confidence of every impartial, honest, and enlightened man. It is on that supposition only that we anticipate, and, for our own parts, desire, its permanent success!

VI. We have hitherto considered only the state of the House of Commons, but the division on the Address in the House of Lords is quite as remarkable, though for a different reason, as that of the Commons. Our readers cannot have forgotten Lord John Russell's repeated attacks on the Upper House, particularly in his celebrated but most luckless speech at Stroud—in which, *inter alia memorabilia*, he said—

'Among the various CORRUPTIONS which were introduced into our constitution by TORY ministers, who reigned supreme for upwards of fifty years, must be numbered that of POURING INTO THE HOUSE OF LORDS SUCH A FLOOD OF PERSONS OF THEIR OWN POLITICAL OPINIONS as to render that assembly the representatives of a particular party rather than a sound constitutional body. I believe I am hardly exaggerating when I say that in the course of fifty years, in one way or another, not less than two hundred persons have been added to the House of Lords. Of course the introduction of so large a mass of individuals, all belonging to one party, has in some respects changed the character of the House of Lords.'—Speech, p. 13.

The Quarterly Review (vol. lix. p. 523) exposed at the time the temerity and fallacy of these assertions—the fallacy of attributing to the Tory administrations anything like the number of peerages stated by his Lordship—the temerity of such a charge—even if it had been true—by one of a Ministry which had '*poured into the House of Lords a flood of individuals all belonging to one party,*' ten times greater than the proportion inaccurately attributed by his Lordship to the fifty years of Tory administration,

administration. And we further exposed the peculiar boldness of this misrepresentation of the Conservative majority of the House of Lords by showing that, on the contrary, it was the Whig minority which was justly liable to the imputation of being the result of lavish and partisan creations, made—not as in former times, from considerations of birth, wealth, talents, services, or even general political service, but—to a great extent, of persons who had little claim beyond that of being political partisans. But since that time the Melbourne ministry has pursued the same course, descending still lower, and with a still more unjustifiable profusion. Lord Grey's administration had created *only* (!) 38 peerages—Lord Melbourne has created 51, making a total of 89!—viz.

1 Dukedom,
4 Earldoms,
84 Baronies,
89!!!

of which, strictly speaking, only *two*—those of Lords Brougham and Cottenham—were *required* by the public service: and, in the usual course of political events, even that of Lord Cottenham might, as well as his pension, have been spared.

We also find that there have been twenty promotions in the peerage—viz.

2 Dukes,
4 Marquesses,
13 Earls,
1 Viscount,
20.

Making, in the whole, 109 creations or direct influential changes in that branch of the legislature; a number so enormous as—with the political and household offices held by peers—would have, almost irresistibly, made the House of Lords a mere tool of the Minister, if, fortunately, the excess of the abuse had not excited in all the other peers, and even, to their honour be it said, in many of those newly made, so strong a sense of the degradation to the peerage and of the danger to the constitution from such a prostitution of honours, that this '*pouring in a flood of persons, all belonging to one party*' has tended rather to expose the profligacy of the Ministers than to increase their power.

But, weak as Lord Melbourne was in the House of Lords with all these aids, what would he have been without them? Take the Minority on the Address.* The following list of

* Public attention was first called to this important point by a correspondent of the 'Times' (29th August), whose details (inaccurate in a few minor points) we have revised, and believe we may now say that the statement in the text is substantially correct.

names, with the *public and political obligations* which the several lords have received, in their own persons or by their wives or sons (we do not go to more distant connexions), from the *Notopatronage* Ministry, will, we think, astonish our readers, and furnish a very curious page in the history of the times:—

- Duke of Sussex . . . obtained the creation of *Duchess of Inverness* for Lady Cecilia Underwood.
- Norfolk . . . the Garter, and his son in office created a peer.
- Somerset . . . the Garter; son in office.
- Bedford . . . his *Duchess* Lady of the Bedchamber.
- Sutherland . . . dukedom; the Garter; his *Duchess* Mistress of the Robes.
- Marquis of Lansdowne . . . the Garter; and Lord President of the Council.
- Headfort . . . British peerage; Knight of St. Patrick; and Lord-in-Waiting.
- Northampton . . . (*spoke* against them).
- Anglesea . . . son called up and Lord Chamberlain.
- Conyngham . . . Knight of St. Patrick, and late Lord Chamberlain.
- Clanricarde . . . Ambassador to St. Petersburg.
- Westminster . . . Marquisate and Garter; and son in Household office.
- Normanby . . . Marquisate and Home Secretary.
- Earl of Errol . . . Knight of the Thistle; British peerage; and Lord Steward.
- Cork . . . Knight of St. Patrick.
- Thanet . . . Lord-Lieutenant of Kent.
- Fingal . . . British peerage; Lord-in-Waiting.
- Scarborough . . . Lord-Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire.
- Albemarle . . . Master of the Horse.
- Oxford.
- Fitzwilliam.
- Radnor.
- Charlemont . . . British peerage; Knight of St. Patrick; and wife in Household.
- Spencer . . . (Late Chancellor of the Exchequer).
- Clarendon . . . Lord Privy Seal, and Red Ribbon.
- Leitrim . . . British peerage, and Knight of St. Patrick.
- Craven.
- Chichester.
- Gosford . . . British peerage; late Governor of Canada; and Red Ribbon.
- Minto . . . First Lord of the Admiralty; Red Ribbon.
- Morley . . . in Prince Albert's Household.
- Camperdown . . . Earldom.
- Lichfield . . . Earldom, and Postmaster-General.
- Effingham . . . Earldom.

Earl

Earl of Ducie . . .	Earldom.
Yarborough . . .	Earldom.
Lovelace . . .	Earldom ; Lord-Lieutenant of Surrey.
Zetland . . .	Earldom.
Gainsborough . . .	Earldom ; wife in Household.
Fitzhardinge . . .	Baron, and Earl.
Surrey . . .	peerage ; Captain of Yeomen of the Guard.
Bruce . . .	peerage.
Belfast . . .	peerage, and Vice-Chamberlain.
Uxbridge . . .	peerage, and Lord Chamberlain.
Viscount Torrington . . .	Lord-in-Waiting.
Melbourne . . .	First Lord of the Treasury.
Duncannon . . .	peerage, and Woods and Forests.
Bishop of Ely . . .	all made by the Whigs.
Derry . . .	
Norwich . . .	
Hereford . . .	
Lichfield . . .	
Chichester . . .	
Worcester . . .	
Baron Dacre.	
Beaumont . . .	peerage called out of abeyance.
Camoy's . . .	ditto.
Berners . . .	ditto.
Stourton.	
Saye and Sele.	
Dormer.	
Teynham.	
Byron . . .	Lord-in-Waiting.
Montfort.	
Foley . . .	Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms.
Lyttelton . . .	Lord-Lieutenant of Worcestershire (<i>spoke</i> against them).
Lilford . . .	Lord-in-Waiting.
Plunkett . . .	Late Lord Chancellor of Ireland ; father of Bishop <i>Hannibal</i> and several others.
Gardner . . .	(late Lord-in-Waiting).
Brougham . . .	peerage (<i>spoke</i> against them).
Kinnaird . . .	peerage, and Master of the Buck-Hounds.
Poltimore . . .	peerage.
Mostyn . . .	peerage.
Cloncurry . . .	peerage.
Godolphin . . .	peerage.
Hatherton . . .	peerage.
Strafford . . .	peerage ; son in Household.
Cottenham . . .	peerage, and Lord Chancellor.
Portman . . .	peerage, and Lord-Lieutenant of Somerset.
Bateman . . .	peerage, and Lord-Lieutenant of Hereford.
Lovat . . .	peerage.
Carew . . .	peerage, both English and Irish.

Baron

Baron De Mauley . . .	peerage.
Wrottesley . . .	peerage.
Sudeley . . .	peerage.
Methuen . . .	peerage.
Langdale . . .	peerage, and Master of the Rolls.
Talbot of Malahide	peerage, both English and Irish.
Leigh . . .	peerage.
Wenlock . . .	peerage twice given to the same generation.
Colborne . . .	peerage.
De Feyne . . .	peerage.
Monteagle . . .	peerage, and <i>job!</i>
Campbell . . .	peerages for self and wife, and Chancellor of Ireland.
Vivian . . .	peerage, and Master General of the Ordnance.
Congleton . . .	peerage.

PAIRS.

Earl Rosebery . . .	Knight of the Thistle; son in office.
Lord Hastings . . .	peerage called out of abeyance.
Belhaven . . .	British peerage; and Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland.
Sherborne.	
Dinorben . . .	peerage.

The result of this enumeration is that there remain only *fifteen* (two of them recently in office) who are not under what are ordinarily understood as political obligations to the *no-patronage* ministry—viz.

Marquis of Northampton (who <i>spoke</i> against them).
Earl Oxford.
Fitzwilliam.
Radnor.
Spencer (late Chancellor of the Exchequer).
Craven.
Chichester.
Lord Dacre.
Stourton.
Saye and Sele.
Dormer.
Teynham.
Montfort.
Sherborne.
Gardner (late Lord-in Waiting).

Never, certainly, since the House of Lords and constitutional ministries have existed has there been a Government with so slender a provision of what is usually called *independent* support. But let us not be misunderstood. We neither say nor mean to insinuate that the votes of those noble and ennobled persons were influenced by the favours they had received. Our proposition is rather the converse of that. We say that the favours were given on account

account of the, no doubt sincere, political opinions of the individuals—our complaint is not against their Lordships but against the Ministers; and we are driven to make it by one of those Ministers having most rashly accused his adversaries of a species of ‘*corruption*’ of which they themselves have been enormously guilty. Our conservative and monarchical principles do not permit us to complain of a moderate or even liberal exercise of the royal prerogative in creating peers in a due proportion to the progressive circumstances of the country, nor that those so created should be friends of the existing Ministry:—we only echo Lord John Russell’s complaint, that a ‘*Ministry should pour such a flood of persons of their own political opinions into the House of Lords*’ for the purpose—though it has so fortunately and signally failed—‘*of rendering that assembly the representatives of a particular party rather than a sound constitutional body.*’

Such then was the state of Lord Melbourne’s administration in the two Houses of Parliament and the country; and we look back with wonder and, we will add, shame at the very fact of its existence for six years, but more particularly at its existence since the Bedchamber intrigue of 1839. But when, at last, its fate was decided by the vote of the 4th of June, 1841, its conduct became still more monstrous, first, as we have already said, in not resigning, since it had and could have no hope that a dissolution would give it a majority; secondly, as we have also noticed, in continuing to exert in the most lavish manner the power of the Crown when every feeling, private and constitutional, should have imposed upon them the most scrupulous reserve. We have already observed upon one or two of these posthumous measures, but there are some others so curious and characteristic that we cannot refrain from recording them.

They began by swapping and changing—for no apparent reason—several important offices. Mr. More O’Ferrall was moved from the Admiralty to the Treasury, and Mr. Parker from the Treasury to the Admiralty, and it must be admitted that both were equally *fit* for either place. The members of the Board of Ordnance danced a reel—the Clerk of the Ordnance, a Captain in the *Navy*, and we believe a very able public officer, danced out—the Surveyor of the Ordnance, a Colonel in the *Army*, took *his* place, and another Captain in the *Navy* danced in and took the *Colonel’s*. The Under-Secretary of the *Home* Office became suddenly fitted for the Board of Trade. Since Lord Holland’s death the Duchy of Lancaster had remained vacant; it now, it seems, urgently required a Chancellor, and Sir George Grey was *hocus-pocused* from the Horse Guards to Somerset Place, while by a similar operation the Vice-President of the Board of *Trade* was transmuted into the Judge-Advocate of the *Army*.

All

All this seems to us—considering the *period*, the *persons*, and the *places*, a most unintelligible jumble :—

‘ Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
Mingle—mingle—mingle—mingle—
All that mingle may ! ’

But in a couple of these *handycaps* we catch a glimmering of motive : there is a small office called Commissionership of Greenwich Hospital, which had been conferred, soon after the *compact alliance* at Lichfield House, upon Mr. Sheil. It was given, or at least, as we have heard, accepted, as a *place for life* : it was found, however, that it was a place during pleasure, and, when held by a Member of Parliament, liable to change with the Ministry ; and Mr. Sheil, the most brilliant speaker on the Ministerial side of the House, very naturally thought that, if he was to have a *precarious* office, he ought to have one more adequate to his services and talents : he therefore vacated it, some couple of years ago, and Mr. William Cowper, Lord Melbourne’s nephew and private secretary, was appointed to it, and so remained till this official earthquake, when he became a Lord of the Treasury, and Alexander Bannerman, Esq., Member for the borough of Aberdeen, was appointed to the place at Greenwich. Now, why this shift was made, or why, for the few days the Government had to exist, Mr. Bannerman might not have been as well in Downing Street as at Greenwich, does not at first appear ; but this we take to be the explanation of the riddle : Mr. Bannerman wanted a place—a permanent place ; and there were two or three chances that the Greenwich one might be of that comfortable class—Sir Robert Peel, in his known moderation and disposition to indulgence, might be induced to wink at the flaw in Mr. Bannerman’s title—or, what was more likely, Mr. Bannerman, who was threatened with a contest, might be beaten, and then, being out of parliament, Sir Robert would surely not be so hard-hearted as to remove him—or, finally, *one* vote being no longer quite so valuable as it had lately been, Mr. Bannerman—a very loyal gentleman—might perhaps not be disposed to offer any factious opposition to the Queen’s Government—in which case all would be safe and snug. We know not how far these surmises may be well founded, but we do know that they afford the only explanation we can imagine for the notorious facts, and they are certainly not inconsistent with the practice of the very most *jobbing* Administration that ever existed, and which only existed by jobbing.

The other case to which we alluded—if indeed it be another, and not part of the same case—is more obscure in its details, though more remarkable in its results, for it ended in nothing less

less than the creation of a *peerage* for a gentleman who has none of the ordinary claims to that rank, and who, it seems, did not desire it. Sir Henry Parnell, an *Irish* baronet, had, for two or three parliaments, represented—under the *rational* operation of the Reform Bill—the *Scotch* borough of Dundee. He also enjoyed—almost unknown to the public—the once considerable office of Paymaster of the Forces. Of course at the dissolution, the Whigs of Dundee bestirred themselves to secure Sir Henry's return, when, lo! just on the eve of the election, they heard that Sir Henry was to be created a peer, and that they must look out for a new candidate. This embarrassed them, and they remonstrated with the new peer on the unfairness of his conduct towards them. My Lord Congleton answered them with admirable *naïveté*, giving them to understand that they were not more taken by surprise than he himself was,—that he was not thinking of a *peerage*, when it was proposed to him and accepted, and two days after announced by him to his *quondam* constituents, who therefore could have no ground for their complaint against his lordship personally; but can any one account for the fact itself, or for the precipitancy with which at last it was forced on the astonished baronet—a gentleman of very small fortune, whose pretension to the title of *Congleton* consists, we have been told, in his possession of a small farm of some eighty acres in a place called *Bug-Lawton*, about three miles from that town, and whose intellectual and personal qualifications would fit him rather for the *figure-head* of one of Her Majesty's ships than for a place in the House of Lords? We cannot pretend to explain this extraordinary transaction, but we can state a series of facts which may throw a kind of light on it as well as on the case of Mr. Bannerman. Mr. Bannerman was made a Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, *vice* Mr. William Cowper—Mr. William Cowper was made a Lord of the Treasury, *vice* Mr. J. Parker—Mr. J. Parker was made Secretary of the Admiralty, *vice* Mr. More O'Ferrall—Mr. More O'Ferrall was made Secretary of the Treasury, *vice* Mr. Edward John Stanley—Mr. Edward John Stanley was made Paymaster of the Forces, *vice* Sir Henry Parnell—and Sir Henry Parnell was made Lord Congleton, *vice*—the salary of Paymaster! We cannot imagine what possible object there should have been for such changes *at such a time*—for thus moving all the inferior pieces on the board, when *check-mate* had been given a month before, nor why Mr. O'Ferrall and Mr. Parker might not have *gone out* just as well in their old characters as in the new, nor why Mr. E. J. Stanley might not have been made a privy counsellor without displacing an old friend—unless indeed it was a strict logical *sorites*, in which the *Parnell-peerage*

was

was to be, through a long meander, the necessary consequence of the *Bannerman-place*!

Thus died, as it had lived, in mystification and corruption, the Melbourne Ministry; whose history, if to be separately written, could not have a more appropriate title than—the *Book of Job*.

But let us turn to brighter and purer prospects.

What is to be the policy of Sir Robert Peel?—That is a question which the Whigs pressed even before the Right Honourable Baronet was in office, and which he fairly told them no one should answer but himself, and he only in its proper and practical season. We therefore cannot pretend to anticipate his future course; but it cannot, we hope, be unbecoming in us to suggest, in one emphatic phrase, what we humbly think it *ought* to be; namely—the *very reverse of the policy of the Whigs*. If he should guide himself by that golden rule, he cannot go far astray.

Towards the SOVEREIGN *He* will exercise that dutiful fidelity in the business of the state, and, in all cases, that respectful delicacy and personal deference, to which her station is constitutionally and her sex peculiarly entitled. *He* will never abuse her sacred name to the selfish purposes of her ministers. *He* will remember that that name is second only in reverence to the more awful one which we are forbidden to *take in vain*; and neither he nor his colleagues or followers will inscribe it on the banners of election mobs! *He* will appoint no factious or fanatic partisan to be the chaplain of the Head of the Church, to carry the ravings of a dissenting *Conference* into the sanctuary of the Chapel Royal. *He* will not endeavour to involve her Majesty's individual opinions with questions of 'cheap sugar' or 'cheap bread,' or such-like topics of popular excitement, over which the royal feelings—however benevolent and tender to all classes of her subjects, and especially the poorest—can have, by the laws of nature, no personal influence. *He* will not seek to control or embarrass her Majesty's discretion in the choice of future ministers by false and factious misrepresentations of his opponents. *He* will never condescend to shelter his own unpopularity, if he should happen to incur any, behind the draperies of the throne; and, finally, *He* will vindicate to himself—on whom the constitution imposes it—the responsibility of all debatable measures, and will leave to her Majesty the unimpaired enjoyment of her dearest prerogative—the undivided and unanimous affection of all her subjects.

To FOREIGN POWERS he will show a calm and conciliating spirit, and an attitude elevated and courteous, such as command esteem and respect in private society, and are equally becoming and beneficial in the intercourse of nations. *He* will remember that,

that, though he represents a people more generous than susceptible, it will be his duty to soothe the susceptibilities of others. In negotiations he will steer his course by the wrecks of his predecessor,

‘Set as sea-marks for himself to shun,’

and will avoid the alternate extremes of waspish haste and snail-like delays. *He* will neither suffer scratches to fester into cancers, nor injustice to be diluted by procrastination and evasion. If he should unhappily be forced (which Heaven avert!) from the paths of peace, he will be animated by the spirit and guided by the prudence of his illustrious friend—‘*the foremost Man of all the world.*’ *He* will make no ‘*little wars,*’ nor any war in little ways. *He* will not be giddily aggressive in India—nor contemptibly inconsistent and dilatory in China—nor blindly blundering in America—nor flippantly offensive to France—nor of doubtful faith to the other great continental powers. *He* will not lend himself to the abasement of our ancient allies of Portugal and Holland. *He* will not aggravate the unhappy anarchy of Spain, either by an armed intervention, whose doubtful and mischievous success shall overthrow the ally it is sent to support, or by a crooked diplomacy, which inflames dissensions it has no power to allay. *He* will not send our highest military honour to an adventurer and usurper, nor will he word and time so strange a favour with such ridiculous ill-luck or such mischievous bad faith, that the alleged reward of *loyalty* shall look like a premium of *rebellion*. *He* will endeavour, we trust, to engage the common sense and common interests of mankind in the ways of *peace*—not war in disguise—not a precarious truce amidst rancorous and ruinous armaments, which exhaust the resources of nations without even the barren compensation of glory—but a *PEACE* of solid and abiding international confidence, of political and commercial reciprocity, and of free and friendly personal intercourse and esteem, equally honourable and profitable to all. We know not whether at this late hour such hopes can be suddenly and completely accomplished, but at least the mischievous courses which led to such contrary results will not, we trust, be pursued. And we feel great satisfaction at receiving (while we write) the following observations of M. de Girardin, the able editor of the French newspaper called *La Presse*, to which we have often alluded, and which—though it has generally been exceedingly and unaccountably hostile to England—is supposed to speak the sentiments of Louis Philippe and his government:—

‘J’ai toujours pensé et dit qu’il s’ouvrirait pour la politique UNE ÈRE NOUVELLE; que le temps était venu pour les peuples de chercher leur grandeur, non plus dans la guerre, mais dans la paix—non plus dans l’esprit de rivalité, mais dans l’esprit d’union—non plus dans la duplicité,

cité, mais dans la bonne foi—non plus dans de précaires accroissemens de territoire, mais dans la conclusion de traités de commerce judicieux et équitables—dans le perfectionnement universel des voies de communication—dans le progrès de l'industrie—dans la mutualité et la solidarité du crédit. J'ai toujours pensé et dit que l'alliance de la France était un avantage que tous les états de l'Europe se disputeraient à l'envi aussitôt qu'elle aurait affermi son gouvernement et répudié cette politique de refrains qui se plaît à lui répéter incessamment que le monde entier, envieux de sa gloire et de sa liberté, inquiet de sa force, est ligé contre elle; qu'il en veut à ses institutions, qu'il menace son indépendance, mais qu'elle n'a qu'à parler haut pour le faire trembler et déchaîner les peuples, "elle, la première entre toutes les nations, la plus éclairée, la plus brave, la seule libre!" Politique maladroite et surannée! qui n'aboutit qu'à blesser de légitimes susceptibilités, qu'à éteindre d'anciennes sympathies, et qu'à faire contester, en les exagérant, sa gloire, son génie, et sa force; politique d'affaiblissement et d'isolement!"—La Presse, 8th September, 1841.

These are wise, generous, and statesmanlike sentiments, and we heartily desire, and indeed would fain believe, that they are those which will henceforward animate the cabinets of Europe.

As to our FINANCES Sir Robert Peel's task is one of great and, but for our confidence in him, we should say, insuperable difficulties. It cannot be too often repeated that the Whigs received the Exchequer from the Tories with an annual and growing *surplus* of 2,500,000*l.*, and that the Whigs have handed it back to the Conservatives not merely exhausted, but with an accumulated and growing *DEFICIT* of 7,500,000*l.* Sir Robert Peel has become, as it were, the *Official Assignee* of a most enormous *bankruptcy*; and nothing but the greatest diligence, prudence, and, we may even add, good fortune, can enable him to extricate the creditors. His means will probably be slowly and cautiously developed, but at least, we think, we may anticipate that he will not imitate his predecessors in the system of recklessly increasing our expenses, and shabbily sacrificing our revenue. *He* will not starve public services that he may feed private jobs; and, in any case, *he* will not sit down contented on an empty chest, and implore the eleemosynary assistance of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer to help him to replenish it. But we venture to indulge more cheering hopes; we trust that it may be found possible to reduce these ruinous armaments, and that the novelty of possessing a *government* that is capable of *governing* may give confidence to public credit, and a fresh and fructifying impulse to national industry.

Connected with the state of our finances is a subject of general interest, and of great, and we are glad to say growing, importance in this country: and while our first anxiety is for the safety of the State—to see our expenses and our revenues brought to a due balance—

balance—our next wish is for such a *surplus* revenue as may enable Sir Robert to indulge not merely his own well-known taste and feelings, but those of Her Majesty and her Royal Consort, in the liberal encouragement of the fine arts, and in enabling the reign of Queen Victoria to rival the reign of Queen Anne in its noblest distinction of being the Augustan age of England. England, so generous and so wise in works of practical utility, has too long looked at the imaginative arts with the jealous eye of parsimony. She is but slowly learning that, in addition to the intellectual pleasure, there is no inconsiderable degree of financial profit to be derived from works that may, at first sight, seem to be mere ostentatious embellishment; but the examples of Rome and Florence, and, above all, of Munich, Berlin, and Paris, are beginning to open our eyes. It was the great Colbert, we think, that on some objection to one of Louis XIV.'s costly *Carousels* showed, by calculation, that it would produce from the influx of strangers ten times more profit to the industry of the kingdom than it would cost to the royal purse; and we have little doubt that the sums spent on the embellishment of Paris, great as they have been, are already producing, if not a full, at least a satisfactory return, which, if the King can sober down the minds of his people to a spirit of peace, will every day become more considerable. We should not forget how and amongst whom the cost of public works is distributed,—not to the idle and the rich, who receive from them only an intellectual enjoyment, but to the artistic and industrious classes, who find in them the actual means of livelihood:—

‘For hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed,
Work for himself and for his children bread
The labourer finds.’

It is rather curious to meet in very remote antiquity a great authority on this subject, which we once before quoted. When Pericles was creating those glorious works with which he aggrandised as well as illustrated his country, ‘he too was charged with profusion, and the narrow minds of his adversaries pressed upon him the specious argument of economy. The answer of that great statesman is recorded by Plutarch; and we can add nothing more strong, more forcible, and more appropriate, as to the erection of national monuments.’ *

‘Pericles answered this charge by observing, that, as the state was provided with all the necessities of war, its superfluous wealth should be laid out on such works as, when executed, would be eternal monuments of its glory, and which, during their execution, would diffuse an universal plenty; for as so many kinds of labour, and such a variety of

* Quarterly Review, Vol. XIV., p. 546.

instruments and materials, were requisite to these undertakings, every art would be exerted, every hand employed, almost the whole city would be in pay, and be at the same time both adorned and supported by itself.

For the different materials, such as stone, brass, ivory, gold, ebony, and cypress, furnished employment to carpenters, masons, braziers, goldsmiths, painters, turners, and other artificers; the conveyance of them by sea employed merchants and sailors, and by land wheelwrights, waggoners, carriers, ropemakers, leather-cutters, paviors, and iron-founders: and every art had a number of the lower people ranged in proper subordination to execute it, like soldiers under the command of a general. Thus, by the exercise of these different trades, plenty was diffused among persons of every rank and condition.'—*Plutarch in the Life of Pericles.*

But these are agreeable anticipations, in which it is, perhaps, too early to indulge, at least to any considerable extent. We must first pay our debts—and be just before we set up for being generous: but when we shall have remedied the frightful derangement of our finances by the Melbourne ministry, we indulge a confident hope that the Government will be forward to second the Royal Taste and Munificence in works of judicious ornament as well as of embellished utility; and we venture to address to HER MAJESTY the admirable apostrophe of Pope:—

'You too proceed! make falling arts your care;
Erect new wonders and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er AUGUSTUS was before:
Bid harbours open—public ways extend;
Bid temples worthier of the God ascend;
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain;
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds the subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land:
These honours peace to happy Britain brings;
These are imperial works and worthy kings.'

But not *these* only,—but such also as may minister to the amusements, the morals, and the health of the People, by creating and extending their opportunities of innocent and intellectual recreation—the most effective rivals of the ale-house and gin-shop! Who can see the crowds that gather round the barrel-organ in the streets, or the window of the print-seller—or that visit the National Gallery and the Museum—or who throng the aisles of Westminster Abbey on Sunday afternoons—or who flow through the newly-opened apartments of Hampton Court*—or who, in these

* We gladly add our humble tribute to the approbation expressed by Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons of the administration—in those points—of Lord Duncannon, whose good taste and public spirit are entitled to general gratitude; and we are in a peculiar degree bound to make him this acknowledgment, as in the improvements

these fine evenings, inhale health and pleasure in the beautiful enclosures of the Parks—without being convinced there is, even in what are called the lower classes of society, a *natural* taste for the arts, and an *innate* susceptibility of mental enjoyments, which it is the duty, as well as the policy, of a wise and benevolent Government to cultivate and improve?

With respect to IRELAND, which Sir Robert Peel's adversaries fondly regard as the stronghold of their future opposition, and which perhaps many of his friends look at with a painful anxiety, we confess we have no very heavy apprehensions—for again we believe that even there his task will be comparatively easy, if he will only govern Ireland on the principles which he has always professed, and which he has lately deliberately and forcibly repeated—namely, principles of equal and impartial *justice*—yes—*Justice for Ireland*—tempered withal by a considerate indulgence for a people who, from many circumstances—one of them, we really believe, the national character—are more liable to excitement, and therefore misguidance, than the other portions of the empire. Admitting as we must do the *inconséquence*, as the French call it—the proneness to inconsiderate impulses—of the Irish character, and the vast and generally misused political power which the priests have usurped over so large a portion of the population—still we cannot suppose that Ireland is the only country in the world incapable of good government. When we recollect that for the last fifteen years it has been boiling over with political agitation, and that for the greater portion of that time the *Misrule*, calling itself a Government, instead of endeavouring to damp, has been stirring the fire, we find reason to hope that much of the turbulence is simulated and much of the discontent factitious—and that, when Mr. O'Connell shall have to deal with a ministry whom he can neither corrupt, nor cajole, nor bully, he will find agitation neither so easy nor so profitable a trade as it has hitherto been. We suppose his great engine is to be the *Repeal of the Union*. We cannot understand on what rational or constitutional principle the law should tolerate attempts for the repeal of the Union, which would be in fact the dissolution and dismemberment of the Empire. It is idle to cloak its gross illegality under the plea that Mr. O'Connell only seeks to *restore* a state that lately existed—that state cannot be restored, nor does Mr. O'Connell profess to restore it. Would he *restore the exclusively Protestant Parliament*—the *exclusively Protestant corporations*—and all the other details of *Protestant Ascendancy* which con-

ments at Hampton Court he was pleased to adopt a specific suggestion of our own (*Quart. Rev.*, Jan. 1838, p. 32)—though on a more limited scale, no doubt from want of funds, than we had proposed.

stituted before the Union the main link of political connexion between Ireland and England, and without which that connexion could not have lasted a year? Is Mr. Wallace to be encouraged to repeal the *Scottish Union*, or is Mr. Frost to be allowed to return from *New South Wales* to advocate the independence of the *ancient principality*? Mr. Charles Buller, or some less respectable demagogue, might stand up for the duchy of Cornwall—Mr. Cobden for that of Lancaster—and Mr. Rippon may work his resuscitation to political life by raising the standard of independence in the Palatinate of Durham. ‘*Repeal the Union!*’ said Mr. Canning, in one of those bursts which condensed the soundest logic in the most brilliant eloquence—‘*Repeal the Union—restore the Heptarchy!*’ We do not hesitate to say that an attempt to repeal the Union is virtually and in substance HIGH TREASON—at least as much so as those Chartist projects which Mr. O’Connell himself has lately designated as ‘HIGH TREASON’—and it seems at first sight incomprehensible why such an outrage on the Constitution should have been for a moment tolerated. But there is a reason, or at least an excuse, for this sufferance. The Repeal of the Union is not merely HIGH TREASON—it is also HIGH NONSENSE—and, in the judgment of thinking men, deserving rather Bedlam than Newgate. We do not undervalue the importance of Ireland to England;—our present efforts—the whole course of our political opinions—testify how essential we consider it:—but how infinitely more essential—indispensable—*vital*—is the value of England to Ireland! We will not hold a candle to the sun by insisting further on this topic; suffice it to say that, of all the ruin with which the Repeal of the Union might be pregnant, the first, the widest, and the worst, would be that of miserable Ireland. We dismiss therefore with, we trust, not unjustifiable contempt, all apprehension of any serious danger from the Repeal agitation. We believe the common sense of both countries will put it down. If it should not, the law must.

Sir Robert Peel is a wise man and an honest man, and *he* will, we cannot doubt, do *justice to Ireland*—not a strict, dry formality, but an indulgent, fostering, parental justice. What other motive, interest, or object can he possibly have but her happiness and prosperity? He knows Ireland and would, we have no doubt, say in the words of Cowper—

‘*Ireland, with all thy faults, I love thee still.*’

Some of his oldest and dearest personal friends are Irish—many of his closest political connexions are Irish—Irish too who had always supported the Roman Catholic claims. His own early political life was passed in Ireland, and there he gave the first proofs of that moderation, integrity, and justice which have since developed themselves on a larger stage and raised him to that ex-

alted eminence where he now stands. Why then—if *she herself will only permit him*—should he not continue to Ireland the same kind and liberal disposition? why should he not, *if she herself will only permit him*—

‘Be to her faults a little blind,
Be to her virtues very kind,
Let all her ways be unconfined,
And clap the padlock on her mind?’

An incident which has just occurred fortifies our anticipation of the spirit in which Sir Robert Peel will endeavour to govern Ireland. At the late general election the *under-sheriff* of the county of Fermanagh had the indiscretion (in any other than that most Protestant county it would have deserved a severer epithet) to return the writ tied with orange tape and sealed with an Orange device. The late Irish government—who had never taken any notice of the various badges with which the *agitators* had for years insulted their antagonists—thought fit to interfere on this occasion—and very properly: we only wish they had been equally vigilant in the other cases we have alluded to—and we wish too their intervention on this occasion had been a little more courteous and cautious. Lord Morpeth wrote to the *high-sheriff* a letter which assumed, in very offensive terms, that *he* had been guilty of this ‘*outrage*.’ The high-sheriff had so good a case that he could have afforded to receive this official insult with temper and forbearance; but, unluckily, instead of putting the matter right—and Lords Fortescue and Morpeth more in the wrong—as a word of explanation would have done—he mounted his high horse and retaliated haste and indiscretion; upon which the Lord Lieutenant—who had been so long insulted by his own partisans, without daring to resent it—was delighted to have, by way of *bonne bouche* on his leaving Ireland, an opportunity of vindicating his dignity even in one solitary instance, and—he dismissed the *high-sheriff*.

This affair was seized upon as the occasion of an attack on Sir Robert Peel, as if he were likely to have approved the *under-sheriff’s* conduct—an attack so flagrantly unfounded and unjust, that the Lieutenant of the county—a gentleman of the greatest respectability and moderation, recently appointed by the Whigs themselves—thought it due as well to the county over which he presided, as to Sir Robert Peel, to contradict those misrepresentations: the rest of the affair will be told by the following correspondence:—

‘To the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart.

‘Crom Castle, Sept. 6.

‘Sir,—In consequence of the manner in which you have been attacked during the late debates in the House of Commons, in allusion to a certain

tain offensive seal which has been affixed to the return of the members for the county of Fermanagh, I, as Lieutenant of this county, considered it my duty to call a meeting at the earliest moment, for the purpose of giving the gentry an opportunity of disconnecting the Conservative party from the conduct of the individual who has so rashly caused the stigma to be cast upon us.

‘I feel much pleasure in forwarding to you a copy of the protest, signed by all the principal gentry at present in the county, expressive of their disapprobation of such conduct, and of the insult offered to the feelings of the Roman Catholics. I have likewise sent copies to each of our members, in order that they may make what use of them they may think proper in the house.

‘I trust this document will remove from your mind any impression that the gentlemen and landed proprietors of this county are capable of fostering the feelings imputed to them, or of disgracing by such unworthy and uncharitable actions the party whose principles you advocate.

‘I have the honour to remain your humble servant,

‘JOHN CRICHTON, Lieutenant of Fermanagh.’

‘*Enniskillen Court House, Sept. 4.*

‘In consequence of a correspondence, having appeared in the last publication of our county papers, and our attention being called to the report of a speech said to have been made in parliament by Sir Robert Peel, alluding to certain circumstances regarding the conduct of our High Sheriff in the recent return of our county members, in which the right hon. baronet states he has been asked whether he intended to associate with parties who have offered a deep insult to the religious feelings of their countrymen, &c.

‘We take the earliest opportunity, at a meeting convened by the Lieutenant of the county of Fermanagh, of entering our decided protest in condemnation of an offensive seal having been affixed to the return of a writ, as disavowed by our late High Sheriff, and we totally disconnect ourselves with the person or persons who could be guilty of any act which could impair the kindly feelings that up to the present period have so happily existed in Fermanagh between all classes of her Majesty’s subjects, and we feel it right to state that in no part of the empire does greater tranquillity or more marked obedience to the law exist than in our loyal and united county.’

‘Signed by the Lord Lieutenant and 35 Deputy Lieutenants and Magistrates; and several others who had been absent from the meeting have since signified their adherence.’

To this very becoming, right-headed, and right-hearted communication Sir Robert Peel replied with corresponding candour and propriety:—

‘*To Colonel Crichton, &c. &c.*

‘*Whitehall, Sept. 9, 1841.*

‘Sir,—I hasten to acknowledge the letter which I have had the honour of receiving from you, and of the document which accompanies it, expressing, on behalf of the principal gentry of Fermanagh at present
in

in the county, their marked disapprobation of an act to which public attention has been recently called, and which was calculated to wound the feelings of our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects.

‘I assure you that this document was unnecessary with a view to remove from my mind an impression unfavourable to the body from which it proceeds. I could not entertain a doubt that the gentlemen of Fermanagh would deeply lament and entirely disapprove of the act in question.

‘But though the document may be superfluous for the particular purpose for which it was intended, I have received with cordial satisfaction the communication which you have made to me.

‘I rejoice that at a public meeting of the gentlemen of Fermanagh, convened by yourself as Lieutenant of the county, sentiments such as those of which you have been the organ should have been expressed, so calculated to discourage throughout Ireland provoking and irritating demonstrations of party feeling and to remove the causes of dissension and ill-will.

‘The proceeding which you have adopted is calculated to give strength and confidence to the Government which it has been my duty to form in obedience to the commands of her Majesty.

‘It assures me that the course which I have firmly resolved to pursue with respect to the administration of Irish affairs will meet with the cordial support of those whose friendly co-operation is almost essential to its success.

‘My firm persuasion also is, that it will be followed by consequences much more important than any that are connected with mere party interests; that, by setting the generous example of forbearance, and by allaying angry feelings, it will go far to paralyse the agitation by which Ireland has been distracted; and to enable the real friends of that country (whatever be their religious distinctions) to lay the foundation of internal peace and social improvement.

‘I have, &c.

‘ROBERT PEEL.’

What could we add to this emphatic exhortation, and to the pledge that his administration will be *firmly directed* to these objects:

—to set a generous example of forbearance—

—to allay angry feelings—

—to paralyse the agitation with which Ireland is distracted; and to enable the real friends of that country (whatever be their religious distinctions) to lay the foundation of INTERNAL PEACE and SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT?

Nobody can doubt that Sir Robert Peel will keep his word; and everybody (except the agitators) must hope that Ireland is not the only country on the face of the earth insensible to the advantages of good government, or inaccessible to feelings of gratitude and justice.

The GENERAL DOMESTIC POLICY of Sir Robert Peel has been plainly indicated by the part which he has taken for the last five or six years, when, as leader of the opposition, he has had a greater share

share in all the administrative measures of government—by promoting good and checking evil—than the government itself.

Adverse as he was—and with how much reason we leave the world to judge—to the Reform *Revolution*, he has frankly accepted, and on more than one occasion strenuously defended, the existing system. He is, of all men—by his origin, his education, his principles, and even his taste—the least bigoted to abuses because they are ancient, or averse to improvements because they may be novel. He is essentially a man of the NEW ERA, as M. de Girardin calls it, imbued with the wisdom of the *old*. He stands, as it were, on the brink of the great stream of time, adhering with one hand to our rooted institutions, while he endeavours with the other to seize every passing hint for improvement. *He* will neither reject wholesome reform because it is change, nor precipitate changes under the pretence of reform. Let us not forget what he did during the too short space that he was Secretary of State, even under the old and now much calumniated régime—his extensive amendments of our *criminal code*—his sound improvements in our internal *police*—his frank and powerful association with Mr. Huskisson (even to the extent of differing from those whom he most loved and revered) on the weightiest questions of *trade* and *currency*—and, above all, his noble sacrifice—admitted to be such by those who most regretted it—of all personal and selfish feeling, in the great measures affecting the *Dissenters* and the *Roman Catholics*. Did any statesman ever exhibit a more indisputable spirit of candour, conciliation, and compliance with the new and varying, but, in his judgment, imperative exigencies of the times in which he is placed? For years he was reproached with too much ductility; it is rather too hard that he should be now accused of a bigoted obstinacy. Both charges are, almost equally, unjust. The statesman who is equally open to the instruction of experience, and to the danger of temerity, may no doubt err sometimes—but he has got the key to the golden mean by which alone, in times of conflicting opinion, mighty interests can be conciliated and vast nations governed. Compare Sir Robert Peel with his great parallel, Mr. Pitt, in some of the most important measures of their lives—you will find a strong analogy and the same principle adapting itself to different circumstances. Mr. Pitt began life by proposing parliamentary reform; he ended its most determined opponent. He at one time advocated the Romish claims; he subsequently resisted them. Sir Robert Peel began life by resisting the Romish claims; he subsequently conceded them. He strongly deprecated parliamentary reform; he now frankly acquiesces in it. Does any thinking man who has witnessed, or will posterity when it comes to review, the transactions of the last half-century, charge either of these great men with dishonest, self-seeking

self-seeking inconsistency? Will they not rather consider these features in either career as the highest proofs of moral courage?

Sir Robert Peel has a large field before him, in which, like the original possessors of our soil, he must by turns employ the implements of a cultivator and the arms of a champion. He will have to defend our institutions from a horde of assailants; but he will repair and improve them, that they may be more capable of defence: and the colleagues whom he has associated with himself in this great work are an additional pledge of the *combined principle of amendment and conservation* on which he intends to conduct his government. But not he and they can alone suffice for this great and glorious task:—important and able as they are, they are only the *leaders* of the host—the *guides* of that great body in which the substantial strength and power of the country is lodged; and let not our recent advantages over the Whigs and Radicals—let not the triumphant divisions in the two Houses—lead us to forget or miscalculate the force and numbers of our enemies. Prudence warns and truth obliges us to confess that they are still most formidable, and that nothing but the entire, cordial, and well-disciplined union of every conservative hand, heart, and voice, can confirm and consolidate the success they have recently achieved.

The country must prepare itself for the essential difference which has always existed, and, from the nature of the antagonist principles, must exist, between a *Tory* and a *Whig* Opposition. A Tory Opposition is seldom, we might almost say, never, *aggressive*, for when it seems most to take that character—as in the recent vote of no confidence—it is tardily and reluctantly adopted as the last resource against the aggressions of their opponents: whenever and as long as the Ministers were satisfied to carry on the business of the country with even tolerable fairness, they were always secure of the assistance of the Tory Opposition. We need not remind our readers that during the late Ministry almost the only obstruction to *public business* has been from the Radical partisans of the Ministry itself, and we need not recapitulate the almost daily instances in which the Conservatives protected the Administration, and assisted, rather as allies than mere auxiliaries, in carrying their measures: this was so notorious that it passed into a kind of axiom that it was *her Majesty's Opposition that governed the country*. We have even heard of instances in which the Ministerial leaders sought and received the advice and concurrence of the leaders of the opposition; and if the former had not been driven by the indiscipline and voracity of their own *Actæon* pack of dogs to attack in succession the Church and all the great interests of the State, and even their own Reform Bill, they would still have been in possession of office under the protection of the
Conservatives,

Conservatives, whose first object was, and is, and always must be, the maintenance of order and the undisturbed working of the great machine of government. Very different, we anticipate, will be the conduct of the Whig and Radical opposition, who will, we have little doubt, coalesce into the same violent and disorganising course, of which, even while their party was in office, they showed so many mutinous symptoms, and which they will probably now pursue with their characteristic intemperance and rancour.

The occasional depressions of trade, the vicissitudes of harvests, the temporary aggravations as well as the permanent and inevitable existence of human misery, will be all charged upon the *Tory administration*—in defiance of that melancholy but eternal truth so tersely and beautifully stated by the poet:—

‘How small of all that human hearts endure,

The part that laws or kings can cause or cure!’

Of this we have already had a specimen. The state of the weather about the time when the defeat of the Whigs became certain had created serious apprehensions for the harvest; every man who during that period talked with a Whig or read a Whig newspaper can testify with what satisfaction they accepted and enforced every sinister prognostic of a scarcity—how the gloomy sky illuminated their countenances, and how—in the spirit of Lord John’s *two-loaf* argument—a *bad* day was hailed as a *Russell day*, and a *fine* day deplored as being favourable to Peel. One prominent member of the party, a gentleman, we cannot say of great importance, but certainly of great *weight*, was observed, we are told, one cold and rainy morning, to rub his large hands and exclaim with great glee, ‘*This will do for Peel!*’ We hope we may be excused for accepting the same augury, and for considering the *bad day* to be in truth a *Russell day*, and the *fine one* a symbol of the success of *Sir Robert Peel!* This leads us to a fact, which—although we have declined to pursue on this occasion the corn-law argument—is too remarkable to be omitted, for it really condenses the whole question into one short statement. The precarious weather during the last month has so raised the price of corn that the *duty* has, at the moment we write, actually fallen so low as 1*s.*—and that therefore, so far as the calumniated *bread-tax* is concerned, the sliding scale affords *cheaper* bread in the proportion of 1*s.* to 8*s.* than Lord John’s fixed duty. We are well aware that this result does not relieve the sliding scale from the objections to which some of its details may be liable—that, on the contrary, it may enhance them; but it proves the general proposition, that, under the sliding scale, as pressure grows the duty vanishes; and that at this hour we are eating bread at a duty of 1*s.* instead of 8*s.*, as we should have done if Lord John Russell had been allowed to consummate his *cheap-bread*

bread legislation; so that, if the election processions had not been gone by, we might have had—so far as the *duty* goes—two loaves of the *same weight* exhibited as the *Russell loaf* at 8d. and the *Peel loaf* at 1d.

We believe that the corn-law agitation has so signally failed, and that *most* men are so satisfied of the necessity of *some* protection, while *all* are so entirely convinced of the *impossibility*—that is the plain truth—of *any* fixed duty, that this question will not constitute any serious difficulty to the new Government, whether it adheres to the present scale, or contemplates—as we and many other friends to the *principle* suggested long before the change of Ministry—some modification of the rates, or any alteration in the mode of taking the averages. But no doubt we shall hear a great deal about universal distress and the destitution and misery of the lower orders, for which any Government can be held, by honest men, so little responsible, that, although this distress, destitution, and misery had attained an almost unprecedented height under the late Administration, neither we, nor we believe any other Conservative writer or speaker, ever thought of attributing it to the misgovernment of the Whigs. But Lord John Russell's imputations on the Tories, on account of former periods of distress, obliges us to record that the Whigs have *now* handed over the country to Sir Robert Peel in this *extreme state of suffering*. We make it no subject of reproach, but we beg that the *fact* may not be forgotten.

But connected with these painful topics is one for which, in ordinary circumstances, a Government might be fairly held responsible—the New Poor Law. Our readers know that we supported some of the leading principles of that measure on its first introduction; and that, though pained and grieved by many details of its operation during subsequent years, we have never joined in the violent reprobation of it which has been turned very generally against its authors. We knew that some change in the old practice was necessary—and believed that the Whigs had acted with courage and sincerity in applying what they thought the most efficacious remedy—and were willing to hope that they themselves would alter details wherever these were condemned by experience. We have not the slightest idea of what the collective opinion of the new Cabinet may be on this most important subject, and of course our views are absolutely *our own*; but we think it our duty to submit to our readers one or two considerations upon it which have presented themselves to our minds. The first is, that in all political and administrative affairs there may be many things which we might wish had not been done, and which, nevertheless, it would be inexpedient or impossible to undo; and that (more especially in matters which affect the subsistence and comfort of great masses

masses of mankind) sudden changes, adventurous experiments, and a consequent feeling of uncertainty and instability, would be worse evils than any defects or even hardships in the details either of legislation or administration: it is always safer to endeavour to correct such errors *seriatim* and *pro re natâ*, than to overthrow a whole system, of which after all they are only a part—prominent and important no doubt, but not perhaps essential and substantial. Who in his senses would think of suddenly pulling down a mansion built only ten years ago, because some of the details were unsightly or inconvenient—even if there were no grave differences of opinion, as there notoriously are in the poor-law case, as to the extent of the inconvenience or deformity?

Moreover, we ourselves have the misfortune of disagreeing from some of those in whose opinions against other parts of the new bill we cordially agree, on the question of what is called *centralisation*—that is, the existence of a central authority in the metropolis, to ensure a unity, or, at least, similarity, of principle and practice throughout the whole country. That the large class of individual and local cases ought to be and must be individually and locally determined, is unquestionable; and that the existing rules as to cases of extreme and sudden urgency are far too narrow, we are strongly inclined to believe; but who can be so unreasonable as to deny that some broad and general principles, founded on broad and general consideration and experience, ought to pervade the whole? Why should one county or one parish have one principle and another another? Why should not that which is best and fittest and most beneficial be extended to all? We really cannot believe that any serious difference of opinion does or can exist on so self-evident a proposition; and accordingly we find that the strongest adversaries of the central *Board* would only replace it by an equally central authority under another name:—as for instance, a new department of State, to be conducted either by an additional Under-Secretary of the Home Department or by a fourth Secretary of State appointed *ad hoc*. To this we should have no administrative objection, but we see in it great moral and political disadvantages and danger. In this country, where everything runs but too easily and too naturally into *party*; can any one contemplate without the deepest alarm the bringing all the details of the administration of the poor law into the arena of direct political conflict? We ourselves are convinced that such a system could produce nothing but abuse, confusion, and anarchy, and we are therefore conscientiously anxious that every possible precaution and exertion should be employed to sever and separate—as far as can possibly be done—all poor-law questions from the inflammation of political parties. This is a consideration which we beg leave humbly but

most

most earnestly to urge in the interest of political party itself, and of the poor, and of the country at large : it is the only wisdom—the only safety !

On the other hand, we have nothing to say for the cold pompous style of economical priggery in which many of the official rescripts have been drawn up—and can well conceive that this tone and manner should have excited a deep and general distrust. Moreover, as to the substantial regulations of the existing law, we can have no hesitation in saying that they seem to infer various vexations and hardships which should be immediately remedied—particularly those which press on old, and especially on old married people—and that, generally, every possible lenity and indulgence should be shown, short of allowing the revival of that great grievance which has been the main cause of all the mischief—the payment of *wages* out of the poor's rate.

We perceive that the organs of the future Opposition are already solacing themselves with prophecies of dissensions in the Conservative party on these and similar subjects. They will, we trust, be disappointed. There are, no doubt, and necessarily must be, on all such complicated questions, many shades of opinion. We have ours—others will have theirs—but they and we must also be aware that it is only by mutual explanation and concession that men, animated with a common wish for the general good, can ever arrive at any satisfactory practical results. We are satisfied that the great Conservative party is well convinced of this fundamental principle—that public, like private, affairs can only be safely and successfully conducted by a rational flexibility as to *details* and a conscientious perseverance in *principles*.

The circumstances that have attended the arrangement of Sir Robert Peel's administration confirm these hopes. It has been well remarked by the *Times*, that in the formation of a ministry the natural emulation and personal pretensions of candidates for office seldom fail to create some present dissent, and to sow the seeds of individual alienation. Each man thinks largely of his own claims—

'Est ut viro vir latius ordinet
Arbusta sulcis : hic generosior
Descendat in campum petitor :
Moribus hic meliorque famâ
Contendat : illi turba clientium
Sit major.'

But never before, we also agree with the *Times*, was a ministry formed with such apparent facility, so little personal dissatisfaction, such general public approbation. We cannot presume to say that there have been no feelings of regret—no disappointed expectations—no frustrated wishes. With a party so large, consisting

sisting of so many more gentlemen susceptible, by their station and their talents, of public office than there could be offices to give, it is improbable, and perhaps not desirable, that such feelings should not have a momentary existence: he that should be without an honourable ambition of political distinction would not be likely to feel an adequate zeal in the discharge even of parliamentary duties. But such feelings, inevitable in the formation of a new administration, will subside, if they have not already subsided, in the sacrifice of private pretensions to general advantage.

At least we may be assured that Sir Robert Peel, however alive to the influences of private or political friendship, will never permit them to sway unduly his public conduct. He is neither in the hard condition nor of the flexible temper of Lord Melbourne. *He* will not be driven, like that amiable and otherwise well-meaning man, from the policy which his reason approves, into measures to which only his 'poverty consents;' and *he* has in plain terms and full parliament told his opponents, his supporters, and his country, that no factious injustice from the first, and no unreasonable pretensions amongst the second, shall ever warp him from what he thinks his public duty. 'It is right,' he said in the recent debate of the 17th of September—

'It is right, Sir, that there should be a distinct understanding as to the terms on which a public man holds office. *The force of circumstances and a sense of duty to the country have compelled me to undertake the harassing and laborious task, in the performance of which I now stand before you.* What can be my inducement to undertake that task, and to make the sacrifices which it entails? What but the hope of rendering service to the country, and of acquiring an honourable fame? (Cheers.) Is it credible that I would go through the labours which are daily imposed upon me if I did not claim for myself the liberty of proposing to Parliament those measures which I shall believe conducive to the public welfare? Sir, I will claim that liberty, I will propose those measures, and I do with confidence assure this House that no consideration of mere *political support* shall induce me to alter them. *I will not hold office by the servile tenure which would compel me to be the instrument of carrying other men's opinions into effect.* (Cheers.) I do not estimate highly the distinctions which office confers. To any man who is fit to hold it, its only value must be, not the patronage which the possessor is enabled to confer, but the opportunity which is afforded to him of doing good to his country. (Loud cheers.) And the moment I shall be convinced that that power is denied me, to be exercised in accordance with my own views of duty, *I tell every one who hears me that he confers on me no personal obligation in having placed me in this office.* Free as the winds, I shall reserve to myself the power of retiring from the discharge of its onerous and harassing functions the moment I feel that I cannot discharge them with satisfaction to the public and to my own conscience. (Great cheering.)'

These are sentiments at once so just and so noble—this is a determination

determination so honourable, so elevating to himself, to his administration, and to his supporters—that we cannot wonder that they were heard in the House with as much applause as they have been read with satisfaction by the country: and they create in us a confident belief that there is not one single member of the Conservative party who is not at this hour as cordially attached to Sir Robert Peel, and as satisfied of his claim to the warmest support, as at the exciting moment when the majority of *ninety-one* announced him as the future Minister.

‘—He is ours

To administer—to guard—to adorn the state,
But not to warp or change it. We are his,
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the end.’—

This is indeed the real triumph—this is the sentiment that ensures for the Conservative party, both in and out of office, the favour and co-operation of the public. We are well aware that the majority of *ninety-one* was greater, by eight or ten, than the numerical calculations of the Conservatives; and if, in any future division, the proportion of that majority should be diminished by the attendance of some members supposed to belong to the Whig party but who were absent on that occasion, we at least promise ourselves that there will be no defection or apostacy amongst the Conservatives:—who must feel that *the great struggle in which all their hopes, properties, and principles are at stake is but begun*—that in fact never for *two centuries* have the whole great institutions of the realm been exposed to such an open undisguised hostility as is now about to assail them—and that the great DEFENCE can only be finally and successfully terminated by a continuance of the same zeal, activity, and concord which have of late produced such hopeful and almost unhopèd-for effects. Nor are we without what we think well-founded expectations that some of the more respectable members, who did not in the first trial vote with Sir Robert Peel, may not be indisposed to support the Queen’s Government, when they find (as they must soon do) with what antagonism its real contest lies—and that it is conducted on the high principles of economy, integrity, and toleration, progressive improvement and immutable justice, announced in Sir Robert Peel’s recent and solemn declarations, and of which his whole public life and private character afford, as we conscientiously and most disinterestedly believe, infallible guarantees.

‘Hinc amor: hinc veris et non fallacibus omnes
Pro TE solliciti votis: hinc nomen ubique.
Undique Legati properant. TE sospite fas est
Vexatum laceri corpus juvenescere Regni.’

INDEX

TO THE

SIXTY-EIGHTH VOLUME OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

A.

ADAMS, Mrs., Letters of, with an introductory Memoir by her Grandson, C. F. Adams, 469—pedigree and youth of Mrs. Adams, 470—character of her letters, 471—their prominent faults, 472—specimens of her pedantry, 473—inaccuracies, the battle of Bunker's Hill, 475—state of feeling in America previous to the outbreak, 476—Mrs. Adams's want of charity, 479—her opinion of George III., 480—Canterbury as described by her, 481—Paris, 483—society of the French metropolis, 484—contagious effect of habit, 485—reception of Mr. Adams at the court of St. James's, 486—causes of their not being much received in society, 489—Mrs. Adams's opinion of the ladies of England, 490—her aristocratic vanity, 491—antipathy to the negro population, 492—death, 494.

Akber, 405. See Elphinstone.

America, 281. See Buckingham and Combe.

America, public men of, their general poverty, 493.

Anderson, Christopher, 'Historical Sketches of the Native Irish,' 336—number of persons in Ireland that speak the English and Irish languages, 348.

Archimedes, resemblance of his character to that of Newton, 192.

Australian Agricultural Company, territory and possessions of, 100.

Australian colonies, the, 88—anomalous character of the animal and vegetable structures of Australia, 89—importance of colonies to England, 90—and of emigration for our manufacturing population, 92—convict labour, 93—former distribution of land in Australia, 95—present division of New South

Wales, *ib.*—first settlement, 98—Sir George Gipps's prosperity test, 100—population, 101—causes of present prosperity, 103—advantages derived by Great Britain from New South Wales, 104—consequences of stopping transportation and checking emigration, 105—present aim of the emancipists, 106—squatters, 107—cost of keeping convicts at home and in the colonies, 108—district of the Australian Agricultural Company, 110—Norfolk Island, 111—Captain Maconochie's system, 113—Port Philip, 117—Van Diemen's Land, 120—convicts and emigrants, 121—aborigines, 122—present population, 123—South Australia, 124—its state in 1837, 125—alleged fertility and prosperity, 126—expensive manner in which this colony has been conducted, 129—Swan River, 130—population, 131—Australind and Port Grey, 132—Port Essington, 133—New Zealand, 135—the question whether the Queen of England is sovereign of these islands examined, 136—the New Zealand Colonization Company, 138—alarm excited by their proceedings, 140—results of the labours of the missionaries in New Zealand, 141—the whale-fisheries, 142—the Falkland Islands, 144.

B.

Ballad poetry, resemblance of, throughout the world, 65.

Baltic, Letters from the, 444—circumstances under which the work was written, 445—the custom-house at St. Petersburg, 446—Russian wedding, 447—ménage in the château of an Esthonian baron, 451—a winter's walk, 456—peasantry and divisions of Estho-

- nia, 458—a result of emancipation from serfage, 459—state of religion and church law, 460—effects of the absence of a law of primogeniture, 462—food of the peasantry, 463—a festival described, 464—contrast of the institutions of England and Esthonia, 467—an Esthonian spring, 468.
- Barrow, John, 'A Tour round Ireland through the Sea-coast Counties,' 336—beneficial effects of 'the Irish Society,' 347.
- Belgium, 1. See Tennent.
- Beltz, G. F., 'Memorials of the Order of the Garter, from its Foundation to the present Time,' 413—a review of the Chandos peerage case, *ib.*—origin and date of the Order of the Garter, 415—decorations, 419—collar and badge, 420—extension of the Order since 1786, *ib.*—persons privileged to be knights, 421—specimen of Mr. Beltz's diligence, 423.
- Bretons, Minstrelsy of, 57—analogy between Welsh and Breton poetry, 61—antiquity of the latter, 62—'The Crusader's Wife,' 66—'The Mother of the Changeling,' 68—'The Breton Tailor,' 69—deep religious feeling, 71—dislike to French connexion, 72—the 'Lenore,' 75—'Tale of Unhappy Love,' 77—'Geneviève of Rusteau,' 77—'Fontenelle the Leaguer,' 79—historic and legendary ballads, 81—drama, 83—specimens, 84.
- Brahmin, 362. See Elphinstone.
- Briavoinne, M., 'De l'Industrie en Belgique,' 2.
- Buckingham, J. S., 'America: Historical, Statistic, and Descriptive,' 281—substance of Mr. Buckingham's lectures to the Americans, 282—reception in the United States, 284—analysis of his Index, 286.
- Budget, the, and the Dissolution, 239—conduct of the Reform Ministers, *ib.*—the Cabinet of 1832, and the condition of that of 1841, 240—light in which their late proceedings must be viewed, 241—Lord J. Russell's denial that the Budget was produced on the spur of the moment examined, 243—statement of the financial difficulties of Ministers since 1835, 246—mischievous and futility of the Ministerial plan for meeting them, 247—the principle of low duties not universally applicable, 248—the only grounds upon which they can be laid aside, 249—the two that can never be wholly abandoned, *ib.*—reasons why the sugar and timber duties should not be tampered with at present, 251—the object of a corn-law, 254—conversion of a question of political economy into an engine of party vengeance, 254—extent to which attempts to madden the minds of the people have been carried, 256—the Ministerial project and professions exposed, 257—will the abolition of the corn-laws benefit any class of the community? 259—will it ensure cheap bread? 261—the cry of 'cheap bread' analysed, 264—effects of the existing laws, 266—the proposed would doom the people to expatriation and starvation, 267—it would not enlarge the market for our own manufactures, 268—England at the mercy of the Continent, 272—Lord J. Russell's opinions upon free-trade a few years since, 273—his Lordship's sentiments in theory and in practice, 275—Letter to the Yeomanry and Farmers of Huntingdonshire in 1822, 276—portrait of his Lordship by Mr. Sydney Smith, 277—the most powerful motive of Ministers in introducing their Budget, 277—interests that should be united against them, 278.
- Budhism, 397. See Elphinstone.
- Buonaparte, Jerome, competition for, amongst the ladies of Baltimore, 30—his brother Napoleon's efforts to dissolve his marriage, 31.
- Buonaparte, Napoleon, incorrectly believed to be the founder of the Louvre and other improvements of Paris, 171—amount added by him to the architecture of that city, 483.

C.

- Carleton, Wm., 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry,' and other Tales, 336—Patrick's purgatory of Lough Dearg, 351—scenes at the 'Stations,' 355—an Irish witness, 362—'Wildgoose Lodge,' 371.
- Chatterton, Lady, 'Rambles in the South of Ireland,' 'Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections,' 336—'Visit to the Cralloe Woods,' 341.
- Combe, George, 'Notes on the United States of America during a Phrenological Visit,' 281—invitation to America, 283—reception, 284—peculiar character of his work, 301—his phrenology tested, 301—the lecturer at Philadelphia and Baltimore, 302—his delineations of members of Congress, 303—results of his examination of the United States, 305—public opinion in

America defined, 306—wants of America, according to Mr. Combe, 307—basis of his hopes, 309—panacea for the cure of national and domestic evils, 310—parting address to the British public, 311—his universal suffrage doctrine, 312.

Corn Laws, the, 254. *See* Budget.

Costello, Louisa S., 'A Summer among the Bocages and the Vines,' 57—character of the work, 58—Miss Costello's talents, *ib.*—specimens of her prose and poetic translations, 63.

Croker, T. C., 'Researches in the South of Ireland,' 'The Popular Songs of Ireland,' 336—will of one of Cromwell's followers, 360.

E.

Elphinstone, the Hon. Mountstuart, 'The History of India,' 377—characteristics of India, *ib.*—ignorance in this country of its state, 378—the author's qualifications for the work, 379—division of the history of India, 380—castes, 381—the Brahminical, 382—divisions of a Brahmin's life, 385—the Greek accounts of India, 387—aims of the Brahmin and other castes, 389—literature and poetry of India, 391—resemblance of its metaphysical philosophy to that of Greece, 392—epic poetry, 393—drama, 395—Buddhism, 397—manners and character of the people, 399—their virtues and defects, 402—the Mahometan Empire of India, 403—reign of Akber, 405—his religion, 406—measures adopted by him for the propagation of his creed, 407—doctrine of the earlier Suras of the Koran, 409—state of religion after Akber's death, 410—Mahometanism and Christianity contrasted, 411.

Estonia, 445. *See* Baltic.

F.

Foster, the Right Hon. A. J., Bart., 'Notes on the United States,' 20—character of of his 'Notes,' 21—value of the opinions recent English writers upon America, 22—diplomatic life at Washington 40 years ago, *ib.*—Jefferson, 24—official rudeness, 26—members of Congress, 28—Jerome Buonaparte, 30—Moreau at Washington, 31—a residence at Washington necessary to judge of American society, 35—the author's visit

to Virginia, 36—General Washington, 37—further progress of his excursion, 40—mint julep, 41—the residence of Jefferson, 42—number of Presidents of the United States natives of Virginia, 45—practical results of Radical supremacy, 46—inferior functionaries and society of Philadelphia, 50—American banking, 51—city and state of New York, 53—the New England States, 54—approval of the political conduct of Sir Augustus by the Prince Regent, 56—the boundary question, *ib.*

G.

Garter, Order of, 413. *See* Beltz and Nicolas.

Girardin, M. de, 519.

H.

Hall, Captain Basil, R.N., 'Patchwork,' 312—the author's qualifications, 313—delta of the Rhone described, 314—Alpine débâcle, 316—descent of the glacier, 320—dogs of St. Bernard, 321—baths of Leuk, 322—Simplon and Napoleon, 323—contrast of the gallows and the guillotine, 324—punishment of death, *ib.*—the Thistlewood conspiracy and execution, 326—death by the guillotine, 329—ascent of Mount Etna, 334.

Hall, Mr. and Mrs., 'Ireland, its Scenery and Character,' 336.

I.

India, 377. *See* Elphinstone.

Irish peasantry, the, 337—requisites for comprehending their character, *ib.*—their peculiarities, 340—position required to be taken by the Irish landlord, 342—their recollections of antiquity and attachment to an ancient nobility, 343—the Irish language a key to the heart of the peasantry, 345—extent to which it is spoken, 348—religion, 350—superstition, 351—priestly thralldom, 357—manner in which it should be opposed, 358—pugnacity, 360—disregard of truth, 362—tales and legends, 365—love of learning, 366—fondness for potatoes and mendicancy, 368—their attachment to land, *ib.*—early marriages, 369—causes of their present degradation, 370.

K.

Knighthood, the Orders of, 413. *See* Beltz and Nicolas.

L.

Lang, Dr., 'History of New South Wales,' 88.

London, deficiency in architectural objects in the eighteenth century, 483.

Lords, House of, number of peerages created by the Grey and Melbourne ministries, 510.

Lowe, Sir Hudson, Despatch of Earl Bathurst to, in approval of his conduct at St. Helena, 324.

M.

Maconochie, Captain, 'Thoughts on Convict Management,' 88—his system at Norfolk Island, 113—celebration of her Majesty's birthday by the convicts under his superintendence, 114—proposed extension of his system to females, 116.

Mahometanism, 403. *See* Elphinstone. Manchester Conference of Dissenting Clergymen, character of their meetings, 504.

M'Culloch, J. R., 'Policy and Probable Consequences of the Proposed Repeal of the Corn Laws,' 238—his illustration of the operation of the two systems, 257.

Mechanics, a small taste for, tends to encourage trifling self-conceit, 43.

Ministries, the old and new, 494—the fall of the late government a proof of the improving health of the public mind, 495—the real nature of their recovery of office in 1839, 496—the progress of their downfall—the 'Better Administration of Justice Bill,' 497—appointment of Lord Campbell as Chancellor of Ireland, 499—remarkable and distinctive character of the late dissolution and elections, 500—results of the arts by which the royal prerogative was converted into an instrument of faction, 503—the Manchester Conference, 504—audacity of the bribery at the last elections, 506—result of the elections in detail, 508—the division on the Address in the House of Lords, 509—answer to Lord John Russell's complaint of the Tories pouring a flood of persons of their own political opinions into the House of Lords, 510—minis-

terial changes after the 4th of June last, 514—policy that should be pursued by Sir Robert Peel, 517—his probable power to increase the cultivation of the fine arts, 520—the repeal of the Union characterised, 523—the Fermanagh meeting, 525—Sir Robert Peel's reply to the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, 526—the new Premier's essential qualities, 527—contrast of a Whig and Tory opposition, 529—effect of the failure of the corn-law agitation upon the future policy of the government, 530—manner in which the poor-law question must be considered, 531—facility with which the present ministry was formed, 533—Sir Robert Peel's declaration of the terms upon which he holds office, *ib.*—cause of the real triumph of the Conservative party, 534. Ministry, the Melbourne, 239. *See* Budget. Mint julep, the concoction of, 41.

N.

Navy, the, of Great Britain, its real essential strength, 249.

New South Wales, 98. *See* Australian Colonies.

New Zealand, 135. *See* Australian Colonies.

Nicolas, Sir Harris, 'History of the Orders of Knighthood of the British Empire,' 413—manner in which the work is got up, 414—Order of the Garter, 415—foundation of the Order of the Thistle, 424—history, 425—Order of St. Patrick, 426—of the Bath, *ib.*—ceremonies of inauguration, 428—the Red Ribbon, 430—not usually held with the Order of the Garter, 430—numbers belonging to the Bath in 1840, 432—Orders of St. Michael and St. George, and the Guelphs of Hanover, 433—state of the representation of the ancient royal families of the British Empire, 434—impossibility of the failure of a Protestant heir to the throne, 435.

Noel, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist—'A Plea for the Poor,' &c., 494—character of the work, and result of its publication, 505.

P.

Peel, Sir Robert, the speech of, on the Ministerial Budget, 239—policy of, 517. *See* Ministries.

Plantagenet, present representatives of the royal family of, 434.

Punishment of death, impolicy of its absolute abolition, 324.

R.

Railroads, difference of cost of, in England and Belgium, 17—causes of this difference, 18.

Reform, parliamentary, in France, abjured in consequence of the disgraceful scenes at the late English elections, 507.

Rossi, Countess, late Mademoiselle Sonntag, 467.

Russell, Lord John, 243. *See* Budget and Ministries, 490.

S.

Skirrow, Walker, Esq.—‘A Letter to a Noble Lord on the Causes which have produced the present Reaction,’ 494.

Souvestre, E., ‘*Les Derniers Bretons*,’ 57—character of the work, 58—the author’s first theatrical attempt, 59—origin of his collection, 60.

Stephens, John, ‘History, &c., of New Zealand,’ 88.

Stuart, present representatives of the royal family of, 438.

Swan River, Western Australia, 130. *See* Australian Colonies.

Swinburne, H., Esq., ‘The Courts of Europe at the Close of the Last Century,’ 145—impropriety of the title of the work, 146—errors and absurdities of the editor, 147—family and early life of the author, 154—his inaccurate acquaintance with the society of foreign courts, 155—introduction to Prince Kaunitz, 160—the Court Theatre of Versailles in 1786, 162—Mr. Swinburne’s notice of the French Revolution, 163—curious prophecies connected with it, *ib.*—Marie Antoinette, 164—Madame de Genlis, 168—Paris in 1797, 169—Bals abonnés, 172—remarkable men of the day, 173—conclusion of Mr. Swinburne’s personal history, 176.

T.

Tennent, J. E., M.P., ‘Belgium,’ 1—the author’s opportunities for writing this work, *ib.*—his visit to Courtrai, 2—the main feature of the book, 4—Mr. Tennent’s method of discussing the repeal of the union between Holland and Bel-

gium, and its reference to Ireland, 5—the Belgic Revolution, 6—contradictions of Mr. Tennent’s assertions and opinions, 7—vagueness and inconsistencies of his arguments, 11—Mr. Tennent on the fine arts, 13—evils of the Revolution, 15—connexion between the Revolution and the Belgian Railroad, 16—present condition of Belgium, 19—What it will be in the event of war, 20.

Trollope, T. A., ‘A Summer in Brittany,’ 57—character of the work, 58.

Tudor, present representatives of the royal family of, 434.

U.

United States, the, 281. *See* Buckingham and Combe.

V.

Van Diemen’s Land, 121. *See* Australian Colonies.

Villemarqué, Th., Barzas Breiz, Chants Populaires de la Bretagne, 57.

W.

Warburton, Mr. Henry—his acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds, 507.

Wellington, the Duke of, letter to Lord Liverpool respecting his resignation of the Order of the Bath when promoted to that of the Garter, 430—letter to a general officer passed over in the creation of the Bath in 1813, 431—his Grace not consulted upon the remodification of this Order in 1815, 432.

Western, Lord, Letter of, to Lord J. Russell on his proposed alteration of the corn-laws, 239—his Lordship demonstrates that the proposed measure will not accomplish its ostensible object, 255.

Wilson, Horace, ‘*Sanscrit Dictionary*,’ 379—continuation of Mr. Mill’s ‘History of India,’ 380.

Whale-fisheries, the, state of, in 1821 and 1840, 142—produce of the American fisheries, 143—causes of the decay of the British trade, *ib.*—necessity of measures for its revival and protection, 144.

Whewell, Rev. W., ‘History of the Inductive Sciences’ and ‘Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences founded upon their History,’ 177—man a speculative as

well as a sentient being, *ib.*—character of the vestiges of the ancient monuments of human thought and action, 178—practical objects of the philosophy of science, 180—the two schools, 181—connection between their history and philosophy, 182—general spirit of the work, 185—inductive epochs, 186—the Newtonian doctrine of universal gravitation, 187—first dawn of inquiry into the causes and principles of natural events, 189—the Greek school philosophy, 190—their formal astronomy, 193—Copernicus, Galileo, 195—Kepler, 196—effects of the Newtonian discoveries, 198—Mr. Whewell's classification, 199—mineralogy, 200—geology, 201—division of the Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, 202—

general aim of the first book, 203—geometrical truths, 206—experience, 207—time and number, 210—causation, 212—Mr. Whewell's further researches, 216—dependence of science on a few propositions of axiomatic self-evidence, 217—tests of abstract truths, 219—their essence, 220—the primary and secondary qualities of bodies, 223—polarity, 224—the atomic doctrine of chemistry, 225—definition of a mineralogical individual, 226—life, 227—the philosophy of Palætiology, 229—the construction of science, 230—review of opinions on the nature of knowledge and the methods of seeking it, 235—chief characteristics of Mr. Whewell's works, 238.

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